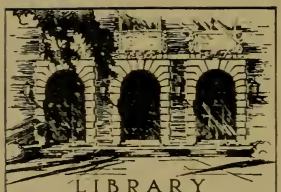

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THE

# TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY:

## Rare Doings at the Restoration.

BY

EPHRAIM HARDCASTLE,

AUTHOR OF "WINE AND WALNUTS."

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*IN TWO VOLUMES.*

VOL. II.

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# THE LOYAL FEAST.

## CHAPTER VI.

*"Give him as much as will make a royal man."*—SHAKSPEARE.

"OUR host has done the thing nobly indeed," said Davenant, as they entered the Apollo, the most spacious room in the tavern, and so called from the days of *Ben Jonson*, wherein had been much splendid banquetting and joyous revelry, amongst the gentry who had formerly resided in the city of London—or in the adjacent neighbourhood, east of Westminster. Here too, the templars had usually given their expensive private feasts, on being called to the bench.

The Pope's Head, in Cornhill, and the Devil, in Fleet-street, were the most celebrated taverns in the ancient metropolis. This banquet, provided thus gratuitously, though the cavaliers made it up to the generous host, *in meal or in malt*, induced Killegrew to say, "here are *rare doings* without the *devil to pay!*"

Every eatable that the season afforded, supplied the table—the curtains were drawn, and the chandeliers were illuminated with wax. The transition from day-light, to this artificial splendor, exhilirated the spirits of the guests, who were many, and the feasting commenced with a flourish of trumpets.

Henry Killegrew, at the instance of Davenant, was voted to the chair, and his brother, the witty courtier, who had not yet entered upon his office at the court, took the seat as vice president. These two preferred the gay doings at the tavern on this occasion, to the yet unsettled state of things at Whitehall. By mixing in such societies too, the cavalier wits, at the early days of the restoration, served the cause of their royal master; for it was only in the thoughtless

gaiety, which so generally and so suddenly succeeded the happy return of the king, that the whole country seemed to throw off the remembrance of the past, and *reverse* the order of reformation. Hence, now it was, the greater the *saint*, the greater the *sinner;* when indeed the vices of swearing, wenching, and drinking, succeeded the sins of cruelty, persecution, and hypocrisy:—when fasting and praying gave way to feasting and play-going, and mock-morality, deprived of its mask, sat to the pencil of the pious Bishop of Rochester, who has thus transmitted the faithful portrait to posterity.

"With the restoration of the king," says this divine, "a spirit of extravagant joy spread over the nation, that brought on with it the throwing off the very professions of virtue and piety. All ended in entertainments and drunkenness, which overrun the three kingdoms to such a degree, that it very much corrupted all their morals. Under the colour of drinking the king's health, there were great disorders, and much riot every where; and the pretences of religion, both in those of the hypocritical sort, and of the more

honest but no less pernicious enthusiasts, gave great advantages, as well as they furnished much matter to the profane mockers of true piety."

No revellings then exceeded those which beginning with the Restoration, commenced at the Devil tavern. None were more loyal—more joyous, or perhaps less mixed with those extra vices which succeeded—and which alas! originated—whence, naught should emanate that did not tend to improve, rather than debase that society, which looks upward for example.

Now the feast proceeded, and the glass sparkled with brim-full toasts to the king, his royal brothers, the queen mother, the princess her daughter—all loyal cavaliers, oblivion to the past, and numberless sentiments inspired by wine, such choice stuff as that so abundantly furnished by the noble host; when the cloth being removed, and the health of the loyal master Johnson and mine hostess, his better half, being drank with general acclamation, and every one expressing mutual congratulation at the safe arrival of his majesty, with heartfelt joy; old Izaak Walton, who had been bidden to the feast,

a neighbour universally regarded, spite of the waggishness of Tom D'Urfey, was called upon for a song or a ditty by Killegrew, the president, who used to say to the king, that your lyrics never fitted so well, as when congenially slipped on by the independent cit, over a bowl of nectar, swearing that Jupiter himself was never so snug and cosey in the clouds, surrounded with the jolly Gods, as your comfortable codgers in a fog of tobacco, at a convivial club. "Come my noble Piscator," said Killegrew, "favour us with one of your dainty ditties;" upon which, his old colleague the loyal brazier, whispered across the table, "entertain us with the *Royalist*, Master Walton, for that is a notable song;" when the old gentleman, placing the fore-finger of his left hand in his button-hole, and holding his glass in the right, to Tom D'Urfey, who held the punch-ladle, for form's sake, and thrice hemming to clear his larynx, he without further ceremony began:

Come pass about the bowl to me,
A health to our distressed king,
Though we're in hold, let cups go free,
Birds in a cage may freely sing.

The ground does tipple healths apace,
When storms do fall, and shall not we ?
A sorrow dares not show its face,
When we are *ships* and *sack's* the sea.

" A pretty conceit *that*, Master *Butler*," whispered the old brazier, as he lighted his pipe, whiffing as he made the observation right before the poet's face.—" Is it not ?"

" I cannot see it for smoke," returned the wit, meanwhile Izaak proceeded.

Pox on this grief, hang wealth, let's sing,
Shall's kill ourselves for dread of death ?
We'll live by the *air* which songs doth bring,
Our *sighing* does but waste our breath;
Then let us not be discontent,
Nor drink a glass the less of *wine*,
In vain they'll think their plagues are spent,
When once they see we don't *repine*.

" That is very true," said old *Rivet*, " God knows I never repined."

" No," said Butler, " you took good care of the *brass*." The old brazier smiled, expressing his satisfaction moreover by a lengthened whiff.

We do not suffer here alone,
Though we are beggar'd, so's the king;
'Tis sin t' have wealth, when he has none,
Tush! poverty's a royal thing!
When we are loaded well with drink,
Our *heads* shall turn as *round* as theirs,
Our *feet* shall rise, our *bodies* sink,
Clean down the wind like *cavaliers*.

Fill this unnatural *quart* with *sack*,
*Nature all vaccums doth decline*,
Ourselves will be a *zodiack*,
And every mouth shall be a sign.
Methinks the *travels* of the glass,
Are circular like Plato's year,
Where every thing is as it was,
Let's tipple round, and so 'tis here.

(*Vide, Loyal Songs, written between* 1632 *and* 1661.)

"That's a good winding up, my noble, a good maxim, as you say," vociferated D'Urfey, who went nearly to sleep during the performance. "So gentlemen, let us profit by it, *let's tipple round*," filling the glasses from the bowl over which he presided—there were no less than three on the table, one at the top, another at the bot-

tom, and the middle one before tippling Tom. "But who was the writer of this *fresh water* ballad, Master Walton?—Excuse me, I know well that you do not father it."

"One of the cavaliers I wot," replied Izaak, "and writ when in prison, no doubt."

"Ah," returned the audacious wag, "so I thought, and if his wit had got him out, I'd be crimped like a cod. He had been used to eating his gruel without seasoning."

"Perhaps so, Master D'Urfey," returned Izaak, with a pleasant smile, "but are not your remarks a little out of season?"

"Tom blushes, by Jupiter," said Davenant, "take that my D'Urfey," when the wag seizing old Piscator by the hand, exclaimed, "you are a nobler fish than I took you for, so what say'st thou, let us take a sober glass for old acquaintance sake—nay bumpers." Walton, who was eminently sober, yielded nevertheless to the jolly blade, and tossed off his glass as adroitly as the most joyous of the group. Tom could do as he listed with gentle and simple. "I am no angler, Master Izaak," rejoined the toper; "but

drink and smoke, as gaily and as freely as you sing, and I am the man to join you in hobbing, nobbing;—aye, and in bobbing, even for whale."

"Enter Mister *Baptist May*.—Hey-day! who'd have expected to see you here to day, my worthy *Bap?*" said Thomas Killegrew, "why I understood you were in requisition at White-hall,—did you not tell me so brother Harry," addressing the vice-president. "Not, but every one I'll venture, must rejoice to see you here—drawer hand a chair."

"Rejoice—rejoice;" repeated D'Urfey, chaunting promptly in a sort of recitative,

'Twas in that season when the fleeting swallow
Returns again—when nature is so gay,
Comes forth a goodly god-son of Apollo,
Whom the great God, baptised *Baptis May*.

Who would not rejoice?—Welcome!—thrice welcome my Baptist! my precursor of good tidings; and what are they doing at court, and why come in at the tail of the feast, my noble architect?"

"Doing," replied the worthy, taking his seat at the social board—"I'faith it were difficult to say; first, they are *undoing* what had been done before—"

"But, with submission," said the president; "you have not dined—what fare will you have, fish, flesh, or fowl?—we have a remnant below of all the clean things that came forth of the ark, our noble host furnished our board right royally."

"I dined at a royal board too," replied Baptist May with a smile; "the board of green cloth, and there I left Lely, the painter, and the Lord Steward's great man, in a warm dispute about a picture of old Noll; I thought they would have drawn swords."

"That Peter Lely is a peppery painter," said Killegrew, "he was over at Breda, and as the Duke of Buckingham supposed, who is not over liberal in his surmises, to make his peace with Leo for his having painted the Protector; but he was mistaken in his man. 'The king is easily accessible, Master Lely,' (afterwards Sir Peter Lely) said the Duke, 'and very forgiving.'

Wheugh! the painter was up in the skies, bumped his rump against the rainbow, and came down all manner of colours. 'I am a professor of an independent art, your grace,' said he, and making a very respectful bow, and taking a pinch of snuff from the gold box which old Noll presented to him, with an haughty air; and added, '*Sare*, I shall beg your grace's permission, to paint whom I please.'"

"And did his majesty hear of this?" enquired Baptist May.

"Yes," returned Killegrew, "and I happened to be present when the Duke related the circumstance to his majesty."

"Out of mischief, I'd be sworn," said Davenant, "for he is as mischievous as the devil, though he pretends to be a patron of the arts."

"Truly so," replied Killegrew; "but the king, so far from expressing the least displeasure, observed, I approve of his spirit—that must be an honest man—and as times go, a *rara avis*, one whom one would desire to possess. I will see Mister Lely; but I have interrupted you, my

worthy Sir," addressing Mister Baptist May: when Tom D'Urfey taking up the word, "but first suppose you and I take wine, or punch, or any thing else, ere you re-commence your story, my noble architect.—Come gentlemen, hob and nob-bing with Baptist May; here is to the magnificent, glorious profession of the mason; come brother masons, architecture with three—huzza! huzza! huzza!"

"Why, sir," continued Baptist May, "the Duke of Ormond had sent a sudden order to the acting officer at the board of green cloth, to carefully remove out of sight certain pictures, and amongst the rest all those of the Cromwell family. Now, Master Richard had taken pretty good care, together with his brother Master Henry Cromwell, to remove off all but heir-looms to the palaces, until prevented by the committee. A picture of the old Protector, however, being found with some others, within a curious ebony press, in an apartment called Wolsey's study, one of the clerks bringing it to the board-room, demanded of his superior what he should do with it? It was little more than a bust, painted on panel."

" D—n the red-nosed rogue, kick it to hell, after its prototype, or throw it behind the king's kitchen fire—I do not care what you do with it, so you do not interrupt me."

The clerk had just quitted the board-room, and like master like man, seeking a deputy to spare himself, gave it to one of the guards off duty, to give it again to one of the stokers in the king's kitchen, to throw upon the fire, repeating the sentence of red nose Noll, hell, and the like—when at the moment, Master Lely was crossing the wood-yard of the court, and saw the soldier endeavouring to steal off with the prize.

Now it happened that the soldier, though only a private, and a loyal fellow too, having formerly served for the king, was not such an ignoramus as the Lord Steward's deputy, nor so arrant a puppy and fool as the clerk; the truth is, the *honest* fellow was something of a judge of painting; so, although it was a picture of old Noll, he made up his mind at once to *purloin* the panel, and left the king's dinner to be cooked with less valuable fuel.

"Ah! vat you rogue,—vat are you *stealing* that *picture*, hey *Sare!*"

"I was your honour, and that is the fact," said the soldier.

"Well dat is honest, by Gar," replied Lely, "but with submission," taking him by the bandellier belt, "I shall hand you over to the board of green-cloth, unless you deliver me the picture, and confess me how you came by it."

"Your honour," said the man, "do not take me *there*—take me to the guard-room if you will, for there the commanding officer will hear what I have to say for myself."

"Well, well! I am also ready to hear reason as well mineself; and I do not desire to see a brave man disgraced; so tell me honestly how, and where you found this."

The soldier told his story off hand, without disguise, luckily adding, "I thought it a greater sin to burn so *fine* a painting than to make off with it." The painter drew a golden jacobus from his purse, and giving it to the soldier, took the picture under his arm to the Board, muttering as he went, "*Sacre Dieu*, vat if the better

orders of people in England know any thing more of the *beaux arts* than mine old shoe!" when knocking at the door of the board, and obtaining admittance, he began,—" Pray, Sare, I would beg to know with profound deference and submission, if there is no firing to be procured for his majesty's 'royal kitchen, than by burning works of art?" bowing with mighty ceremony as he asked the question, and exhibiting the head of the Protector.

Heaven have mercy on those who are pushed upon the *insolence of office!*

Surprised at this sarcastic attack upon his high mightiness, the haughty deputy of the Lord Steward went on reading the *Mercury*, superciliously answering, " a—pray, sir, a—if you have any business—a—pray ask my people."

" Sare, if it be not *too* great a condescension, I must beg to be permitted to demand that question of yourself, as this picture concerns my reputation."

" Sir, upon my word—excuse me—a—I have not the honour of exactly knowing you, Sir,—excuse me, I—a—am busily engaged Sir, and—"

" Well, Sare; then I must be content to

wait your pleasure ;" seating himself in an elbow chair, which happened to be conveniently vacant, by the side of the fire-place ; " I must wait until you are *disengaged.*"

The proud placeman, highly irritated at this unlooked for outrage upon his consequence, and in his own office, too—for a stranger thus to seat himself, unbidden, in defiance of the privileged proud exemption of the palace royal, turned his back rudely upon the painter, and ringing a little silver bell, desired the clerk at his *peril* to suffer a stranger to be admitted again without first sending in his name; and opening his desk, taking out a paper, and shutting it again with a violent bang, was retiring to an inner apartment, when Lely rising from his seat, said, " Hold you, Sare —your insolence, Sare, must be my apology for telling you, Sare, that you are not a gentleman, but a coxcomb and a fool !"

" A—that is language, Sir—a—in my own office, too !—I must—I shall expect—a—"

" Very well, Sare, I understand—there Sare, is my address," tearing the superscription from a letter to himself, and laying it upon the table.

"I am a foreigner, Sare, but I can find me a friend—more than one, Sare—an Englishman too—who knows how to behave to a gentleman—and so, Sare, your most humble servant, Sare, you will know where to find me, Sare," departing with a profound bow, not neglecting to take away the Protector's head under his arm.

"And who the devil is that impudent upstart?" demanded the haughty deputy Chamberlain, looking yellow with rage; "some charlatan picture merchant, or conceited limner, perhaps—leaving his dirty address, too! I admire the insolent assumption of these gentry, forsooth!" when having done this satisfaction to his wounded consequence in the eyes of his clerks, he returned, and carelessly snatching the address from the table, I happening to hear the whole conversation, and joining him at this moment, he read—Peter Lely, Esq.—"What the devil! I thought that fellow had left the kingdom. Do you know any thing of the man?" walking hastily amongst the clerks again, who had listened to the dialogue. "Do you know any thing of this?" holding the address; "this Squire Lely?"

"Yes, Sir," replied one of the clerks, all of whom, as is always the case, enjoying the personal difficulties of their superior in office, unless he be condescending and urbane. "Yes, Sir," in which he was joined by two or three others; "he is the great German limner, and one of the best swordsmen of the day."

"Damme, there'll be a duel," said Tom D'Urfey, "another fight, and all about old Noll."

"The more is the pity," said old Rivet, "for there has been blood enough spilt already."

"By which token," said Killegrew, "suppose Mister Vice-President," addressing his brother, "suppose we drink to the Arts. Come, gentlemen, what say you? And will you, my worthy Master Nokes, favour us with a song?"

"You verily could not have named a better songster," said Isaak Walton.

"An excellent call," added old Rivet: "pray, now, do give us the '*Gentle Craft*,' or '*One Eyed Hewson's Lamentation*.'"

"Do, by all means, I pr'ythee," said Gabriel Cibber, the father of Colley, of that name, he who carved the maniacs on the gates of Bedlam.

"O, what a remorseless rogue is that Hewson! I was sending home a little monument in my truck, for the daughter of Alderman Vyner, who died of a decline, and there was a crucifix and a dove on the tablet, the prettiest *christian* device that ever went forth from my chisel, which Squire Evelyn pronounced as good as the antique; but the *anti-christian* vandal and his soldiers beat it to pieces with the butt-end of their muskets, and ruined me of three or four months labour."

"Dear, dear! alack and alas! what a sad business," said Isaak Walton; "and when did this sacrilegious affair occur, Master Cibber?"

"No longer since than the day when the ruffian Lord entered the city with his accursed myrmidons, and slaughtered so many thoughtless young men at the instance of the Rump. My man was sorely wounded, he nearly lost three fingers of his working hand in attempting to save a cherubim's head; the trooper who cut at him, saying, 'Accursed be the workers of the *images* of the scarlet w——e.' When, upon my troth, the innocent *image* was wrought by my own hand from a *cast* of the young lady's

sweet face, in her coffin, who doubtless was in heaven, for she was a very little angel upon earth."

"Blessed be Providence, it is now all over!" ejaculated Isaak Walton; "and that we can once more meet—"

"And get a skin-full of nectar, my noble Piscator, hey? and drink and revel like independent honest neighbours, hey?" added D'Urfey, interrupting the worthy old draper. "So, come, my brave Nokes, tune your drone, and give us '*Cobler Hewson*,' '*A Jolt on Michaelmas Day*,' '*The Four-legged Elder*,' or—"

"No, with permission," said Henry Killegrew, do give us the '*West Countryman's Complaint o' the Times*.'"

"Aye, do, pray, give us that, Master Nokes, 'tis so like us west country volk, zure and zure," said D'Urfey, "I never thought of that," the sly rogue all the while knowing that he wrote it himself expressly for his friend, Nokes, Tom being, as we before observed, a Devonshire man. "Talk of Round-head and Cavalier, ye Gods! how the bumpkin clods leathered the rogues

outside our old town. You were abroad, then, Tom Killegrew, and knew nothing of the bold club-men of Devon. Come, gentlemen, let us fill bumpers, if you please, to my birth-place. Here's to the old city of Exon, in the West! Who dare say that all the wise men came from the east? And now, Nokes, we are impatient for your ditty."

Ah, Surra, is't come to this,
That all our *weez men* do zo miss,
  Esdid think so much avore,
Have we kept vighting here zo long,
To zell our *kingdom* vor a song,
  O that ever chevor a bore!

Eschave been a Cavaliero,
Like most weeze men that escod hear O;
  And shoot s'did wish 'um well;
But within s'did zee how they did go,
To cheat the King and country too,
  Esbid 'um all verwell.

Thoo whun the *club-men* wor so thick,
Es put my zive upon a stick,
  And about eswent among 'um;
An, by my troth, esdid suppose,
That they were honester than those,
  That now do swear they'll hang um.

Was't not enough to make men vight,
When villains come by dee and night,
To plunder and undo 'um;
And garrizons did vetch all in,
And strip the country to the skin,
And we zed nothing to 'um?

But we had zoon a scurvy pluck,
The better men, the worser luck—
We had knaves and vools among us;
Zome turn'd, zome cowards ran away,
And left a few behind to try,
And bloudy rogues to bang us.

But tho' echood redeem my ground,
Es went to *London* to compound,
And rid through wind and weather;
Estaid there eight-and-twenty week,
And chowor at last zo much to zeek,
As when es vur'st come thither.

There whun's zeed voke to church repair,
Espy'd about vor a *Common Prayer*,
But no zuch thing 'scould zee;
They zed the *commonest* that was there,
Was vrom a *tub* or wicker chair,
They call'd it *stumperee*, (extempore).

Es heard 'um *pray*, and every word,
As they wor *zick*, they cried, *O Lord!*
And thon stood still agen;
And vor my life es could not know,
When they *begun* or had ado, (done)
But when they zed AMEN.

They have a new word, 'tis not to *preach*,
Z do think some o'm did call it *teach*—
A *trick* of their devising;
And there so good a *nap* 's did vet, (get)
'Till 'twor adoo, that's past zun-zet,
As if 'twor but zun-rising.

At night zo zoon's chwar in bed,
S'did all my prayers without book read—
My *creed* and *pater-noster;*
Me think zet all their prayers to thick, (them)
And they do goo no more aleek,
*Then an apple's like an oyster.*

Chad need to *watch* as well as pray,
When chave to do with zuch as they,
Or else Es may go zeek;
They need not order *monthly* vast, (fast)
Vor if zo be these times do last,
'Twool come to zeaven a-week.

Ise 'gin to think 'twould never last,
*Committees* did get wealth so vast
And *gentlemen* undoo;
*Ods wonderkins*! toold make one mad,
That three, our e'en four livings had,
Now can't vind where to goo.

Cha zeed the time when escood gee,
My *dater* more than zix of they;
But now by bribes and '*stortions*, (extortions)
Zome at one wedden ha bestow'd,
In *gloves* more then avore this wood,
A made *three* daters *portions*.

We ha' nor *scrip* nor *scrole* to show,
Whether it be our king or no;
And if they should deny'n,
They'll make us *vight*, (fight) vor'n once more,
As well's agenst 'n heretovore,
How can we else come by'n.

Another trick they do devize,
The vive-and-twenty part and size,
And there at every meeting.
We pay vor *wives* and *childrens pole*,
More than they'll ever yield us whole,
'Tis abomination cheating.

We cannot eat—nor drink—nor lie
We our own *wives*, Zur, by and by—
We pay to *knaves* that couzen ;
My dame and I ten children made,
But now we must gee off the trade,
Vor fear 't should be a dozen.

Then let's to clubs again and vight,
Or let us take it all outright,
Vore thus they mean to sare ;
All thick be *right*, they'll strip and use,
And deal with them as bad as *Jews ;*
All zuch custen voke beware."

" Bravo ! bravo ! an excellent west country ballad, i' faith," exclaimed Davenant, " the versimilitude perfect."

" And if it were not so long, we should ask for it again, Master Nokes," said Izaak Walton. " Ha, ha, ha ! how naturally thou dost hit off the manner of the western worthies. To be sure, what a strange dialect it is ! I have been puzzled amongst the hospitable natives to find out their meaning at times, as though I were among the gypsies."

" They speak with zich rapidity, too," said

Nokes, " but then, Zur, they gee thee zich a bouncing slice o' viggee pudden, and veed thee at both ends with zich hospitality, that zure and zure, thick as zees en wonce, zees en twice and alway the zame, for zure and zartin; and *vor't I no*, better zouls you'll not zee under the zun."

" And were you one of the western *club-men*, my D'Urfey?" said Henry Killegrew.

" Yes," said Tom, " but where there was *drinking*, and no fighting. I was at Exeter when the king's army lay there, and got royal with the club of cavaliers; but when the countrymen turned clubists, the unmannerly clowns, I took my walking-stick, and said, gentlemen, good bye t'ye."

" Fye, Tom! you should have remained and lent a helping hand."

Those Devonshire club-men, were perhaps the boldest and most honest fighters, after all: most formidable heroes, and stuck to it so manfully, that the plundering parties let them alone, and were glad to sign a truce with the worthies.

This conversation was cut short by the entrance of Colonel Hyde, as joyous a cavalier as

any that came over in the suite of the king, and with him Lely, the painter. He and the great limner were fellow passengers in the same ship.

"Welcome, Mister Lely," said Thomas Killegrew. "Aye, Hyde, my worthy, I'm glad you are come, you are fond of sing-song, a pipe, and good punch; and come near—here is a seat—sit a little closer, my noble," whispering Mohun, "now we shall be all alive." This new comer was the noble captain who got committed by the parliament some years before, for drawing his sword, in Palace-yard, upon the Roundheads, for insulting the bishops. He was one of the lively sparks attached to the court of the exiled sovereign, and a great favourite of his majesty's.

Lely took a seat between the two old cits, Masters Izaak Walton, and his colleague, John Rivett, and bowing across, addressed Walker, with "Your most humble servant, Mistare Walker: I hope I have the pleasure to see you well." Walker returned the courteous salute, saying, "So, Master Lely, I hear you have been to Breda?"

"I have, Mistare Walker, and now, Sare, I

hope we shall see the arts and sciences flourish, under the auspices of a good king, who has the reputation of a prince of superior taste."

"By the way, pray allow me to ask, Master Lely, have you ever met with an Italian, a native of Venice, I think, who is come over, as I understand, to court the good graces of the king?"

"You mean *Signor Verrio*, I presume—yes, I have, Sare, he has lately been at the court of his majesty the King of France, *mais*," shaking his head and smiling, "*mais* he has not been retained by the *grand monarque*."

"And pray—you can inform me, no doubt—what are his powers as an historical painter?"

Lely pressed his lips together, shrugged, and extending his hands expressively, answered, "I do not know, Sare—very mighty, I presume—he thinks *himself* a greater man than *Miche Ange!*"

"Faith, that is the genius whom I saw in the banqueting-house the other day, lying all along on his back, criticising Rubens' ceiling, with *Simon*, the chaser, and Master Stone, the painter," said Mohun, "so, after looking entire-

ly around, and getting upon his feet again, taking a copious pinch from his *tabatiere*, and rapping it with a mighty fuss, 'Hem—haugh—Signor Verrio sees noting at all in this to make him forget that he was born in Italy.'"

"We think it the finest plafond in the world," said Master Stone.

"Sare, have you evare been in Italie?" demanded Verrio; "have you seen the plafonds of the Sestini palace? Have you ever seen the plafonds of—"

"I have not, Signor," replied Stone, who I saw was piqued at the question.

"Sir Pietro Paolo Rubens is daring in his colouring," continued Verrio, "but, Sare, he cannot draw no more than my colour grinder. The grand gusto is not his *forte*—noting elegant and noting chaste—all stupide—all heavy. Sare, you will excuse me, it is not pote in Italie, where you shall find the studie of the grace of the human form; it is no vare else known at all. *I* shall show you what is the taste and the beautiful gusto of the classike in the sky, in some plafonde, if his majestie shall be persuaded to

afforda me the honour to exhibit my talent to the English nation."

"Why, therein I think the Signor is right," said Baptist May, "none can draw gracefully but the Italians. The other schools have little notion of the *beau ideal;* at the same time, Verrio is fifty times more Frenchified than Le Brun, nor has he a fiftieth part of the gusto of Poussin. Yet he laughs at the comparison of the modern French school to the modern Italian."

"Ha, ha, ha! that is the foppish Signor, who has brought over a *Last Supper*, for an altar-piece, with Judas Iscariot in a full bottomed wig," said Nokes; "a pretty example of the Italian school."

"Come, gentlemen, do not run my friend the signor too hard," said Thomas Killegrew, "*Verrio* is a fine fellow, and spends his money gallantly. I knew him at Venice, and he was of mighty service to me, in helping to raise the needful for the king. He stood high in the good graces of the merchants, and like a true professor of a liberal art, was above touching a douceur for himself; Sirs, he vo-

lunteered into the business in the most disinterested manner. He was up to his ears in debt himself, and knew every usurer in the city. 'I am obliged to submit to whatever these monied rogues demand,' said the signor, 'but then I am not *particular*, for by *Santa Madonna!* I am never able to pay; but the security of the king of England, they know is worth the risque, and his majesty, your exiled king, must smart accordingly.'"

"Ha! ha! ha! Master, what do you call him? that seignor is no fool, I warrant me, said the old brazier; "he who can never pay, is not over-scrupulous of the terms on which he borrows."

"You speak by experience my noble," said D'Urfey; "I know you were as free of your *brass* to the needy cavaliers, as any hearty in the city. Well, now you will get your own again; the loyalists will all cash up freely, for the warm codgers seem determined to let his majesty have all he asks. It will be his fault if he does not ask enough. Would I were purse bearer."

"His majesty will need plenty of it," said

Thomas Killegrew; "for *economy* is not the greatest of his manifold, royal virtues, and his followers are as hungry and open-mouthed as a nest of young jack-daws; and so Master Rivet, you have brought the statue of the good old king to light again, hey? What you mean to present it as an offering at the shrine of majesty?"

"I have received several handsome offers for it already," said Rivet, rubbing his hands; "and amongst the rest, who would you suppose came forth the most liberal chapman? one I can tell you whom you little would guess."

"Some rich round-headed cuckold, I'd wager a butt of sack," said D'Urfey; "some traitor who would *give a sop to Cerberus*."

"You are not far from the mark, Master D'Urfey," returned the worthy old cit.

"I would be sworn it is old Isaac Pennington," said Mohun; "these round-heads are all willing to keep their necks out of a halter."

"I shall mention no names gentlemen; excuse me, *whilst it is in 'tis my own*, as they say, and he is no conjuror who cannot keep his own council in times like these; but to be honest,

Master Mohun, it is not him, but as cunning a hypocrite—aye, and as great a rogue."

"And a greater you could not name," said Master Shirley.

"What! do you mean that mock servant of the Lord, his worship the mayor, who sent us moral, upright, *servants of the devil*, as he was pleased to dub us, to kick our heels in the Fleet during his pleasure, for playing Hamlet," said Nokes.

"And then there was that bouncing old lady mayoress. Once I waited upon this old mother Pennington, with a petition to get a brother poet out of limbo," said D'Urfey; "tried with all my eloquence to touch her tender feelings; 'but no,' said she, 'the Lord forbid that I should interfere, for he is a writer of carnal plays.' Not so with my smart-looking Dick Kynaston—hey my gallant?"

"No," said Dick, the libertine; "the old she saint was smitten with my innocent phiz."

"Had my Lord *Isaac* been taken to *Abraham's* bosom, Dick's fortune had been made; for she would have taken the comely youth to her *own*," said Nokes.

"A male *Abishag*," said Killegrew; "to comfort her old age,—hey my king Richard?"

"By my modesty," said Tom D'Urfey; "would you believe it, Master Walton, you who are a sober sage, that the old lady mayoress, who would not yield to my irresistible rhetoric in favour of our prince of poets here," meaning old Mister Shirley; "was melted into compassion by our demure, convive, Master Kynaston. She thought with your leeches (doctors) that my gallant had *youth* of his side, and might *recover*."

"Come you, D'Urfey, hold your peace, or I shall comb your wig for you," said Kynaston.

"Nay, nay!—Is it not true, my noble?" Tom would not be checked, he would have his jest. "Nay, my brat of Thespis, did she not say to old Pennington, 'your worship will surely not commit that comely innocent favoured youth. It were a sin to send one so young to be corrupted by the ungodly in a gaol?'"

"Old Alderman Isaac *smelt a rat*, however," added Nokes; "and was not to be put off his purpose by the entreaties of his rib; though at his house, as with the round-headed rogues

in general, *the grey mare was the better horse.* 'Don't you enthral yourself, madam, in this sin; these players are deceivers by profession; they lure, and ogle, and cozen, and cheat; you must not be beguiled away by false appearances. How is frail flesh misled, O Lord! and how are even the faithful in the spirit tempted by Lucifer, who selecteth the outward and visible form, to do his evil work.'"

"'Fie, for shame, Alderman Pennington! —What evil work do you mean? I am surprised at you, Mister Pennington;' the good lady lost her temper. 'Is it not a sin and a shame,' said she; 'to expose a youth to the *rigger* of the law, when he might be snatched from the gulph—one so young too!'

"'Young!' echoed the Alderman. 'Yes, young enough, forsooth, but old enough, long ago, to do mischief. No, no! his demure looks shall not interfere with justice. It is not all gold that glitters: I look not at the outward man. Touching his inward man, this youngster is the deepest rogue of the whole gang, and he shall be committed.'"

"And really was it so, Master Nokes?" in-

quired Izaak Walton, "for I was at hide and seek about this time." Walton had been a sufferer in the royal cause, and was instrumental in preserving the *George*, which King Charles the Second lost in the fatal battle of Worcester. "And really was it so? for you gentlemen are so lively with your *inventions*,—so *playful* withal, that one does not always know how to take you. Were you all committed to the Fleet, for merely playing your parts in that noble tragedy of our immortal bard's?"

"Yea, every man Jack of us, Master Walton,—'tis as true as the *word*—yes, Master Walton, all marched off to limbo for *playing*, as though we were rogues and vagabonds in *earnest*."

"And how did you amuse yourselves?—Were you long in your lodgings there, Master Nokes? what you scribbled moral devices, and sage reflections on mortality upon the walls, as we used in the Tower, I suppose?" said Colonel Hyde.

"I'faith, no Sir, we kept it up merrily, till long after midnight, whilst in our cage; for the warden was a good fellow, and fond of the

drama, and we lived there like fighting cocks. One whom I could name wrote a pretty philosophical ballad to solace himself. We, who were no poets, verily lived the life of players, and all of us got so used to the place, we were unwilling to leave it."

"Ah, Sir!" said Izaak Walton, shaking his head, "alas! those walls have been memorable for the incarceration of men of genius and imagination from time immemorial. Those by whose wit and wisdom others are taught to thrive —have too commonly, too little worldly wit to cope with the witless world. I should mightily desire to hear this ballad. I have some notion that I could point to the author."

"Come, Master Shirley, do you favour us by singing or reciting it," said D'Urfey, "for I know you have it by heart."

"Nay—nay, I have but a feeble memory, and no voice.—I beg to be spared."

"An excellent call, my D'Urfey," said Davenant. "Pray do, Master Shirley," joined the president; when the venerable poet bowing, and hemming to clear his voice, all was attention,

—and between speaking and singing, somewhat in the cathedral style, he began,

## LOYALTY CONFINED.

Beat on proud billows, Boreas blow,
Swell curled waves, high as Jove's roof,
Your incivility doth show,
That innocence is tempest proof.
Though surly *Nereus* frown, my thoughts are calm,
Then strike affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a gaol,
A private closet is to me,
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty.
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
Makes me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

I whilst I wish'd to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd,
As if their wisdom had conspir'd,
The salamander should be burn'd:
O like a sophy that would drown a fish,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynic hugs his poverty,
The pelican her wilderness,
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus.
Contentment cannot smart, stoicks we see
Make torments easy to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm,
I as my mistress' favours wear ;
And for to keep my ancles warm,
I have some iron shackles there.
These walls are but my garrison ; this cell,
Which men call gaol, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in this cabinet lock'd up,
Like some high prized Margaret, (a pearl)
Or like some great Mogul or Pope,
Am cloistered up from public sight.
Retirement is a piece of majesty,
And thus proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen ;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in.
Malice of late's grown charitable sure,
I'm not committed, but I'm kept secure.

When once my Prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And for to smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him.
Now not to suffer, shews no loyal heart,
When kings want ease, subjects must bear a part.

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A pilgrim coop'd into a cage;
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale,
In that her narrow hermitage.
Even then her charming melody doth prove,
That all her boughs are trees, her cage a grove.

What though I cannot see my king,
Neither in his person nor his coin,
Yet contemplation is a thing,
That renders what I have not, mine.
My king from me, what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart.

I am that bird whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corpse confine,
Yet maugre hate, my soul is free.
Although rebellion do my body bind,
My king can only captivate my mind.

" Thank you—thank you, Master Shirley," said the president; " thank you," vociferated every one.

" Why, what a *vox humane*, my noble Nestor," exclaimed D'Urfey, " mine ancient Orpheus, you have been smuggling a stop of old St. Peter's organ. The king will want a choir, and who but Signor Shirley, for *Maestra da Capella!* that and a good salary, and *you* are snugly tiled in; then make me Master of the Revels."

" Cry you halves there," said Thomas Killegrew; " that is cut and contrived for another." " Then the butt of sack for me," said Tom, " or as many as you like. Let me do the office by deputation, and take the *wages* in *kind*. By the way, who is to be laureat—has any gent been let into that *wine* secret?"

" There are many looking keenly after that appointment, I hear," said Davenant.

" Yes, Sir William," returned D'Urfey; " but the thing will be a soap tailed pig of Parnassus to some I could name, who make too sure of catching fast hold of it."

"Quarle is looking *queer* upon it, he may *quake* for it, however," said Nokes, whiffing the tobacco smoke between each sentence —*puff*— "Withers is *waiting* for it, 'I *wish* he may get it,' says his wife.—*puff*—Brome expects to *brush* off with it, *burn* my wig if he will though.—*puff*—Cowley may *coax* the king out of it,—he has a *claim* upon majesty.—*puff*—*Milton* cannot see his way to it,—he *merits* little of *majesty*.—*puff*—*Devil* take me Davenant, if I do not think you have the best chance for it after all;" and here he gave a long *puff*. Nokes, who rarely even smiled, the wag, set all the company on the broad ha—ha—ha-haugh, with his drollery. He was a prophet, however, on this occasion, for Davenant was destined to wear the laurel.

"There is another loyal candidate," said D'Urfey; "why we had forgotten *Hugh Crompton*. Hugh is the *man* of *metaphor*. He is the cock for the king; a fellow who rambles with his muse, and gathers his *poetical salad* on Parnassus, washes it in the Helicon, and leaves his *gentle readers* to find oil and vinegar to *season* it to their own conceit. Fifty *Oliver's*

crowns to an *oyster* shell, but he is the winner."

"Well said, my D'Urfey," exclaimed Davenant.

"And now, what gentleman, by way of *seasoning* our festivity, will favour us with another song," cried Thomas Killegrew; "have you no friend at your end of the table, brother Harry?"

"Come, Hal, favour us with one yourself," said D'Urfey, "you and I used to have a budget of ballads at command,—give us a love ballad—a madrigal—some dainty old amorous ditty. We have punch, and wine, and not a thought of the gentle sex."

"Dear hearts!" ejaculated Izaak Walton; "it is unkind to be forgetful of them. We should all thank thee for this, Master D'Urfey."

"Then let us drink to them, gents, all round," said Tom, when Master Walton, taking his glass, and all the gentlemen standing up, their brim-full toasts glittering like so many gems, "The gentle sex," said Walton, and a shout of applause was divided between gentle Izaak, and

the joyous Tom, when the worthy old Piscator volunteered a madrigal; "The True-lover's Knot."

Love is the linke, the knot, the band of unity,
And all that love, do love with their belov'd to be:
Love only did decree,
To change his kind in me.

For though I lov'd with all my powers of mind,
And though my restless thoughts, their rest in her did finde;
Yet are my hopes declinde,
Sith she is so unkinde.

For since her beauties sun my fruitless hope did breede,
By absence from that sun, I hop'd to sterve that weede;
Though absence did indeede,
My hopes not sterve, but feede.

For when I shift my place, like to the stricken deere,
I cannot shift the shafte which in my side I beare;
By me it resteth there,
The cause is not elsewhere.

So have I seen the sicke to turne and turne againe,
As if that outward change, could ease his inward paine,
But still, alas ! in vaine,
The fit doth still remaine.

" Vastly pretty, Master Walton—a tender little madrigal, by my faith," said Davenant.

" And very neatly set to music," added Henry Killegrew. " Is that one of your friend Master Laniere's compositions ? I never remember to have heard it before. I wonder we have not seen the old gentleman here, for he is in London I am told."

" No, Master Bird is the composer, Sir, and though I am indebted to my excellent friend, Master Nicholas Laniere for setting the airs to some of my humble attempts at lyric composition, no one, methinks, can set a madrigal like old Bird. He, Sir, understood those native melodies which seem so fitting to our poetry, and which are, somehow, congenial to the English ear. How notably has he rung the changes on ' *Selenger's* Round ?' What can be prettier than ' *Have with you to Walsingham ?* "

"All very good—very excellent, Master Izaak," said Henry Killegrew; "but my delight is, the air to that old ditty, '*Packington's Pound.*'"

"But what do you think of that beautiful madrigal of Master Bird's, '*La Verginella e Simile un Rosa?*'" said Davenant, "we may be truly proud of such a native composer."

"Or that happy piece of art, '*This sweet and merry Month of May,*'" added Izaak Walton.

"Give me '*Non Nobis Domine,*'" said Thomas Killegrew, "above all the fine things that have been set; that is a glorious piece, and a great favourite of the king's. By the way, Davenant, how highly offended was his majesty with the Duke of Buckingham, for denying the merit of that composition to our countryman—do you remember the circumstance?"

"I do, Sir," replied Davenant, "I never saw his majesty so much heated. The Duke, though certainly a gentleman of taste, seems to indulge in the malicious pleasure of speaking ill of English talent—no: his Majesty could

not stomach that—I never knew him to be so personal."

"There the king shewed his true English blood," said Killegrew.

"Pray, if it be no secret," said old John Rivett, "do favour us with what passed, for I am always rejoiced to learn every thing I can hear that shows his majesty still thinks fondly of his people, though 'tis so long since we have seen him until this blessed day," his eye glistening as well with loyalty as punch, which had already gained upon some of the company unawares, "for Heaven knows, his majesty has been used ill enough by us all—God preserve him!"

"That is the clean fact," said Tom D'Urfey, "and the man who will not make reparation by drinking to the last drop of the bowl in honour of his happy return, has no British blood in his veins. Ho! drawer, master president, we have a *drought* coming on—bid Bacchus open his sluices, or we are all aground."

"Hold your peace, Tom," said Nokes, "here is our worthy *Brazier's* attention

*ri-vet*-ed upon Killegrew's tale of the king, and what else of *Non nobis Domine*, my noble president ?"

"Why, Sir," resumed Killegrew, "the affair happened at a music meeting, at Brussels, some eighteen months ago, where this piece being performed, and universally applauded, the king, speaking to the Spanish ambassador, observed, 'That fine *canon*, your Excellency, was composed by an Englishman,' and certainly the king made the remark, as was obvious to those who were near his majesty, with demonstrations of national pride. 'With deference, your majesty,' (with too much flippancy) said the Duke of Buckingham, 'that honour is disputed though.' 'By whom, Sir ?' said the king, with manifest displeasure ; 'By the late Signor Palestrina, Sire, many years since,' returned the Duke, 'at least the Italians lay claim to it.' 'Possibly so,' answered the king, pausing, then adding, 'but it is not only the Italians, your Grace, who lay claim to that which is not their own,' uttering the same with an expression that made every one feel for the unfortunate sovereign."

"That was well observed," said Izaak Walton; "alas, poor king!" the tear prompt as the ejaculation: indeed, all the table felt a like emotion.

"Con—found the man, whoever he be, that is prompt to decry the genius of his own soil!" exclaimed D'Urfey, blowing his nose, "I thought the Duke was a finer fellow." Tom was overcome, so stirring up the fresh bowl, that had been brought in most opportunely, "Come, gentlemen," said he, "he that feels as I feel, will not refuse a glass to what I must beg to offer. Are you all filled, gentlemen? Then here goes —May the greatest error of a Briton be, that of thinking too highly of his country."

"Bravo!—bravo!—bravo! my D'Urfey!" exclaimed the whole party, and the glasses rung again.

"It is an ungenerous office, and only practised by the English nobility," said old Shirley, "that of questioning the pretensions of native talent—to exalt the merits of foreigners at the expence of compatriot professors of the arts. We may acknowledge the excellence of the Italian school of music, without decrying the

originality and simplicity of our own. Italy has long been the favourite seat of art; but England is not without her artists: and in my poor judgment, touching the simple purity of melody, our ablest composers have proved themselves inferior to none. The graces of the Italian style are admitted and admired by our composers, for which candour, surely we should, in common justice, admit the beauty of theirs. Nothing will so much impede the improvement of our arts, as this unpatriotic predilection amongst the great, for every thing which is not of British growth. I humbly trust that his majesty, who has lived so long amongst foreigners of taste, and who is a prince who thinks for himself, will feel a parental pride in fostering the growing genius of his subjects. That prince does wisely who gives his countenance to the arts and sciences, for in '*wisdom* is *power*, and he who cherisheth the genius of his people, buildeth himself a *tower* of *strength*.'"

"I think entirely with you, Master Shirley, and our countryman, Peter Phillips, was a sensible wight," said Butler, "he knew the value of foreign pretensions amongst the English, so he Ita-

lianized his name, and came back, after studying abroad, *Pietro Phillippi;* and as for old John Bull, he took himself off to St. Omers, to study Latin, forsooth, as the *Gothamites* at Gresham College would not allow him, the first Gresham Professor, to lecture on his art in his mother tongue. Would you believe it, gents, that old John was constrained to court the protecting influence of majesty for a dispensation to lecture in English? for, as the wiseacres argued, 'It was impossible that he who did not know Latin could know music.' Old Queen Bess granted a special dispensation, but the asses shut their ears, and John Bull was driven abroad to learn of one, who at once acknowledged his English disciple superior to himself. It would not do for all that," said the witty poet, quoting his own words,—

> "For he that's convinced against his will,
> Is of the same opinion still."

"That the Italians who have occasionally sojourned amongst us, gave a certain polish to our taste, I doubt not," said Davenant, "Fera-

bosco, the father of the host of St. Christopher, at Eton, who is now visiting our worthy host, and the son of that old Ferabosco who was invited hither by King Harry the Eighth, was an excellent composer, and no doubt gave a turn to the English style."

"Ah, Sirs!" said Izaak Walton, "what a delectable air, to be sure, is that set by the second Ferabosco, to the old madrigal, '*I saw my Lady Weeping!*' My father frequently played it upon the lute, at old Denzen's, the barber's, hard by here, in Fleet-street; and I have heard him relate, how this said Ferabosco sung it, accompanying himself on this identical lute, which was a choice instrument, and that poor Denzen, who had been crossed in love, wept like a maiden himself. What a pleasant thing it was, I have heard my father say, to behold our venerable countryman, master Bird, and this Italian Signor, in that good fellowship which should ever subsist in the gentle profession of arts, meeting at this very tavern to a friendly trial of skill in music."

"For which said harmonious purpose, we, too, are so jovially met," said Tom D'Urfey;

"Suppose, then, we drink to their *gentle* ghosts, and do you, Master Leigh, for you have not entered the lists, give us your '*French Report.*'" Leigh, who was the best Frenchman on the stage, obeyed the call, and laying down his pipe, began—

"Me have late been in England,
Vere me have seen moche sport,
De *raising* of se Parliament
Has quite *pulled* down de court.
De king and de queen dey separate,
And rule in ignorance—
Mai I ask you, ghentelmens, if dis
*Be a la mode de France.*

A vise man dare is like von shippe
Dat strike upon de shelves:
Dey prison all, behead and vip,
All moche viser as demselve;
Den send out men to fetch dere king,
Who may come home, perchance.
O fie, Marbleu! it is, by Gar,
*Not a la mode de France.*

Dey raise dere valiant 'prentices,
To guard dere cause vith clubs;
Dey turn dere bishops out of door,
And preach himself in tubs.

De coblare and se tinkare, too,
Dey shall in times advance,
Devil take him all, it is *mon Dieu*,
*Not a la mode de France.*

Instead of yielding to se king,
Dey vex him with epistoles,
And furnish all se soldier out
Vith *bodkin, spoon*, and *vissel.* *
Dey bring se gold and silvare in,
De Browniste to advance,
And if dey be cheat of it all,
*'Tis a la mode de France.*

Mais, if ven all dare vealth is gone,
Dey turn unto dare king,
Dey shall make all amend again,
Den merrily shall we sing—
VIVE LE ROY! VIVE LE ROY!
Ve'll sing, carouse, and dance,
De Englisse men have done *fort bon*,
*And a la mode de France.*

(Vide Loyal Songs, 1632 to 1661.)

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* Alluding to the republican ladies sending their plate, and even their ornaments, nursery and domestic utensils, to the mint in support of the Parliament.

"Bravo, Master Leigh — *tout a fait* — touched off a merveille," said D'Urfey; "no Monsieur himself could have tipt it in better style. I'll pen a French part for you—if I do not I am a Dutchman. Such a thing would take, hey, Sir Charles," addressing himself to Sedley.

"Devilish well," replied the young poet; "the court will afford a fine field for the study of broken English. I overheard a conversation between the king's French cook's *frisseur*, and the duke's German porter, which would work into a delectable scene for one of you gentlemen play-wrights. It would afford a subject for your descriptive pen, Mister Shirley."

"Alas! Sir, the day is past," returned the venerable poet; "'tis long since the muses and I kissed, and bade farewell. The wreath they once placed upon my brow, withered as my locks changed to grey—they will now coquette with the young and vigorous. It is for you to wait upon their toilette, court their smiles, and share their witcheries."

"Nay, nay, my gentle master—the maidens may coquette with us young, thoughtless sparks,

but they will confide their secrets to those whom they know have been tried and found trusty. They will tear the leaves off the flowers of Parnassus, shew their white teeth, and scatter them in the face of youth—but will bind a bouquette as an offering to lay at the feet of age. The boys must be content to attend their court and bear their capriccio's—they wave ceremony, and make their calls upon the sage. Surely, my worthy Sir, were they to drive again to your door, you would not be denied?"

"Well, Sir Charles, you may, if you please, present my kind remembrances to the ladies; if they should condescend to visit an ancient devotee, they must excuse my receiving them in my night gown and slippers."

"But what are we to think of their being wooed by old Prynne, he who used their quondam votaries, the dramatic bards, so scurvily?" said Henry Killegrew; "why, they tell me the old saint has turned his back upon the faithful, and dipping his pen in heathenish ink, has become a writer of carnal books. Can it be true that he has been translating Homer? A puritanical lawyer courting the Muses, good Lord!"

" Can you doubt it?" said D'Urfey, " why the gay spinsters have been so neglected under the rule of the saints, that they have not disdained to receive the addresses of an aspiring hero, from the elbow of a country justice, and he is so high in their good graces, as to snap his fingers at all rivalry."

Butler smiled; he had come to town to put his Hudibras to press, but this was not known to all the company, although his fame was already generally whispered, as a most witty poet. Old Walton and Master Rivet, however, as well as the Killegrews, were in the secret, when the president, to relieve Butler, who appeared to be a little confused by D'Urfey's effrontery, added, " why even that arch enemy to all elegant pursuits, old Noll, the quandam brewer of Huntingdom, having no other stratagem to *work* his ambition to a *head*, set his wits to rhyming when he was fishing for the crown—have you not heard as much, Davenant?"

" Yes," returned the knight; " contrast this with the elegant habits of the late king. Fancy the lord protector sitting in that glorious palace, calling for tobacco and pipes, and making

doggerel rhymes, as the base means of intriguing for the diadem of the three kingdoms."

"I suppose the Muses took pipes too," said Butler, "for he made fools of all the world. Every body who came within the presence must do as he willed. Doubtless, the council lit their pipes by the light of his nose."

"I presume, Master Butler, you saw the arch hypocrite at certain times and seasons, when you resided with that mistaken gentleman, the fanatical Sir Simon Luke."

"Yes—often, Master Walton. There is a chamber in the old house at *Copel*, where one night as Cromwell and Sir Simon sat up late, drinking, praying, smoking, and seeking the *Lord*, Noll, taking the candle, he smoked upon the ceiling, which was low, O. C., S. L., and underneath S. S., Oliver Cromwell, Simon Luke, and *sinners saved*; and there the initials remain to this hour. This sanctified frolic, for they were both in their cups, did not pass *unreproved*, as the saints have it, by old lady Luke, who was a pious dame, though no saint.

"What profane nonsense has that pimpled nosed puritan been printing on the plaster?" said

madam—not meaning the least alliteration, for she was a plain gentlewoman.

"Oliverus Cromwell," said the knight, who was a bit of a pedant,—"and——"

"Hold!" said the good lady, "I can decypher it myself—Oliver Cromwell, and Simon Luke—both *Simons* I wot, and S. S. *sinful sots*," for which *Noll*, never forgave the old lady, I verily believe to his dying day.

"O, the hypocritical brewer!" said Nokes, "he *malt*-treated the king, and the people, and then would have *hop*-ped off with the crown. Yes, as you say, Master Butler, he made all the world do as he willed." Nokes was addicted to punning, when he had taken a cheerful glass, and now the guests having lengthened their social gossip until near midnight, the conversation became less grave, and less orderly; even Izaak Walton, and old Rivet, were verging on that particular glass of old Caleb's nectar, which doubles the lights in those shining mirrors ycleped topers-eyes.

"Damme," said D'Urfey, "let's make old Izaak drunk." This rogueish resolve, however, was whispered to the vice president, who was as

choice a cavalier as his brother Tom—when the thing was determined by a mutual whiffing of the fragrant weed.

" Well, Master Walton, how fares it with you my noble?—give us your honest hand," said the vice president. " Ah, Master Walton—I have been with our honoured sovereign, long enough to know him—but brother Tom, yea, Tom and Harry Killegrew, have stuck close to him—we have followed his fortunes in all his adversity—and—who would have ever supposed the Fates would have brought such a host of worthies together as we see around us, to celebrate this happy—— ?"

" Thrice happy event," added the loyal *Piscator*, who swallowed the *bait*, his eyes glistening with pleasure, his heart expanding with benevolence, and his hand involuntarily seizing the punch ladle, and filling his own and Harry Killegrew's glass.

" Hey, gents—hold you fast—let Tom D'Urfey make one," said the wag; " and I," said old John Rivet, as gay as a lark, when Walton, filling their glasses also—" bumpers," said Tom—" With all my soul," said Izaak—

" full to the brim," added John Rivet, " never a more right royal occasion," continued Killegrew, and shaking hands, these four sworn friends swallowed the delicious liquor, and rattled their glasses like Trojans.

Which friendly quartetto being accomplished, the worthy Piscator volunteered *The Round-head.*

" Silence—silence, gentlemen, Master Walton is about to favour us with a song."

What creatures that with his short hair
His little band and huge—

" Silence, gentlemen—Boy, hand me the *club mallet*,—silence, my cavaliers," loudly rapping with it on the table. " Silence, my nobles—we are now all attention, Master Walton. Si—len-c-e-e."

What creature's that with his short hair,
His little band and huge long ears,
That this new faith hath founded ?
The Puritans were never such,
The saints themselves had ne'er so much,
Oh ! such a knave is a Round-head.

" Chorus if you please gentlemen."

*Oh ! such a knave is a Round-head.*

What's he that doth the bishops hate,
And count their calling reprobate,
'Cause by the Pope propounded ;
And say a zealous cobbler's better
Than he that studieth every letter,
Oh ! such a knave is a Round-head.

Chorus—*Oh ! such a knave is a Round-head.*

What's he that doth high-treason say,
As often as his yea and nay,
And wish the king confounded ;
And dare maintain that Master Pymn,
Is fitter for the *crown* than him,
Oh ! such a rogue's a Round-head.

Chorus—*Oh ! such a rogue is a Round-head.*

What's he that if he chance to hear
A piece of London's Common-Prayer,
Doth think his conscience wounded ;
And goes five miles to preach and pray,
And kisses a *sister* by the way,
Oh ! such a rogue's a Round-head.

Chorus—*Oh ! such a sly rogue is a Round-head.*

What's he that met another sister,
And in a hey-cock would have kist her,
Oh ! then his zeal abounded ;

Said she, avaunt thee, sneaking fellow,
The congregation I will tell O,
When she well clawed the Round-head.

Chorus—*Oh! she scratch'd and claw'd this Round-head.*

"Bravo—-bravo," exclaimed the president. "Thank you, thank you, Master Walton, an excellent song," cried all the company. "The old Gentoo has more fun about him than I suspected," whispered Thomas Killegrew.

"Come, friend Nokes," said Henry Killegrew, "what say you to a volunteer?—'The brewer of Huntingdon.'"

"*Which nobody can deny,*" returned the player, who was not a man of many words, so laying down his pipe, and the vice-president crying silence right and left, he opened with

A brewer may be a burgess grave,
And carry the matter so fine and so brave,
That he the better, may play the knave,

Chorus, my cavaliero's—*Which nobody can deny.*

A brewer may be a parliament man,
For there the knavery first began,
And brew most cunning plots he can,

Chorus—*Which nobody can deny.*

A brewer may put on a Nabal face,
And march to the wars with such a grace,
That he may get a captain's place,

Chorus—*Which nobody can deny.*

A brewer may preach so wonderous well,
That he may raise strange things to tell,
And so be made a colonel.

Chorus—*Which nobody can deny.*

A brewer may make his foes to flee,
And raise his fortunes, so that he,
Lieutenant-general he may be,

Chorus—*Which nobody can deny.*

A brewer, he may be all in all,
And raise his powers, *strong* and *small*,
That he may become a lord general,

Chorus—*Which nobody can deny.*

A brewer may be like a fox in a cub,
And teach a lecture out of a tub,
And give the wicked world a rub,

Chorus—*Which nobody can deny.*

A brewer may by's excise and rate,
Will promise his army he knows not what,
And set upon the college-gate,

Chorus—*Which nobody can deny.*

Methinks I hear one say to me,
Pray, why may not a brewer be,
Lord Chancellor o' th' university.

Chorus—*Which nobody can deny.*

A brewer may be as bold as *Hector*,
When, as he has drunk off his cup of *nectar*,
And a brewer may be a *Lord Protector.*

Chorus—*Which nobody can deny.*

Now here remains the strangest thing,
How this brewer about his liquor did bring,
To be an emperor or a king.

Chorus—*Which nobody can deny.*

A brewer may do whatever he will,
And rob the church and state, to sell
His soul unto the devil of hell.

Chorus—*Which nobody can deny.*

"I'faith," said Davenant, "there is more playfulness lurking under some of these smooth old sconces thatch'd with grey, than many may be aware of: Sir, would you mix with the merriest wags of the city, you must seek the smoking clubs of your staid old stagers; men who keep sober order at home, and uncork their liquorish tales, and friskey old ditties at the tavern; your youngsters have more of the harum-scarum—rattle and dash, but not half the frolic and fun of their grand-dads."

"I can bear you out in that Davenant," said Captain Hyde, "for when our regiment was quartered in the Tower, at the beginning of the late troubles, I knew a score at least, of your opulent old cits, who lived in the adjacent ward, who delighted to be invited to the mess, and they were the most jovial cocks in the land. There was old *Maurice Abot*, who was mayor the year that scare-crow Isaac Pennington was

*shrive*, he was incomparable for humour and dry wit. He had belonged to a club with Shakspeare, and Ben Johnson; at this very house it was, I'faith; I have heard the old boy talk of his frolics with the play-wrights, and the players of the devil. Sir, his grand-daughter, who was a buxom girl, eloped with young *Crofts*, of my company; he was a smart, handsome fellow, and of good family, but with the devil a jacobus but his pay. We would have roasted the old gentleman upon the affair, but it would not do." "I admire the young puss for her good spirit," said old *Maurice*; "now we shall get some blood in the family, the young dog is too handsome to fear horns; and if he behaves well, I will take care to provide the needful."

"The old fellow was up to a little fashion, I'faith," said Davenant; "for the cavaliers used to play the deuce among the city wives."

"And will again, if not looked sharply after," added Thomas Killegrew, "for our morals have not been much mended by adversity, nor much improved by exile, as you know, Master Davenant."

"Old *Christopher Clitherow*, the wine

cooper, was another wily old wag," said Captain Hyde; "we used to liken him to *Falstaff;* he was fat and full of wit. His partner, old dry-bones, *William Abel*, used to say prayers, see the family snugly tucked into bed, and then he and Clitherow, who lived hard by, would walk off to the Pope's-head, and *keep it up* like *cardinals.* Once, old *Kit* Clitherow, was taken to the round-house, he sent for Master Abel for bail,—made the constable of the night and all the watchmen drunk; tore out the leaf that contained the *charge*, locked them all in, threw the key into the Thames, got quietly home, just before the shopmen opened his premises on London-bridge: yet were these worthies numbered amongst the gravest of their worships the aldermen."

"These city magistrates were gamesome old sinners; many of them at least, my grand-sire, to wit," said Sedley; "they soak in *sack*, and drive the game on joyously at their wardmote feasts. And then to behold them next day on the bench, admonishing the youngsters with their *wise saws, and modern instances*, and

committing your refractory apprentices to *Little-ease.*"

"But order—order, my nobles, our worthy Master Leigh, is going to favour us with a song," said the vice-president. "Silence!" rapping the table—"silence—silence. Master Leigh is going to give us—what is it? there is such a confusion of tongues."

"*Colonel Vennes*, encouragement to his soldiers," cried Henry Killegrew.

Fight on brave soldiers for the cause,
Fear not the cavaliers,
Their threatenings are as senseless as
Our jealousies and fears:
'Tis you must perfect this great work,
And all malignants slay,
You must bring back the king again,
The clean contrary way.

Chorus—*You must bring back the king again,*
*The clean contrary way.*

'Tis for religion that you fight,
And for the kingdom's good;
By robbing churches, plundering them,
And shedding guiltless blood.

Down with the orthodoxal train,
All loyal subjects slay,
When these are gone, we shall be blest,
The clean contrary way.

Chorus—*When these are gone, &c.*

When Charles we have made bankrupt,
Of power and crown bereft him,
And all his loyal subjects slain,
And none but rebels left him.
When we have beggared all the land,
And sent our trunks away,
We'll make him then a glorious prince,
The clean contrary way.

Chorus—*We'll make him then, &c.*

'Tis to preserve his majesty,
That we against him fight,
Nor are we ever beaten back,
Because our cause is right;
If any make a scruple at
Our declaration, say,
Who fight for us, fight for the king
The clean contrary way.

Chorus—*Who fight for us, &c.*

At *Keinton, Brainsford, Plymouth, York,*
And divers places more,
What victories we saints obtain,
The like ne'er seen before:
How often we Prince *Rupert* kill'd,
And bravely won the day,
The wicked cavaliers did run,
The clean contrary way.

Chorus—*The wicked cavaliers, &c.*

The true religion we maintain,
The kingdom's peace and plenty;
The privilege of parliament,
Not known to one in twenty:
The ancient fundamental laws,
And teach men to obey
Their lawful sovereign, and all these,
The clean contrary way.

Chorus—*Their lawful sovereign, &c.*

We subjects' liberties preserve,
By imprisonment and plunder;
And do enrich ourselves and state
By keeping the wicked under.
We must preserve *mechanics* now,
To lectorize and pray,
By them the Gospel is advanc'd,
The clean contrary way.

Chorus—*By them the Gospel, &c.*

And though the king be much misled
By that malignant crew,
He'll find us honest at the last,
Give all of us our due.
For we do wisely plot, and plot,
Rebellion to allay,
He sees we stand for peace and truth,
The clean contrary way.

Chorus—*He sees we stand, &c.*

The public faith shall save our souls,
And our good works together;
And ships shall save our lives that stay,
Only for wind and weather:
But when our faith and works fall down,
And all our hopes decay,
Our acts will bear us up to heaven,
The clean contrary way.

Chorus—*Our acts will bear us up to heaven,*
*The clean contrary way.*

"Thank you—thank you! an excellent piece of humour," cried the president.

"Very pithy," said Shirley; "all that has been done for years past, has tended but to prove the burden of your song, Master Leigh, *all the clean contrary way.* To be sure, no-

thing in history can parallel that wicked casuistry, which perplexed so many good people; that of sharpening the sword of civil war on the whet-stone of hypocrisy."

"What profound rogues," said Captain Hyde, "to use the king's sacred name, for arming the people against himself; to upraise rebellion under the banner of loyalty, was a mockery too audacious but for these late contrivers, and too barefaced for any but puritans; to whom the strait path is crookedness, honour is faithlessness, and the light of truth itself is darkness."

"Yea, even so," said Tom D'Urfey; "even the tide of this honest bowl, is going it *the clean contrary way.*" The drawer at this moment, setting another brim-ful, and smoking delectably hot, between old Rivet, and his colleague, Walton; these two inseparables, having got so joyous, that Tom, who was chatting with Mister Peter Lely, was superseded in his office, as old Izaak, having possessed himself of the ladle, sat doling out bumpers, as liberally as the veriest toper that ever was scored up in the bar of the Devil.

"Prime! my noble Piscator, give me your manus," said the rattling Tom; "let us hob and nob—*line* our skins with this loyal liquor, now friendship is a-*float*, and a *rod* for the regicides. Come, my worthy Brazier, let us *rivet* our good fellowship, so here's to our next merry meeting—we are going to knock up a roary royal, loyal, weekly meeting. The Royal-oak club, and what say you, my hearties, shall I prick you down in my list of members?"

"With my best heart, Master D'Urfey," said Rivet—"give me—hic—I would not give a brass farthing for the citizen who would not do the thing which is right—upright and downright, in the face of the whole world," dowsing his hand upon the table.

"That was nobly spoken—*hic*—yes, Master John, I have known you man and boy—I have Master Rivet, for an honest—honest man, and loyal—*hic*—and a worthy neighbour."

"Aye, give me thy hand, friend Izaak—even so—and pro—providence has been very good to us, my old boy—and bountiful—and we have *done well to do*, you understand me, gentlemen, and we have something always ready for a cava-

lier in the hour of need. That Master D'Urfey, is the—the honest truth. God bless his majesty."

"And heaven preserve him," added Izaak.

"Not forgetting his no—no—noble brothers, the Duke of York—and—and—what's his name —*hic*—the other—never mind, you know who I would say—the duke there—the younger of the royal line—the duke—"

"Of Gloucester, friend John," helped out his old friend, Izaak.

"Hic—that's he, sure enough, God bless him also—and likewise—ah, Master Izaak, otherwise *Isaacus*,—you were always ready at your book—your memory was the best of the bunch, of all the boys—*hic—hæc—hoc*,—gen—gen—*hic —genitive hujus*. Ah, Izaak! I had no headpiece—I could get no farther."

"Nay—nay! say not so, John Rivet, I would not thine enemy said so, my gentle John."

"With the rod and line, Izaak—there I was at home. *Hic*—there I would yield me—no, to none."

"Excuse me there, Master Rivet—that by

favour—that is heterodox—I cry your mercy there neighbour John Rivet,—let the rod alone —let it alone, John Rivet."

"Let it alone!—Humph!—To please you, perhaps—yes, Izaak, I would re—re—linquish that—*hic*—or any thing else for an old friend. But, why, or wherefore? I do not see clearly why I should let the rod alone—no, not to please the king himself!" accompanying his independence, with another bounce of his fist upon the table.

"Ha—ha—ha—ha! by all the signs in the zodiac, ods-bobs! *Pisces*, the fishes! these ancient *gemini*, are *nibbling* in ill blood," said Butler, in a low voice.

"Yea," said Tom D'Urfey, "but it must not come to a *bite*. Let us put an end to their *carping*."

"John Rivet—friend John," said Izaak, gently laying his pipe upon the old brazier's arm—"thou art warm, friend John. *Hic*—but —*hic*—I am afraid you are a little fud—fuddled, friend John—ha—ha—ha!"

"Warm!" John, the brazier, was all on fire. "Fuddled—zounds, man, what do you

mean! dare you say so in the presence of these noble cavaliers. Note you that, my ca—cav—cavalieros? A fig for you!—tell me I am fuddled to my face! Very well, Master Walton, you and I are no longer—*hic*—I shall break with you—have done with you—you are not the man I took you for—tell an old friend he's drunk—very civil to be sure—drunk!"

"Nay, John Rivet, I did not say you were drunk—certainly not, John Rivet."

"Not—*hic*—why what—do you mean to eat your words, you stupid—did you not—I appeal to these loyal gentlemen. I suppose if I know nothing of the rod, you will allow me—*hic*—to know what's what. Very well, Master Izaak—I am not quite—*hic*—stultus—stultus—which gentlemen, is Latin for fool. Therefore, ha-ha-ha—excuse me, Izaak Walton, you are stultus, and that is the long and the short of it. *Drunk*, forsooth!"

"Nay, John! I only said thou wast a little *fuddled*."

"Nothing more, Master Rivet, I assure you, on the word of a gentleman," said D'Urfey.

"Sir, you are a gentleman," replied the old

brazier; "that is another point, to be sure. I see—I see," half closing his eyes—"I see plain enough—That is clearly another case. Well, then."

"We are friends again," said Walton, offering his hand.

"Friends, Izaak, friends! my old schoolmate—why, what the devil next—ha-ha-ha—but to be serious, Master Izaak, sometime Izaacus—Friends! why what in the name of wonder—were we ever enemies, you rogue? There—there is my hand—hand and heart too. Friends!—ha-ha-ha. That is the comical'st thing in the world. Come, let us drink a glass of this comfortable tipple. One thing, Izaak, come let us hob—hob and nob—steady—so—so. Hold fast, friend Izaak—you are getting a little funny, Izaak—in your cups my boy—a little drunky or so. Drunk, my old friend—damme, but my old friend Izaak is, how came you so? —Ha-ha-ha. Why, give me thy hand—*hic*—you are drunk, my old cock—ha-ha-ha-ha."

"I'faith, I believe 'tis even so—*hic*—you are right, John—ha-ha-ha!" cried Izaak, candidly admitting the fact—"we are all in our cups, I verily do think—ha-ha-ha-ha."

"All as drunk as bishops," said Tom D'Urfey.

"Or the Pope of Rome," added Walton—"ha-ha-ha-ha."

"All as drunk as the devil and Doctor Faust," continued Killegrew, humouring the joke.

"Better and better," exclaimed Izaak, clapping his hands, and the old brazier, and old Piscator, and Tom D'Urfey, and Harry Killegrew, laughed as though they were tickled.

The jovial convives were electrified as it were, by this tipsy squabble between these two sober cits—hence the laugh became general, which exhilarated the spirits of all, but certain of the old stagers, several degrees up the Bacchanalian scale, towards the point of intoxication.

At this joyous juncture, entered Captain Francis Ingoldsby, brother of the colonel, a facetious gentleman, Sir Aston Cockain, and three or four others, who had been on duty at Whitehall. "They too," as Tom D'Urfey whispered Killegrew, "were a little fresh or so." There were a dozen hands thrust out, and twice as many hearty welcomes, with a general vociferation of sit you here, and we will make room. The wor-

thies were no sooner seated, than there was a general cry of "what news from court, and where is your brother, Captain Ingoldsby?"

"Clean glasses, and fresh pipes," said Henry Killegrew; "well, gents, and how are things doing in the west? A rare noise, I'd be sworn —we have been kicking up a little row-dy-dow here, you must have thought us all roary?"

"Noise!" said Sir Aston; "Sir, you appear a conventicle of quakers, compared to the stunning we have left; 'tis as a stream from the tap cock, to the rushing of a bilged tun. The din of battle is mere whispering to the shouting of the mad multitude at the palace. Whitehall will be clean swept away with this flood of loyalty. Sir, they are serving out wine in ladles, and men, women, and boys, are swilling as though there had been a fifteen years drought. Glorious times! to-morrow an universal headache—we have had the heart-ache too long."

"Come, then," added D'Urfey, "if his majesty's loving subjects are doing these things in the west, let us be joyous in the east. We are not backward, however, my noble knight. We are converting the water drinkers," pointing to

Izaak Walton, who, good old man, was now as noisy as the greatest reprobate of the circle.

Captain Ingoldsby highly amused with the scene, seated himself next to Henry Killegrew, and taking a pipe, challenges the two old worthies to a bumper of punch.

"With all my life and soul, my worthy *cavaliers*," said Walton, not dreaming that he was the old Protector's cousin. "What a geni—*hic*—what a gen—generous, fine race we Britons be—hey, my noble Sir?" admiring his military garb. "You are one of the brave—right loyal cavalieros—the generous heroes, who followed the fortune of the good old king. I'd be sworn—*hic*—loyalty in your face, my noble Captain. Come, Sir Knight—I have not—*hic*—the honour to know your rank and title; but we shall all be knighted, by God's blessing—aye, every—*hic*—loyal subject in his majesty's three kingdoms. Every one, as sure as my name is—I—I—Izaak Walton. Shall we not?—If not—*hic*—why not?"

"What! hey!" whispered Frank Ingoldsby, "is this that staid worthy, the loyal, pious old Piscator?"

"The same," replied D'Urfey—"damme, Sir Knight, as the old shaver dubs you, if we go on at this rate,—Heaven preserve us! if loyalty will not make libertines of us all, and every drivelling draper, by G—d, will have a dispensation for getting as drunk as a gentleman. This I suppose is the last act of the final scene of *annus mirabilis*—the glorious sixteen hundred and sixty."

"By the Lord, as you say, Master D'Urfey, it looks like it."

"Look like it, my noble! Depend upon it, 'tis the stubborn fact—a gentleman must now, to do the thing genteely—go to bed sober in self-defence. Suppose, therefore, that you and I take a taste of this fresh bowl, the whilst we may; you appear tired, worn out, Captain."

"Fatigued to death—tired as a turn-spit, D'Urfey."

"Not in cooking a banquet, of which you and your worthy brother are not to partake, I trust though," said Henry Killegrew, taking his hand. Frank Ingoldsby, too, had fought for the restoration.

"Why, no, Sir—I hope not—I trust not,"

replied the captain, who wishing to change the subject, for the moment at least, enquired, "and pray who is that stocky worthy in the brown wig, next to Master Walton?—a wealthy cit, I would wager my spurs."

"Old John Rivet, the loyal brazier," said D'Urfey, "the calculating blade, to whom they owe the resurrection of the bronze king and his horse, and that will be another fortune to him, the knowing old tyke."

"He is a noted hand at a ditty," said Killegrew, "let us call upon him for a song."

"By all means," said the captain. "It used to be held, that these old city club-goers beat all comers at this weapon;" when turning to the old cit, "So, Sir," said he, "I understand his majesty owes to your loyalty the preservation of the fine equestrian statue of the late king."*

"Thank you, Sir—thank you—you are a cavalier, I see. Yes, an officer in the service, and as loyal -*hic*—as you are brave. By which token —*hic*—we have brave doings here, as you may

* The bronze statue now at Charing-cross.

behold. So my brave gen—gentleman, I have no objection—if you have none, to drink a cheerful glass to the king, your royal master—*hic*—have you any objection, my noble cavalier. My name is John Rivet, Sir—no disparagement I hope, though I am only a plain—*hic*—sober citizen. But, as for the king, Sir—and as for loyalty—loyalty from the heart, you understand me—dis—dis—disinterested and free as the light that shines out of the heavens, my noble cavalier. I have stuck to the cause, not as a man of war; I have only bled in the purse, sent my humble mite to the royal exile, but I have a son who fought bravely against that rogue Cromwell—and so let us drink the devil take him—*hic*—and all belonging to his vagabond crew. Come Izaak—friend Izaak, you will join us I know. Here is, the devil take under his protection—*hic*—old Oliver the Pro—*hic*—the Protector."

"Nay, say not so, John Rivet—*hic*—say not so, gentle John."

"Hey—what! what are *you* going to turn *cat in pan* too? What! what do you mean—what do you mean—to—to disparage my toast!"

"Why so warm, friend John—sit nee down, John Rivet, but—*hic*—wherefore should I drink evil to the *manes* of an enemy—heaven forbid it, gentle John."

Frank Ingoldsby, who was a thorough good fellow, and had taken his wine freely ere his arrival at the convivial board, appeared suddenly sober; —he gazed upon Izaak—the sentiment struck him the more sensibly as the worthy was in his cups, he felt at once that veneration, which would have overcome him had his father from the tomb filled the chair of the benevolent Piscator.

"I honour that respectable old man," said he, turning to Killegrew; "that is the genuine fruit of true religion. Great God! how unlike to the sentiments of the uncharitable rogues with whom it has been my fate to scramble onward through life."

"Yea, colonel," said Tom D'Urfey, "but my venerable smooth browed Piscator, for all this is a most damnable scourge to your frogs, cock-chaffers, and harmless worms—I honour his charity too, but a tobacco stopper for his humanity."

Ingoldsby was about to be angry, but Harry

Killegrew, tickled by the extravagant oddity, the sudden knock me down reflection, so specially unlike the sober and sensible apostrophising of the Ingoldsbys, who had so little of the saint in their constitutions, that he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, in which Frank Ingoldsby, and Tom *Never-serious*, most heartily joined, and fun and frolic became again the order of the table, which, however, had now become rather disorderly and unruly, for Thomas Killegrew was beating with his club-mallet, and making a deeper impression on mine host's well rubbed table, than on the attention of old Caleb's guests. "Silence—silence!" bawled the president, which was echoed by the vice president, and half a dozen voices lustily vociferated, "order—order —Master Rivet is going to favour us with a song."

"So, Master Rivet," said Butler, "they whisper at Whitehall, as I hear from a neighbour, that your black statue is to be set up where old Charing-cross stood."

"You do not say so," Master Butler, "Ods, burn my buttons, you do not—hey! that is the very iden—dentical spot we were talking about

—hey, friend Izaak." The old brazier brightened up at this information, and rubbing his hands, exclaimed, "Zounds, if I do not present it to his majesty," and addressing Ingoldsby—"You Sir—no doubt, will stand my friend with the king, and will introduce me to court—say yes, my loyal cavalier, and we will set up the good old king in effigy, as sure as fate."

Ingoldsby felt his ears burn—he wished the old brazier at the devil—Harry Killegrew, felt for the captain, when D'Urfey, his wits as usual ever ready, skilfully diverted the conversation, and relieved the reflections of the quondam republican soldier, by promptly offering to sing a song, which he said he had picked up in his rambles, upon the self same old cross, "which," added the satirical wag, "those round-head renegadoes, one night in a drunken frolic, capsized, and broke each others heads with the fragments. Come my hearties, push the bowl about, let us drink oblivion to all old animosities, and let us see if we cannot muster wit enough among us to build up another; we are most of us Free-masons, and like a Phœnix, the last Charing-cross shall be worthier than the first.

He that is for this toast, let him signify the same, by sending up his glass, and he that disdains the toast, why let him be sent to Coventry—huzza—huzza—huzza—Here is to the loyal brazier, who made a world of brass, and saved the royal bronze. Now then, my nobles, tune your *vocalities*, and prepare to join chorus, as much out of tune as may be, whilst I chaunt the fate of old queen Eleanor's cross."

Undone! undone! the *lawyers* cry,
They rumble up and down;

"You may remember, my worthies, that I was an unworthy limb of that *hopeful fraternity* once, which brings me to line the third." Tom was now getting prime. "Bravo—bravo Tom," an universal cheering. "Begin again my D'Urfey."

Undone! undone! the lawyers cry,
They rumble up and down.

Six in a *fiacre*— the merciless rogues—no more bowels than your *line* and *hook-sters*—charge clients separate fares—but that is a dead letter now—for

We know not the way to Westminster
Now Charing-cross is down ;
Then fare-thee-well, old Charing-cross,
Good bye to thee old stump,
It was an old thing, set up by a king,
And so pull'd down by the Rump.*

" Chorus, my royals,"

*It was an old thing set up by the king,*
*And so pull'd down by the Rump.*

And when they came to the bottom of the Strand,
The lawyers were at a loss,
This is not the way to Westminster, Sir,
We must go by Charing-cross.

Chorus—*It was an old thing set up by a king,*
*And so pull'd down by the Rump.*

The parliament did vote it down,
As a thing they thought most fitting,
For fear it should fall—and so kill 'em all,
In the house as they were sitting.

Chorus—*For it was an old thing set up by a king,*
*And so pull'd down by the Rump.*

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* The Rump Parliament.

Some letters about this *Cross* we found,
Or else it might be freed,
But I dare say, and safely swear,
It could neither write nor read.

Chorus—*For it was an old thing set up by a king,*
*And so pull'd down by the Rump.*

The whigs they do affirm and say,
To Popery it was bent;
For what I know, it might have been so,
For to church it never went.

Chorus—*For it was an old thing set up by a king,*
*And so pull'd down by the Rump.*

This cursed RUMP, REBELLIOUS CREW,
They were so damn'd hard-hearted;
They pass'd a vote, that *Charing Cross*
Should be taken down and carted.

Chorus—And for why, because—*It was an old thing,*
*set up by a king,*
*And so pull'd down by the Rump.*

Now, Whigs, I would advise you all,
'Tis what I'd urge you to do;
For fear the king should come home again,
Pray pull down *Tyburn*, too.

Chorus—*Then fare-thee-well, old Charing Cross,*
*Good bye to thee, old stump;*
*For, because it was an old thing, set up by a king*
*It was clean pull'd down by the Rump.*"

" Ha, ha, ha, an excellent song, sure enough, Master D'Urfey, an excellent song; and so they talk of setting up my statue?"

" No, no, friend John—ha, ha, ha,—not your statue, but the king's statue, friend Rivet—ha, ha, ha!"

" Well—hey—what affair is that of yours?—*hic*—My statue, or thy statue, or the king's *statue?* Is this your logic, Izaak? I tell you you are not *statu quo*—I am—*hic*—sorry to say, not *statu quo*, Izaak."

" Be it so, gentle John—but, nevertheless, I tell you—*hic*—you are fuddled, John Rivet—fuddled, my old friend—and crossed in perception, John—confounding per—person—personal identity, John Rivet—not discerning the difference betwixt a living brazier, and a brass statue, John—betwixt the quick and the dead—a tippling trader, and defunct majesty. John, John," shaking his head, " I tell thee thou art fuddled, John."

" That is your opinion, hey, Sir? Very well—not at your expence, however—no one ever fuddled over your wine. And excuse me, Master Walton—*hic*—it shall be *stultus*, that is,

who is the fool? if ever you get fuddled at *my* expence. Mark you that, you senseless old sot. Not touch the rod! I shall not forget that neither, you Master Izaak. Apro-pro-pos, by the same token—pray sir cavalier—excuse me, Sir—do you ever throw the fly?" addressing himself to Ingoldsby.

"*Once—now*-and-*then*, Sir," replied the Captain; "but I have little skill."

"Like our friend Izaak, here—hey, Sir? He has not wit enough to throw the fly, ha, ha, ha!" (Walton was no fly-fisher) "Then, Sir, by favour, I will teach you. Sir, I will tell you a story, if it be your pleasure."

Ingoldsby smiled. "I am all attention, Sir." The old brazier shifted his seat, and took him familiarly by the sleeve.

"Now for a *good one*," whispered Killegrew; "young men lie by practice, travellers by prescription, and old men by *virtue* of their grey hairs."

"You doubtless know *Case-horton*?" The captain shook his head.

"*Carshalton*—by that title, perhaps, my noble cavalier?" said Walton.

" I do," said Ingoldsby.

" That is pedantish, Izaak—I am sorry to say, you are a pedant, Master Izaak. If you chuse to tell the story, why—*hic*—well and good, Master Walton. If not—*hic*—let me, by your kind civility and—*hic*—favour—that is, if you please, do allow me to tell it my own way. *Casehorton*, or, if you will have it so, Car—Caeshalton—which, to one who has the wit to throw the fly, is one and the same thing—it is near old *Carew's*, there. You know the Careys, of Beddington Park. Well, Sir, it was one May morning, as beautiful as this has been—so I was throwing the fly from the bridge in the mill-tail there, at Beddington mill—that is the water for trout—and forth comes the miller, and he bawls him, ' You maun fish here !' Presently a noble trout rises, and I threw. ' You maun fish here, I say !' I pretends to be deaf, and the third time my fish rises, when he bawls him louder still—' You maun wobble, wobble-te-bobblety !' Ha, ha, ha, Sir ! I throws my fly, at a five-and-fifty foot line, and whips the hook clean into my miller's mouth; and cutting my line, left it in his cheek, taking to my heels, whilst the chuckle

head cries him ' Wobble-te-bobble—stop him !' I never shall forget it to the latest day of my life. You remember it well, Izaak Walton?" Izaak shook his head—he would not father the tale.

" This verily is jovial John, the brazier ; he is a choice old spark—a man of *mettle*."

" Yes," replied D'Urfey, " and can *forge* you *wit* in his *line*, as you may see."

" I should mightily enjoy one of his ditties, Master D'Urfey, if he be not too *Biboish*."

" O ! he is in the cue for any frolic just now. The deuce on it is, all his songs savour so much of the *rump*," smiling significantly at the captain, who had been a member of that obnoxious parliament, " and he has always upon the *anvil* something new to hammer away at the Roundheads."

" Let him *hammer* away at the rogues as lustily as he lists," returned Ingoldsby : " for I am in as loyal a habit as my neighbours. I have no family prejudices—any thing for frolic and fun, as my brother Richard says. I'faith I wish my dear Dick was here."

" Come, then, my brave brazier," cried

D'Urfey, "you were about to favour us with one of your chaunts. What say you—suppose we ask for '*Old Oliver's Rump.*'" Ingoldsby smiled; when silence being proclaimed, John Rivet, with "*laudable*" voice, began, merrily observing, 'Chorus, gentlemen, to the tune of the brazier's first cousin, 'The *Blacksmith.*'" And so it is marked in the book. (*Vide Loyal Songs.*)

"Now master and 'prentice for rhymes must pump,
On *Hab*, *Noll*, *Arthur*, *and Lawson Vantrump*,
A long, long Parliament of a short *rump*,

Chorus—*Which nobody can deny.*

For wits, and no wits, now have and itch,
To prepare some tickleing, tearing switch,
For them, whose every face is a *breech*,

Chorus—*Which nobody dares deny.*

Twelve years they sate above king and queen,
Aye, twelve! and then they had entered their teens,
When Oliver came to out-sin their sins,

Chorus—*And who shall this dare deny?*

And yet after all his signal Septembers,
Both he and his babe, and his other house members,
Saw *rump* was only asleep in its embers,

Chorus—*Which nobody sure will deny?*

For now up it rose, then out it was blown,
For Lambert and *Rump*, like my lady and Joan,
Blew in and out, till Rump blew out John,

Chorus—*Nor this can a body deny.*

And then, Sirs, it swelled with monstrous growth,
That, by-and-bye, it broke out in the south,
From whence it was dubbed—PORTSMOUTH.

Chorus—*Which who is the man will deny?*

From thence to London it rode tantivy,
(Though London then wore holly and ivy)
And sate at Whitehall in a *Council Privy*,

Chorus—*Which nobody can deny.*

Then suddenly Fleetwood, he fell from his grace,
And now cries—'O! Heaven hath spit in my face,'
Though he smelt that it came from another place,

Chorus—*Which nobody can deny.*"

Here Frank Ingoldsby joined chorus heartily;

—Fleetwood was cleanly outwitted—indeed, all the table was in a roar, for the old brazier humoured the points with such comical gravity.

"*Janizary Desbrow* then looked pale,
For, said the rogue, if this *rump* prevail,
'Twill blow me back to my old plough tail,
Chorus—*Ah! and who, Sirs, will this deny?*

But, when he felt his own regiment kick,
Oh, oh, quoth he, this was my own trick,
'Gainst my brother, old *Noll*, and my nephew, *Dick*,
Chorus—*Which nobody can deny.*

Pray, now—whom the deuce doth rump represent?
'Twas this that Sir *Thomas Jermyn* meant,
When he called it a *whipping Parliament*,
Chorus—*Which*—(shaking hands cordially with the captain)
*Which* (my noble cavalier) *nobody can deny.*

Please the pigs, and I don't present the statue of the old king to shame the republican varlets.

We're stripp'd of all shelter from the long robe,
And are rich and warm, as the devil left *Job*,
For satan *Rump* sits lord of the globe.
Chorus—*Which nobody can deny.*

And yet, when all is examined and pondered,
You'll find three kingdoms, enslaved and plundered,
For saying *forty* is less than *four hundred*,

Chorus—*A saying who dared deny?*

And now behold the sign is in *clune*—
But if *Monk* be honest and wise, then soon he,"

When appealing to the company—"And has he not proved himself the hero—eminently brave in all capa—capacities—*hic*—gentlemen.

Makes *Rump*—

Speaking like a brazier, my cavaliers—

Makes *Rump*, to a man, look a little *spoon*-ey.

Chorus—*Huzza, huzza! which no-body can deny.*"

"Bravo! bravo! my brave old brazier."

Heaven bless the king—*hic*—with his two brave brothers,
From *Rumps*, and *Lords*, and the *house* called *Others*,
And a *halter* for these rumping sons of their mothers.

Chorus—*Which, gentlemen*—hic—*none of you will deny.*

And that he may bless us—both us and our heirs—
Let all the members of Commons and Peers,
Turn honest as *him** who has lost his ears,

Chorus—*Which*—hic—*nobody can deny.*"

"A good song, and excellently sung!" cried Frank Ingoldsby, clapping his hands; "capital, my jovial friend—excellent—excellent, on my conscience."

"Bravo! my bonny brazier," added D'Urfey: "You are worthy to sing in the presence of the king himself. How notedly the old Turk tunes his pipe, Master Ingoldsby, I'd give an Oliver's crown that that noble brother of thine were here. There is something delectably humourous in the gravity of these lively old codgers—is there not?"

"Aye, Sir, there is!" replied Ingoldsby: "There is a certain care-killing character in the

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* This compliment, doubtless, was intended for Barrister Prynne, who had, in turn, attacked all parties, being intrepid in his integrity; and, unlike most of his coadjutors, erring generally only in opinion.

very cut and trim of them—so entirely exempt from that turmoil—that tug and toil of ambition, which wears and tears to no other end, but always, as 'twere, to begin again. After all, Sir, shoot me, if philosophy does not seem to resolve all happiness into this midnight sing-song, a comfortable purse, a pipe, and a bowl."

"Sir, you are not singular in your notions, his majesty is of your way of thinking," said Henry Killegrew: "The German says, the king drinks for drinking sake—the Dutchman for fear of the fog—but an Englishman for sheer sociality's sake. Nothing comes so near to my notions of solid comfort, as *our* substantial citizens of yore, encircling the tavern bowl. By Jupiter's seat, when I return to mine, my dear Buckingham, the citizens shall toast the jovialest sovereign that ever gladdened the page of history."

"He is a thorough fine fellow, I hear," said Frank Ingoldsby: "Sir, such a prince alone, if I have any spice of prophecy in my carnal composition, is the right royal genius to govern. Hypocrisy, a thread-bare, outward cloak, scarce hanging together, to hide the inward vices

of this saintly generation, will now be thrown off by royal proclamation; and, as Colonel O'Rourke said, when that canting chaplain of my kinsman, Fleetwood, old *Patients*, was snuffling against tobacco and punch, in Christ Church, Dublin—'O, by Jasus, and I wish the holy times were come back once more, when a true christian might get drunk, and go to mother church again, without dread of damnation."

"*Patients!* What that stiff-rumped old royster, the *stocking-footer* of Foster-lane—is it him, captain, of whom you speak?" enquired Killegrew.

"The same, Sir," answered Ingoldsby; "that is the everlasting holder forth at a grace before meat; hence, his highness, impatient of his dinner, dubbed him the cold meat chaplain: which joke gave such offence to his dearly beloved son-in-law, that 'tis whispered Fleetwood vowed to God his kinsman should never wear the crown. See you, Sirs, a jest may stand betwixt a hero and a crown."

"That is comical," returned Killegrew; "but our merry monarch, *Charles the Debonnaire*,

you see, has possessed himself of the crown, and may he retain his joke and his crown together to the end of his merry reign."

"Pray heaven send he may," returned the captain; "I can ask you, Sir, and is it true that he is so great a wit, Master Killegrew?" enquired Ingoldsby.

"I must refer you to my brother, Sir, who swears—and Tom is no incompetent authority—that his majesty's head is as well furnished with wit as an egg is full of meat. He hatches, as Tom says, more original, pithy, pointed conceits, and has a faculty for drolling upon the oddities and peculiarities of those about him, superior to any one of all his witty court."

"He has, hey!" said D'Urfey; "then he may cast his royal net, and if he does not at the first haul count a more miraculous draught of comical fish, than off all the shores of this sinful globe, may I be dipper general to the whole multitude of anabaptists; aye! fast and pray, up to my ears in *Peerless Pool.* Well my nobles," (in an under voice,) "cannot we wits contrive to get together, and hold a comfortable coze over a devil'd kidney, or some nice provocative—let us look, about

somewhere above three-fourths in Elysium! drunk as spiritual lords, quietly 'tranced, damme, let us cry fire! and get rid of the rogues, and then return and enjoy a pipe and a cool tankard."

"One more song, and they are clean done for," said the vice president: "I see my brother Tom is wishing himself down amongst us. Come, Mr. President, order if you please—silence, my noble cavaliers! Will any gentleman favour us with a *parting* song. What say you, Master Nokes?" Nokes, who was in a comfortable nap, was awoke, no unusual occurrence, by the sudden silence. "Come my hearty," said Thomas Killegrew, "oblige us with a song, a chorus ditty, and let us show ourselves worthy of the glorious cause that has brought us together."

"With all my heart," replied Nokes, "what a political—a national one?"

"But suppose," said D'Urfey, "that we charge ourselves, and prime for chorus—come gentlemen, down with your glasses—all filled—here goes then—To all worthies who have lent heart

and hand, to bringing home our king, huzza—huzza—huzza!"

"Come, my nobles," vociferated Nokes, who was now alive again. "If it be your pleasure, I will try my best at THE WORSHIPFUL CITS.

All you cow-hearted citizens,
What is your vile pretence,
To keep yourselves within your beds,
And not fight for your prince?
Whose majesty should you behold,
Your shame would breed your woe,
And then like fools you would cry out,

"Chorus, gentlemen."

*Cuckolds all on a row.*

There's some of you whose bishops lands,
Do so much clog their heels,
That now they cannot stir,—whereas,
Else would they run on wheels;
But yet I hope a time will come,
When you shall be made to know,
And told unto your faces—that

Chorus—*You are cuckolds all of a row.*

But yet for one more reverent act,
You are to be commended,
That through your rams-head zeal you have,
Your brother *Rump* befriended,
To seat them in the parliament house
Their wisdom for to show;
But they and yourselves are all alike,

Chorus—*Cuckolds all on a row.*

Alas poor *Lambert* is undone,
And now he may go preach,
Since 'tis the *English* a-la-mode,
For every rogue to teach;
He'll twang it saintly in a tub,
And let his brethren know,
That they are damn'd, unless they sing,

Chorus—*Cuckolds all on a row.*

But where's your mighty *Fleetwood* now,
His honours worn to the stump,
He'll serve ambassador *below*,
To make room for the *Rump;*
And thus king-killers one by one
Shall to the devil go,
Upon the city asses pack,

Chorus—*Cuckolds all on a row.*

And now cow-hearts look to your shops,
The red-coats will you fright,
And plunder you all, because they know,
Your horns hang in your light;
No matter, for you have been the cause
Of all the kingdom's woe,
And well deserve still to be called,

Chorus—*Cuckolds all on a row.*

But if that you would honest grow,
And do a glorious thing,
Which is to rouse, and take up arms,
And fight for Charles our king;
Which act, your credits will regain,
And all the world shall know,
That the devil a one, shall more be call'd

Chorus—*Cuckolds all on a row.*"

(Vide, National Songs of the Times.)

# CHAPTER VII.

## THE WINDING UP OF THE NIGHT.

### THE DEVIL'D KIDNEY.

*" I learn'd it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting."*—SHAKSPEARE.

The convivial D'Urfey, a fitting president for the *Everlasting Club*, most sagaciously foreseeing that this heterogeneous company would depart as usual from a tavern dinner, with more noise than wit, skilfully brought about the cuckold chorus, as it was the usual signal at the city taverns, for sending the grave ones home. He therefore had provided a snug room, wherein a select few gay convives might retire to enjoy themselves, and merrily waste the remaining hours before cock crowing; for, as he observed, when quitting the noisy table, with good natured consideration, to see old Izaak, who staggered

off, *royal*, safely delivered at the *Harrow*, over the way. "Do not depart, my nobles, we must make a finish in a friendly cose, we have had no fun yet, no frolic, my hearties."

"But it is waxing toward midnight," said Davenant, looking at the tavern clock; "and we kept it up last eve rare and late."

"Hey—what!" exclaimed Killegrew, the other manager. "*Has friendship such a faint and milky heart, it turns in less than two nights!* Why thy *god*-dad kept it up within these walls half an hundred years ago—dost mean to tear the merry licence from his book?"

"If so decreed," returned Davenant, "then it were wise to re-light the midnight lamp with the scrip, I'll be one, gentlemen, and be it your pleasure to sit it out."

"*The king doth wake to night, and takes his rouse, keeps wassel*—ye Gods! and shall not we? Come, my noble captain, let us muster our men," said D'Urfey, he had already whispered, "Butler, you are a Bibo, and you care-curing Killegrews; then there is Sedley, wherefore should we be sad, and old friend Shirley, he is our surety—Hyde will soak his noble skin

for the cause—as for *Baptist* May, may his font be henceforth filled with wine. Wait awhile, my worthies, and I have a note here, just delivered from the bar; chattering *Chiffney* is coming anon from Whitehall, with pragmatical Phillips, and we shall hear of all the gay doings at court."

These social convives wanted little persuasion to lengthen the season of mirth, for even Master Shirley, who was wakeful as the veriest wine-bibber of the joyous fraternity, merrily observed, in their way to the appointed chamber, also quoting the bard, "*To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then is early; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes,*" adding with a smile the old poet—"we are sad rakish young rogues though—but we never shall meet again on so memorable an occasion. I'faith, I am curious to hear what is doing at court."

The convivial group were now snugly seated round a neat supper, when they were joined again by D'Urfey, who, briskly rubbing his hands, observed, "by the stars, my nobles, which are all shining bright above, as though peeping at our sport, 'tis cold abroad—come, this is con-

siderate of mine hostess; a fire forsooth. Let us see, I have known Master Caleb more than seven years, as the old women say, and so by your leave, mistress landlady, I'll give your dog a roke," when taking the poker, "now," said the wag, "now for a flame as red as Oliver's nose;" the common saying, when the new night which they were about to commence, was cheered with a blazing hearth.

"Thou art a bright spark, Tom," said Davenant, "you will roast us roundly."

"Then we will cool ourselves with a dainty devil," replied the gay providore, lifting one of the covers; "now my gallants, you shall see Tom's cookery—here are devils of every kidney, as well as kidnies devil'd; and I will be bold to say, that old Caleb's cook, as aforesaid, chief of the larder of the *Devil*, can toss up a peppered provocative that would tempt the holy *self-denying* Dunstan himself, under whose sober sign we sit and sip, to drink, and smoke, and sing and joke, with the best of your cavaliers. Come, you Master Butler, you are talkative as a mute, noisy as a fish. Why what has become of thy wit, my sammy boy? Talking of fish, by the Lord!

you would have given a jew's eye, to have been over the way awhile, to have had a peep at our gentle Piscator's pranks. His successor at the Harrow, old Habakkuk Tibson, the preaching presbyterian draper, I left at prayers, on his own stair head, marvelling at the reprobate Izaak Walton. Old mother Tibson had provided him a dormitory on the second story, and the worthy couple were ushering him up to bed, with all ceremony, a *he* and *she* chamberlain; when my gay spark puffed out the candle, and, O fye! to relate, would have kissed the servant girl, which leering Abigail, or the saint is belied, he is wont to kiss by himself; well, Sirs, being admonished by Habakkuk, he staggered him up, gaily singing, *cuckolds all on a row.* Ha-ha-ha, the pot-valiant-innocent Izaak, defying his host—defiling the draper's *domus.* But these are the signs of the times, as *Culpepper* has it. Sing tan-ta-ra-ra-ra, the devil is dead! and if my chaunting Izaak should be found defunct—after his carnal chorus, the inquest will be recorded, like the maid of the moor's wife, poor Barbara—he '*died singing of it,*' for verily I heard him roaring cuckolds all on a row as I

crossed the street: Ye Gods, how potent is punch!"

"O, Tom, Tom! your tongue is the very abstract of slander," said Davenant; "what a scurrilous dog thou art grown."

"Nay," replied the mad pate, "'tis gospel—I'll wager my wig to a water-wag-tail, against any other *wag*, and post it down," taking off his ponderous peruke, and giving it a dexterous twirl, "that you may hear him at it—the boozing stentor—by taking the trouble to walk to the outward door."

"What, my wigs-by! what, my mad Tom!" exclaimed Captain Crofts, accompanied by Colonel Phillips, who then made their appearance, their countenances glowing with claret, liberally doled out by the clerk of the cellar royal, at Whitehall. These choice spirits had been keeping it up with certain of the household at court, and, according to engagement, had come eastward, in hack sedans, to *finish* at the Devil.

"Chairs, drawer! welcome, gentlemen!" said Killegrew; "come, my dons, please to be seated. Hey, what! my Ambrosia, too! give

us your *pudsey* (paw); who would have thought of seeing you here?" This triumvirate gave new life to the party. The last of the three, Mr. Ambrose Pudsey, was one of the gentlemen in ordinary of the privy chamber; Crofts, occasional purse bearer in the king's amours; and Colonel Phillips, a loyal cavalier, who assisted his majesty's escape after the battle of Worcester.

"Just in the nick of time for a scrap of old Nick; if your mind be for a relish, let me have the pride to show off my jolly disciple, the cook of *our* house: and if his majesty's French *cuisinier* can compete with him in making a gentleman moisten his thirsty clay with *goût*, then obsolete is all English art."

"Well, my D'Urfey, '*good wine needs no bush*,' we have had no lack of it to-day, and it was prime stuff," said Phillips; "we have been carousing it right cavalierly—toasting royalty with puritanical grape. These *saints* bottled up the *spirit* with zeal, and us *sinners* have stumbled upon a private store of old *Noll's*, laid in, by the date, on his first coming to Whitehall. 'You gentlemen are in luck,' said

the Duke of Bucks, 'for Sir Charles, the Comptroller, ordered that none of it should be served at the royal board, and I'll be sworn,' said the gay duke, 'the king has no such orthodox tipple.'"

"By Jupiter, our ribs are marvellously maltreated by virtue of this said wine," added Crofts; "doubtless, my cavaliers, you have been merry; but, by all that is extravagant, we have had more laughter in drawing old Cromwell's corks, than would serve all the kings' jesters from the Saxons downwards."

"Shame!—how ungrateful!" said D'Urfey, "to toast nought but loyalty. I should have given—

'Come, here's to the health of the late Protector,
For bottling up his old father's nectar.'

At the same time, my noble courtiers, I will court your comparison with some of our worthy host's stock;" taking advantage of old Caleb's appearance, who brought in a cover of a most delicious grill, by way of a *bon bouche*. "Here, hear you this, mine host? Here are some counts from the court," said the wag; the landlord

bowed—he knew the gentlemen—"and they have been tasting some of the old protector's store. Now, *my* perriwig against a gill of perry, *we* can show off as good wine as our lord the king. Let us try, my loyal host, for the honour of the house."

Old Caleb took the bait, and away he bustled to his cellar—the loyal vintner was piqued—"And now," said Tom, "prejudice apart, here goes—the reputation of the Devil and Dunstan against the lord protector and the other saints, and I'll wager a butt of sack to a puritan preacher's *tub*, the Devil beats him *hollow*."

And Tom's vain wager, as Butler observed, was not wagered in vain, for such wine, perhaps, had not been drank before or since under any city sign; and the worthies sat it out, regardless of the past, merrily gossipping, and joyously speculating upon the hours to come, until the candles sputtered in the sockets of the sconces, and day dawned through the chinks of the shutters.

"And what are they doing at court?" said D'Urfey, "'tis fitting we should know. By my loyalty, we have had such a roaring party of

round-head cuckolds and yesterday cavaliers, banquetting and revelling in honour of majesty, that you would have sworn the king's expatriation was all a royal frolic, and that he had only to whistle the city curs, to shake their ears, and bark him home again."

"That is well said, my D'Urfey," observed Colonel Phillips, "why man, the king himself said the same thing, on his departure from Breda for the Hague. 'By my faith, Sirs, I begin to think, that my long separation from my loving subjects is purely mine own fault.'"

"Poor *Tumble-down-Dick!*" exclaimed D'Urfey, "well, he is one of the last one would have dreamt of forgetting his cellar, for the rogue has some princely notions—the love of a bottle and a pretty lass—by the lord, he was in the way to rival his father's nose. A bad omen, forsooth, master Dickey, the fellow was hanged who left his liquor behind. But what will be the fate of the family, master Crofts? Doubtless my young protector will be a head the shorter, if he comes in the path of the lion."

"*Point du tout*," returned Crofts, "if the blockhead has brains enough to keep himself

quiet, he has nothing to fear from that quarter: Never had prince more of the milk of humanity —Do-little-Dickey may sit in the royal buttery and chop parsley, or another *Lambert Simnel* may make one of the *tourne broches* regale himself with a sop in the pan, kiss the scullion, or comfortably smoke his pipe in the kitchen corner. Believe me, or I am ignorant of his majesty, revenge is not one of his attributes: the deuce a thought of the past—he would not hurt the hair of any one's head."

"Saving and excepting those rogues who laid their regicide paws upon the royal caput of his father," said D'Urfey; "as for them, I would sharpen the sword of the law, and make mincemeat of the ruffians."

"Why," continued Crofts, "I would not vouch for their security; but no other sword than that of justice should be drawn: and as for the rest, let every dog who deserves it, find a halter."

"The king has got *something* by his morning visit to London," said Phillips; "he has not gone empty-handed to old Whitehall."

"The better luck, Sir," said D'Urfey; "what a budget of golden Jacobuses, hey, my boy?"

"No: a better thing—a Jacobus's bible, my jolly royster. What—why, where have you all been, my hearties?—hear you this, Phillips? why 'tis the talk of the whole town."

"Come tell us," said Killegrew, "a Bible forsooth! and presented by whom, by the prelates, hey? God help their reverences, they have naught else to bestow—a Bible and a benediction."

"And a fitting gift—a becoming peace-offering," said old Shirley.

"Presented by the saints—by the old sanhedrim, who bothered, and would have bamboozled the king at Breda, I'd be sworn," said D'Urfey; "but they met their match."

"You are a witch," replied Crofts. "Well, my merry fellows, just as the king makes his gracious bow, right and left, to his loving and beloved City of London, amidst the roaring royalists, and whilst ogled by the ten hundred thousand killing eyes, all fixed upon majesty,

and dazzled by the glowing of the same mathematical number of tender, throbbing, lily-white bosoms—just before Sadlers'-hall, he is awoke from his delectable dream ; the cavalcade is arrested by an army of saints, with Arthur Jackson, the sturdy old presbyterian minister of St. Michael's, Wood-street, at their head, bearing a new bound Bible on his back, with covers, ponderous as the gates of Geza—delivering the same with an admonitory speech, as long as *Cheapside*, that his majesty would make a christian, godly, sober use of it, and govern accordingly and thereby."

"Which *Charles Stuart* doubtless received, with a face as long the *Strand*, and promised to proceed upon," said D'Urfey.

"Just so," replied Crofts.

"And then proceeded onward, laughing in his sleeve at the old hypocrites—yes ! laugh in his sleeve at the comical codgers, after their sleeveless errand, with their prohibitions, and inhibitions—snuffling about sinful *surplices* and papish *prayer books*. But Lord, thou knowest how thine anointed servant, the pious king, bamboozled the presumptuous buggoboos—ha-ha-ha-ha ! At Sadlers'-hall too—yes, these re-

bellious old riders would have bridled and saddled his kingship notably, but you were an hour too late for the market, my masters. The bargain was struck, and your cunning fore-stallers —and regraters of the gospel were damnably dumb-founded—ha-ha-ha-ha! and so the knowing ones were outwitted—the foxes were trapped in their own pit—ha-ha-ha—crossed the herring-pond—voyaged it to *Holland*, to the land of *Hans butter-box*, to be diddled out of their divinity—clean beaten at their own weapons—went seeking their noses, and found Charles Stuart seeking the Lord."

"And so they caught the king on his knees, hey? the holy ones—that was prime—whapped at their own weapons, by Saint Charles. How his majesty must have chuckled at the fraud, at having so completely flabbergasted the frumps. Delectable, to cozen such a community of saints. By the Lord, the two universities should vote the orthodox Charles Stuart a magnificent service of plate, for thus upholding the hierarchy. You were there, Crofts," said Sedley; "come, now, as the gossips say, up and tell, for surely the meeting must have been delectably droll."

"Why, Sedley—it was delectably droll, to say the least of it; but, Sirs, you should have been on board the *Naseby*."

"That is treason," cried Colonel Phillips, laughing. "The Royal Charles, man!"

"Well then, as the Duke of Buckingham said to Admiral Montague, the *Noseby*."

"The devil," exclaimed D'Urfey, "why I marvel that the *Rump* sailors did not hoist him over board, to pickle his presumption in the herring pond."

"True, as you say, my D'Urfey. By the powers! we were in a tremendous funk, when the merry Duke first commenced his pranks on board, for the whole fleet but t'other day were snuffling prayers and hymns, and *swearing* everlasting enmity to majesty, when, *hocus pocus*, as it were, the pitch and tar men *swear* on the other side of the mouth, and in the twirling of a quid, d——n their eyes as freely as *in the good old times*, as an ancient sailor loyally observed to his grace, who got into the good graces of the heroes in a twinkling, and converted them by shoals."

"And how did the old Admiral stomach this

sudden metamorphosis? made a long face upon it, no doubt."

"Brimstone blue, at the first blush of the thing," replied Crofts; "but peeling himself of the outward skin of the puritan, my jolly Admiral, who is at heart a sailor, reconciled himself to the change, and cracked his joke with Buckingham, and was as cheery as his crew."

"I fear this impiety is offensive, my lord," said the frumpish old earl of Southampton, to Montague.

"O, the hearties!" returned the Admiral, "they mean no harm, my lord. It is a bad habit certainly, and it has been checked; but the profligate fellows never swear so lustily as in blowing weather, nor so tremendously, my lord, as when other men would pray, when the king of terror stares them in the face. Then,*

* It is likely that the unprofitable custom of making use of profane expletives and wicked imprecations, amongst the British soldiers and sailors, is of great antiquity. This we may infer, on the authority of Dr. Henry, that the veterans led into the field in olden times were addicted to cursing and swearing; for when

by G—d, Sir," this the Admiral uttered with a look and manner, that startled my lord

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the count of Luxemburg, accompanied by the earls of Warwick and Stafford, visited the Maid of Orleans, in her prison at *Rouen*, where the heroine, to the eternal disgrace of that age, loaded with irons, was chained to the floor; the count, who had sold her to the enemy, pretending that his visit was to treat with her about her ransom, she cast a look of resentment and disdain upon him, and cried, "begone! *you* have neither the power to ransom me." Then turning her eyes towards the two earls, she added, "I know that you English will put me to death, and imagine that after I am dead you will conquer France: But though there were an hundred thousand *G—d dam' mees* more in France than there are, they will never conquer the kingdom."

It would further appear, that this opprobrious custom was not entirely a vice of the camp, for, (says an industrious enquirer into the manners of the old English,) a contemporary historian, who had frequently conversed with Henry VI., mentions it, as a *very remarkable and extraordinary peculiarity in the character of that prince*, "that he did not swear in common conversation; but reproved his *ministers*, and *officers* of *state*, when he heard them swearing."

Southampton—" then Sir, were the twelve holy apostles on board, they would *rattle* out, and bid them clear the gang-way. I'faith, my gallants, my lord Southampton's face was long as the hawser."

" And here you behold the sudden conversion of Montague," said Butler, soberly smoking his pipe. " So it is, any thing to retain power—the same with sinner and saint, any thing for temporal gain. The rebel Admiral striking top-sails to majesty; and if *Charles Stuart* only willed it all would swear with *parson Harrison*, that the two tables of stone were made of Shittim wood. There is no conversion like that of the *Presence:* And as for conscience!"—blowing the smoke from him—" 'tis that, Sirs. A rupture there, wide as law from justice, is closed by a royal *squeeze*, easily as by Parson Forster's *miraculous sponge*."

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Whether their naughty expletives were the same, with those of the age of Charles II., is not known. Buckingham used to " d——n your diminutive oaths."

"You are right, my royal," exclaimed Tom Killegrew; "you have said truly, my bully Butler, give me your manus, my king of trumps. Had you but been on the deck of the *Royal Charles*, great guns and demi-culverins,"—pressing his pipe down with the tobacco stopper—"But, we must not proclaim all we know—not (whiffing away) that I care, though all the curious round-heads, in this christian city, opened their asses ears at the key-hole of the Devil. Come, my noble royster, you Crofts, wherefore should we not take wine together? Why! you scaramouche cook—you D'Urfey, *your* grills and your gizzards have made me hot in the tongue, as a pepper cod; thirsty as *Dives*. Yes—(there a bumper, my royal,)—yes, a pretty passage we had of it. Naught but frisk and folly—fiddling and fun all the way home. What glo—glo—glorious—frolicksome chaps are your sai—sai—"

"Saints," helped out old Shirley.

"No, no—*hic*—the sailors my darling poet; but—*hic*—so are the saints, too, in their way, Sir—I'll give you a specimen. I shall never forget the day the old ones got their first audience of our noble king and master: and then,

mark you, the prying old tykes, keeping each other up to the mark." Here the wag, quite in his glory, began to travestie their names, dubbing the pious committee, Calamy, Baxter, Manton, Case, and Reynolds, by a corresponding string of whimsical parody.

"'Yes: Master *Calamity*,' whispers old *Backslider*, 'be steadfast in the cause.' 'Yea, and put the king to the nonplush, touching the surplice,' said *Mad-Tom*; when Case, otherwise Cause, otherwise *Curse*, (snuffling the names equivocally to the ear) pushed the case of the Common Prayer to Master *Wry-nose*, otherwise Reynolds, who, together with the other conjurors*—ha, ha, ha—how the most knowing may

* These ministers, on their interview with the king, at Breda, urged his majesty not to re-introduce the common prayer-book in his own chapel on his return; and prayed that the surplice, as heretofore, (an abomination in their eyes) might be dispensed with.

Christopher Love, who lost his head for opposing Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, thus preached, on the treaty of Uxbridge, in 1645—he was then a zealot for the Parliament. "Who amongst us, seven years ago,

be bamboozled! clapped their cheeks to the chink of the royal confessional, and caught our sovereign lord the king—*seeking!*"*

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imagined that the two great plague-sores of this land, the common prayer and episcopacy, of the lesser scabs of deans, prebends, &c., that they should be thrown out as * * * clouts, or as execrable vanities."

* A member of the above-mentioned mission, waiting in one of the king's apartments at Breda, peeped at the key-hole, and saw his majesty on his knees: and they all heard him praying with a loud voice, and with an apparent holiness and zeal, which overcame them. Upon which, Mr. Case, placing his hand on his heart, exclaimed—"We are not worthy of such a king!"

"He did not, like most princes," said Mr. Case, "on his return from Breda, make religion an artifice of state only, but accounted it the glory of his life. His soul, in his private devotion, soared so high, that he seemed to be wholly swallowed up with the contemplation of the holiness and majesty of the God whom he adored, and with whom he would plead in prayer so earnestly, and with such affection, as though he were resolved to take no denial."

The sovereign might well offer his thanks in pious

"What would the sanctified committee think of our sober conclave, were they, with old *Wry-nose* at their head, to thrust their noses amongst us roaring roysters?" said Hyde.

"Think!" replied Butler, re-lighting his pipe, "why, Sir, that we were smoking a nest of waspish hypocrites—with all their zeal for holiness! Reformers! good Lord! why these chiefs of the godly are as suspicious of each

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sincerity to the Deity, for this unexpected restoration to his kingdom: which did appear to many, and not unreasonably, little short of a special providence in his favour.

That these sober ministers felt satisfied of the king's sincerity at the time, is not to be disputed—what they thought, judging by his majesty's subsequent *piety*, is not so clear. If this holiness was put on as an artifice, as the licentious wits of the court insisted, then is it evident that these worthy luminaries, these elect, had not sufficient inward light to see their way to the end of their mission: and they were, to adopt the phrase, completely foiled at their own weapons. For, however they might have objected to Episcopacy, the Common Prayer, and the surplice, the directory in this

other as so many ambassadors. Sirs, there is not one sect, of all the seekers among your congregational men, can trust another out of sight. All dispatching their elders to watch and outwit his cunning neighbour, at Breda—every saint for himself. So the thrifty *vrow*, the Dutch farmer's wife, puts the cat in the dairy to catch a thief of a mouse, but takes care to send the maid to watch Grimalkin, lest pussy should steal the cream."

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case was neither "*a light unto their feet*," nor "*a lantern unto their steps*."

Simeon Asm, a gospel minister, thus held forth in his sermon preached before the Militia, anno 1642:—

"Believe it, that our courage will daunt our adversaries, and drive them away. The captain of that blackguard (the devil I mean) will give back if stoutly withstood. A valiant captain, when the field is fought and the victory is got, bids, 'Bring in that cravant—that milksop who did run away; hiss him, turn him out of doors, as the shame of his country.' When Christ shall come and call, and say to some white-livered men, 'You were ashamed to appear for the *strict observation of the Lord's Day*, and you would not be seen to favour the *reformation*.'"

"Talk of extemporaneous praying," said Progers, "why the king would distance the longest winded of all the holders forth—yea, from *Land's-end to John-o'-Groats,* and beat them by chalks."

"Ha, ha, ha, and so it was old John Case, who caught the king on his marrow-bones."

"Yes, my blind guide; you arrived at the sign of the *Case is altered,* went to convert the king, and lo! converted yourselves. By St. George!—ah, even he of Cappadocia, my cavalieros—it were worth a jew's eye to have had one's ear to the chink," said Tom Killegrew.

"Pray, Sir, and it be not out of season, I should like to know the particulars of this extraordinary interview, my gay ca—cavalier," said old Shirley.

"By all means," replied the joyous spark; "you have heard that these self-elected gentlemen of the elect, determine to physic the king by a purgation of some papistical errors, that he might return purified."

"Very good, Sir,—*hic*—very good." The worthy old poet was becoming a little *how-come-you-so?*

"Well, Sir, they come to his majesty's quarters, at Breda."

"Very good, Sir—*hic*—I *see*," now, in truth, the worthy "*gan to see double*"—"very good, Sir. So my merry gospel ministers demand an audience of majesty. I see, Sir—Very natural after travelling so far—to desire to see his royal countenance—or—*hic*—Master Kil—Killegrew, it had ended in a fool's errand."

"Well, my right *noble* poet, and so it did."

"Nay, nay, excuse me, mister ca—ca—cavaliero—I am not *noble—hic*—neither altogether *ignoble*—but, with deference, Sir, I am, alas, a plain old man, and nought beside."

"I'faith, Sir, your modesty might needs make modern pretension pull in the horns—but cheer up my good Sir, we shall yet live to see you crowned with the bays. Why, Sir, we have a sovereign lord, who can read men as well as books, one who never yet allowed prejudice to try the spectacles on his royal nose. Sir, the king of England knows all his poets by heart."

"Blessings on his royal head! so I have heard Sir, he was bright-minded, and well read: a

prince of finished manners, even in his youth ; honoured and beloved of his preceptors. Sirs, he was the finest gentleman in the land—yea, Sirs, whilst yet hailed the young Prince of Wales."

" He was born a prince—"

" Excuse me, Master Rivet ; yes—but a man may *become* a prince—he must be *born* a gentleman."

" Bravo, my poet! elegant without fiction," exclaimed Harry Killegrew. " Why, Davenant, you and I shall open by royal command, with Master Shirley's WEDDING : your second nuptials, my Nestor, put on white gloves and favours, kiss the king's hand, and consummate on a royal bed of roses. Why, my veteran playwright, you will live over again—sprout anew, a pollard poet, and touch the top of Parnassus with your evergreen boughs."

" You are a courtly courtier, Sir," said Shirley, not at all displeased with the playfulness of his panegyrist. " Ah, Sir! I could write once ; but now the pen is blunt, the ink is thick, the wit is witless ; but yet, old as I am, I could wish to bid his majesty to my *wedding*, for that was my maiden piece—but"—shaking his silver

locks—" my maiden muse was forsaken and forlorn."

" Aye, but he is the monarch for the maids," exclaimed Progers; " he will make the Muses trip it round the *Strand May-pole*, and the Graces dance it in *Drury-lane*. Never despair Master Shirley, an hundred jacobuses for the author's night. Come you, D'Urfey, spare us the nectar—' here's to our worthy poet's second nuptials, and a merry wedding to us all.' "

This lively sally revived the spirits of the poet, who lived to see his sovereign surrounded by all the beauty and all the wit of his court, seated in a splendid theatre, applauding his maiden muse.

" And pray—but of his majesty's audience of these said city ministers by favour?" continued Shirley.

" O, my worthy poet, 'tis all gone by—clean wiped off—already forgotten—not worth relating; it is only one of the *bagatelles* of Breda. Why, Sir, every hour begot some new *extravaganza*. Shoals of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Spaniards, Irishmen, and Scots; christian, jew, and gentile; rogue, royalist, and

regicide; all came tumbling one over the other to congratulate his kingship—all at sound of *trumpet*, prostrate to the new idol—all cringing, caressing, complimenting, and congratulating. Every rogue comes all abroad—comes wool-gathering at the sign of this Golden Fleece; but have a care my cocks, for my royal Charley is not the sheep you took him for—he is of royal blood, and what if he lashes his tail, and roars! But, no—he is a gentle prince."

"Yea—a miraculous metamorphose," said Tom Killegrew. "The devil a Dutch mynheer, but one short month before, would have scored on tick to poor Charles Stuart half a Bristol barrel of herrings, now were cap in hand to Charles the king. Sirs, he might have buttoned Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and *ten thousand tun of tevil dammy* Dutchmen, in his doublet, and all the wealth of the Hague in his breeches pocket. O! the golden days of bonny Breda!"

"Hey! bonny Breda, my boys!" exclaimed crazy Harry Progers, one of the king's equerries, who, a little in his cups, suddenly marched into the merry quarters, all in his military garb;

when throwing off his cloak, and taking the poker to roust up the fire, he added, " Mercy on this profligate town, for the holy of holies seems to have given it up awhile to Beelzebub and his crew ; yea, Sathan and his sogers hath stormed the citadel of old England, and verily it is given up to free quarters. I know my bowels, cold as a new dipped anabaptist, have been yearning in pure piety for the fire-side of the devil. Why—wherefore are ye sober, my boys? or am I so soberly drunk as to mistake ye. Burn my boots," (warming his feet, which were an inch thick of dust,) " if there is man, woman, or child, 'twixt this and the court, that can walk strait the length of a pike. Yea, as old Culpepper said, 'topsy-turvey is the sign of the times,' and behold another anomaly,—the only sober crew, by the Lord, within the bills of mortality, is this under the old sign of the Tempter ! why, what—where's the cloven foot? Come, my noble cavaliers, make room, and let an honest soger thrust his legs under your board."

" Come, my worthy," said Tom Killegrew, " what will you take ? you appear fatigued."

"Take, my royal !—ye gods! I am for any thing, from two-penny ale to nectar."

"Well then," added D'Urfey, Shakspeare to wit, "*good Master Porter, I belong to the larder.* What say'st thou to a grill, something to tickle the palate? but first let us whet thy stomach with wine. Come, gents, push the bottle this way. Here goes, my noble, hob and nob—*now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both.* Eat, drink, and be merry, my noble *equerry*, we are as drowsy as noon day owls."

"Well, but my worthy Sir, you have not been fasting all day, whilst us idle vagabonds have been feasting?" said Harry Killegrew.

"Not exactly fasting," replied the *querry*, (so called in these days) wiping his brow with a napkin; "for by Jupiter's beard, I have taken all but my mortal allotment of dust, for if I have not swallowed nearly a Winchester peck this blessed day, I am as great a rogue as Hugh Peters. My charger has pawed enough of mother earth to make graves for all the regicides; and so the saints have been handing the king a Bible?"

"We have just heard as much," said old Shirley, "a very becoming gift, methinks, Captain Progers."

"Why—yes—Sir—humph! when given with clean hands; but methinks, that it would have been as well to have let it alone, unless, indeed, they think the king has not wit enough to con the text, and see how the rogues have twisted it, to justify themselves in their outrages upon majesty."

"And they had handed me the book," said D'Urfey, "I would have sent it at their puritanical noddles; returned the argument *ad hominem*—served them as Abigail intended to tip it to the old shaver of the black eagle—knocked them down with the word."

"But all the world knows that Tom D'Urfey is a reprobate," said Killegrew.

"That is *scan—mag*," replied D'Urfey, "and clearly actionable—a manifest libel—so note you that, my masters. But, as these sanctified scare-crows, cried out for '*the sword of the Lord and of Gideon*,' would it not be fair play to turn about, and threaten the hypocrites with the self-same weapon—I'd shave the rogues

with the two edged tool—*Gabriel's* flaming one. Is it not written, '*I will send a sword after them, till I have—*'"

"Come, a truce to this, you Tom," said Davenant. "Scripture comes defiled from the mouth of a toper; it is a subject neither fitting for a tavern nor a tub. Do let us be merry and wise."

"I am mum, Sir," said D'Urfey, "'tis a book which a man should read—but then my pious manager, I am no friend to translation—and as I have no time to study Hebrew—why, I let it alone—ha-ha-ha-ha—but that said Hugh Peters—why, St. Peter himself could not have kept his countenance, to have heard him expound the word. Now said Hugh—ha-ha-ha-ha—he hated his congregation, and for a special good reason—(come, my hearties, push the wine about)—for they were shy of their wives; the rogues knew the tricks of their parish priest. O, that Peters was a prime fellow. How the devil he got elected lecturer of St. Sepulchre's has caused me to marvel: to be sure, he made the pulpit the pit-hole of piety, the sepulchre of sanctity; for if he did not do more to corrupt

the morals of his parishioners, than any ten tapsters, I am as hugeous a sinner as Paul—but Paul before his conversion—note you that my masters."

"He was a strange ranter indeed," said Shirley.

"Thank you for that," continued D'Urfey; "yes, he was, the said Master Hugh—by the way, there will be a notable *hue* and cry after Master Peters—the talk of the town is now, that he is the caitiff scoundrel who played the part of the executioner, in the tragedy of the late king."

"But that is denied," said Progers, "'tis bruited about, that arch traitor, Colonel Joyce, is the man who did the murderous deed."

"The ruffian Peters has enough to answer for without that additional iniquity," added Phillips.

"So," rejoined D'Urfey, "Master Hugh mounts him in his pulpit, and says to himself, I will work you my saints—it was on the first sabbath of the new year, mark ye, and he knew the pious parishioners' *puddings* would be spoiled. After prayers, he begins, and proceeds

by the hour-glass, till the sand had dribbled to the last grain, when his hearers beginning to gape, he turns the instrument of time, and snuffles, 'I know you are good fellows, so beloved—let us take t'other glass,' and he thumped the cushion for another hour—ha-ha-ha-ha—you may laugh, my jolly roysters, but 'tis as true as the gospel. Better to be an *hungered* for *pudding* beloved, said the malicious *torture-text*, than to be *starving* in the *spirit*."

"Colonel Ingoldsby tells strange tales of the prankish preacher," said Davenant, "and amongst others, as how when he performed the part of chaplain, when old Noll was invited to dine with the lord mayor, at Grocers'-hall, he made an extemporaneous grace of fifteen minutes, keeping his patron, the protector, on the tenter-hooks. This by the way was a common trick with the saints. 'They deal in long prayers,' said Peters, 'and they shall not be cut short; when lo, it being a hard frost, these *lordly* saints, after thanking the *Lord* for his good creatures, sat down to a *hot* banquet, converted by prayer to a *cold* collation.'"

"He was a frolicsome, frisky fellow, here-

tofore, but of serious mood of late, turned a penitent as 'tis said. He and that other regicide reprobate, Harry Marten, were most offensive to the old lady protectress," observed Hyde.

"Yes," said Butler, "for the old hero, Sir Hudibras, once dining at Whitehall, when Harry Marten was present, the mad fellow exclaimed, as Godwin, the chaplain, was craving a blessing, 'God keep us from the never ending *grace* of Hugh Peters,' by which the good old lady, Bess, felt her royal table much scandalized; though her sanctified spouse laughed till he cried. Surely these impious fellows intended to travestie the sacred page; for the holy waggeries of *Cople*, of Sir Simon and the saints, would make a merrier book than honest Dick Tarleton's Jests."

"Why do you not give the world a collection of them, my silent Sammy boy," said Tom Killegrew; "come, try your hand at it. You the prince of Butlers! Why thou hast not opened thy mouth! Clap the spigot and faucet upon thy memory, my jolly Butler, and let us tap thy wit."

"Come, gentlemen," cried D'Urfey, now that the cloth is removed, what say you to pipes —who votes for pipes, tobacco, and a song?—hold up hands, my cavaliers—*carried*—hoa, drawer—bring us clean pipes, and I'll give you a volunteer. I have picked up a ditty on this said dainty dinner at the grocers' and pepperers', the puritanical prigs. Now then, my right royals—'tis a chorus song, my roysters, to the old tune, Ben Jonson's Cock-laurel—open your voices, my hearties, and prepare for a cavalier-like, good sogerly ran-tan-tan—whilst I offer you a copy of *verses*, commonly called,

THE CITY'S FEAST TO THE LORD PROTECTOR.

Sir Mayor, Sirs, invites his Highness his guest,
And bids him to *Grocer's-hall* to his dinner,
There never sat saint to so holy a feast,
Provided him clean at the charge of a sinner.
Chorus, my choice ones—*With a ran-tan, the Devil is dead.*

And what was the day do you think without jesting,
Of all the long year it was *Ashen Wednesday*,
This pious *Reformer* set apart for his feasting,
When every good Christian should fast him and pray.
Chorus—*With a ran-tan, the devil is dead.*

The soldiers in clusters they jostled for place,
This monster to see, of their own making,
And said, it was a Protector's grace,
But Lord, Sirs! it lack'd much the grace of a king.

Chorus—*Sing ran-tan, the devil is dead.*

The bucks of the city in herds were met,
And all were well-paled with a notable fence,
But what the *does* did, I cannot tell yet,
For the fear, Sirs, of giving my hearers offence.

Chorus—*With a ran-tan, the devil is dead.*

With that the Recorder march'd up to the hall,
With a dish of divinity drest for his palate,
And laid strait before him a shoulder of *Saul*,
With a savoury *simile*, by way of a salad.

Chorus—*With a ran-tan, the devil is dead.*

His Highness commanded to lay the dish by,
'Twas fit for his people, he'd make it known,
And they should soon have it, good reason why,
For they wanted more shoulders (the rogues) than their own.

Chorus—*With a ran-tan, the devil is dead.*

Then a dish of *delinquents'* heads in a charger
Was sent under cover from Goldsmiths' hall,
Noll wished that his stomach was ten times larger,
Yet made a long neck, and he gollop'd them all.

Chorus—*With a ran-tan, the devil is dead.*

A prelate was next serv'd, and to him he buckles,
With a bishoprick truss'd close before and behind,
His Highness was into him, up to his knuckles,
And to his *wife's* kitchen the skewers assigned.

Chorus—*With a ran-tan, the devil is dead.*

His Highness then call'd for a bowl of canary,
And drank so deep that it made him to reel,
He toss'd it to *Lambert,* and *Lambert* to *Harry,*
And he to the *mayor,* and his *worship* to *Steel.*

Chorus—*With a ran-tan, the devil is dead.*

When the dinner was ended, away to the banquet,
Where snatching of sugar-plums one from another,
*Hal* fill'd up his pockets and said *Lord be thanked,*
And carry'd them home to his old lady mother.

Chorus—*With a ran-tan, the devil is dead.*

Up rose my lord's worship, and made him a leg,
With that, the *knight-maker* did *tip* him the sword,
Old Noll, Sirs, did spice him without a nutmeg,
When he made a bad *knight* of a pitiful *lord.*

Chorus—*With a ran-tan the devil is dead.*

But quitting the city, Noll broke a good jest,
His words were so pithy, I needs must repeat them,
Farewell (quoth his highness) thou *spur-gall'd beast,*
*Fools make the feasts, yea, and wise men do eat them.*

Chorus—*Sing ran-tan, O the devil is dead.*"

"Glorious, my *big-wig,*" cried Tom Killegrew, "right roary my D'Urfey, *ran-tan,* 'tis a rare racketty chorus, I must learn it to chaunt to the king. Sure as the word, and these rogues must have fancied the devil defunct."

"Or the daring ruffians would not have done as they did," said Davenant. Eating, drinking, revelling and carousing on a fast, in contempt of the religious feelings of the good and the wise; the feast of the Regicides!"

"That Hugh Peters was a choice chaplain for such apostles," added D'Urfey, "I knew the

blade; he would manufacture a mock sermon with a pipe in his mouth, and mimic all the ranting, canting, bellowing, bawling, snuffling, holders forth, and send his pot-companion congregational men home to their scolding wives, drunk as *Oliver's swine.*"

"Harry Martin and he were wont to tipple it rarely at the *Cardinal's hat*, behind St. Sepulchre's, to the scandal of the neighbourhood," said Hyde, "until Christopher Love, the pious old minister who lost his head, determined to expose Master Hugh and his crafty colleagues, and threatened the reprobates with the round-house."

"Why D'Urfey, that is a box on the ear for you," said Killegrew.

"I felt it, my noble," replied the careless royster. "But, I am reformed—a *new man*, since I cut acquaintance with the holy ones. Faith! I shall never forget that night; it was two in the morn, and Peters was all in his glory. How the cuckolds stared," said Master Hugh, "when I led them along. Depend upon it my cocks," continued he, "your gaping congregations are only kept awake by an occasional spice

of rhodlemontado, so said I, do you take the Bible for a *buffet*, open to all, with mugs, and tankards, and bowls and jugs, that every one may lay his hand on the shelf, and help himself. Yea, that every sot may sip. O ye of little knowledge, and of less faith; you would for wine—but no, like Moses, I will tap the rock, and ye may content yourselves with water. It was then I had my congregation on the hip—*you are all good fellows* I know, said I, *so* stay and take 'tother glass."

"Had we not witnessed this folly, this profanation, how could we credit the possibility of such extravagance?—in the metropolitan churches too, where the sacred text has been heretofore expounded with all human wisdom, and with reverential awe," observed Shirley.

"Just so," said D'Urfey, "but it did not end here, my grave and worthy master—when the said harum-scarum, son of a—sea cook—"

"Nay-nay! no more on't Tom," Davenant gave D'Urfey the signal, when the grey-headed poet observed—"Come, my gay and loyal friends, I am the oldest man of the company, and the wine—*hic*—admonisheth me to depart,"

shaking hands with all round, adding, "bless you all, my kind friends—I must bid you—*hic*—bid you good night," when rising from his seat, and feeling a propensity to reeling, Tom D'Urfey tucked the poet's under his own friendly arm, and consigning him to the care of a sturdy brace of chairmen, who kept their stand before the tavern, sent him safe and sound to his quarters in the *Black-friars*.

"Well, my dainty doctor Davenant," continued D'Urfey, laughing, as soon as he re-entered the room, "damme, if the collision of the camp, or the court, has rubbed off the as—as—perities of your morality. Harry Kil—Killeg—Killegrew, that worthy god-son of Warwickshire Will, your rival manager, is the man—your moral manager, we shall have a stage as purifying as purgatory, and the expurged holy ones will turn their *backs* upon Saint *Sepulchre's*, and their *faces* to Saint *Thespis;* particularly now that the daughters of *Eve* are to play their own parts. By the powers, what flocking and crowding will there be; how I long to see their pretty mouths spouting the waters of Helicon. Now, pray you, my hearty, Tom

Betterton, how many of your players have turned saints— preaching conventicle sinner savers? But, hold, my namesake, you are a young man— (snuffling)—and know not the sinful ways of this wicked generation. There is 'tother Tom— a writer of carnal plays, what is thy opinion, my honest Killegrew, my spirit yearneth to know— yea! what, by the most charitable computation?"

"Why, my comical poet," replied the merry courtier, "taking things as they have turned up, I should reckon nine-tenths at least, which is making *large* christian allowance, for if one in ten has not been *playing* in the pulpit, the history of the past is a twenty years' dream."

"Thank you, old honesty—thank you, Tom Truepenny, the canting scaramouches! and Hugh Peters, the jollyest mummer of the gang."

"The puritanical buffoon!" said Davenant; "I well remember his playing at the *curtain*, in Middleton's *mad world, my masters*."

"Yes," added Hyde, "and having occasion for the *needful*, contrived to run away with the treasury box and the manager's pretty daughter,

and when he was reproached with his villainy, he coolly asked—whether the fellow was not a fool, who *took* a maid without a dowry?"

"How so notorious a reprobate got him appointed to a city congregation, is among the marvels," said Harry Killegrew; "he must have played his cards adroitly, to outwit the sober-sided cits of that day."

"The more extraordinary," said Hyde, "as the *Jesuit* was expelled Jesus College when I was a cantab, and that is many years since."

"He was expelled, ejected from Sepulchre's too," added Butler, "for making too free with the frail rib of old *Aaron Churchyard*, the drum maker, of Barbican, for which he was prosecuted, and having broken the *peace* with the drum maker's wife, why then he became a man of *war*, and followed the drum."

"By the thunderer's curly locks!" exclaimed Harry Killegrew, "this seems to be the regular progress of a puritan; first a punchinello, then a preacher—and then ——"

"Out with it, Killegrew—out with it, my noble, and then a parliament soldier," cried Colonel Ingoldsby, who, late as it was, came all

but reeling in, having been toasting royalty, with other military heroes, at the Tilt-yard, in his majesty's *rhenish*. " Well, my nobles, what—sinning on! make room, make room, my cav—cavaliers. Why, my nobles, spare me the wine, a bumper, my town gallants, my royal blusterers, why, my load star has been true, this Devil tavern is right in the north pole—*hic*—'tis clear here at *midnight* as noon day; yet old Prynne dubs it a house of darkness: nay, my old Spartan, that is not the law; how the devil should it be?—*hic*— for here the candles never go out till morning. Damme—how drunk the streets are, the very lamps are blinking, and loyalty in the shape of man in his doublet, and woman in her furbelows, are staggering like sea-sick swine in a packet. Ha-ha-ha! just by, an old mother church *vicar* has been quarreling with one of the Temple *posts*, for running against his clerical corporation. ' Pray, my loy—loyal captain,' said the old gentleman, ' can you show me the way to the Devil?—*hic*.' ' Reverend Sir,' said I, ' not exactly, for I am blind drunk, your reverence, but if that d——d post will be pleased to make way, I

think we may contrive, by following our noses, to smell it out, by the odour of old Caleb's nectar. The vicar is a wag, for comes tumbling one over another, some of your templars—'hallo! cries one,' we lawyers are shipwrecked at last, in the very mouth of our own haven.' 'Never mind it, gentlemen,' said the face-fa-facetious old parson, 'for though you are *wrecked*, you have *lost* naught but your shame.'"

"Rare doings at court, bon-fires galore, every rogue is giving his crooked billet to set up a *burning shame* before his own door. They have burnt the old protector in effigy, at Charing-cross, right upon the spot where the same ungodly hands, perchance, pulled down that memorial of affection of a British king to his virtuous wife: queen Eleanor's shrine, and be d——d to them: a shrine of connubial love, placed there by the old British Justinian, the lawless rogues! and who do you suppose are the prime movers in this bon-firing mockery? no less, than the redoutable ambassadors; the representatives of the very *lick-spittle* kings, who, at the nod of the stern, old republican, shut their d——d inhospitable palace doors in this

very king Charles's face. Come let us drown the remembrance of these things in the goblet, my worthies, and let us heartily thank God that the restoration of our king is owing to the interference of no foreign assistance; no, my hearties," (loudly exclaiming) "it is the act of Englishmen! the work of our own hands! huzza-huzza-huzza!"

"Pray, excuse me, my jovial friends," said a portly old parson, endeavouring to walk soberly and steadfastly in, ushered by one of the drawers, "pray, my jovial Sirs, is one Master Samuel Butler amongst you, a worthy friend and neigh—neigh—neighbour of mine, who has come up to your merry city to try his fortune with the loyalist—loy—loy—wittiest poem that was ever writ—a sat—satirical thing, keen as *Quintus Horatius*, pointed as *Decius Juvenal*, and erudite as *Pindar* of *Thebes*, and if it be somewhat wanting in cla—classic grace, why, gentlemen, that is abundantly supplied by attic wit; if, therefore, such a worthy be amongst you, tell him parson Hornbuckle is seeking him, and, my loyal cavaliers, if you know him not,—*hic*—'tis fitting you should."

"Ha, ha, ha! true is the old adage, '*When the liquor is in the wit runs out,*'" observed D'Urfey, in a low voice, "just like your provincialists, 'Does one *Simon Smith*, or *Peter* Perkins, or Timothy Todd, live in your town of Lunnun?' This is the way with them all, the worthies; meanwhile, who the devil are these Simons, Peters, and Timothies? And then the honest travellers tip you their parentage and education. This is a stable-looking old pillar of the church though—his *capital* a little damaged, and somewhat devious from the *perpendicular*."

"But upright as truth itself," said Butler, who until this moment kept silence, being determined to let the wag have his say out; "well were it with those who walked in *his* path; and though he was ejected for his loyalty, he never quitted his parish; and though he lost his church *living*, he has constantly divided his *own* patrimony with the poor."

"Thank thee, Samuel—thank thee, my Butler boy; all of the same piece—*tit for tat*—first the life of the poet, and then the bi—bi—biography of the priest."

The quondam vicar had seated himself, (a

tavern is free to all) when Ingoldsby, placing a chair near the fire, bade the old gentleman to the social board, whispering, "Faith, we are old acquaintance," alluding to their meeting at the Temple-gate; "come, my reverend friend, shall I have the pleasure to take wine with you?"

"Thank thee, neighbour; surely, if my eyes do not deceive me, you are the courteous stranger who conducted me to this house. I would drink with a loyal cavalier—with a soldier for the king, and the good old cause—but—*hic*—my cavaliero, I have been toping, and toasting royalty, church and king, a little too freely already—*hic*—mother church will scold, and disavow us for graceless sons. No—let it never be said, now that mother church again opens her arms to her wandering children, *quo proprior templo eò nequior.* * I will thank you, sir cavalier, for a glass of *aqua pura*, if such a

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* By paraphrase, alluding to the ejected clergy being about to be re-established—"*The nearer the church, the farther from God.*"

simple element is not turned into wine on this joyous festival, for the very conduits are pouring forth the juice of the vineyard."

"Well, then, my reverend friend, and I will be your *Butler* on this sober occasion," said the author of Hudibras, discovering himself, and pouring out a goblet of the liquid crystal.

"Ah, thought I—*non est inventus*—why I had given thee up for a stray sheep. Come, gentlemen, then, as he was lost and is found again, by your permission, why we will take the water another time," when Ingoldsby, filling a *small* glass in respect to that church of which he was not exactly a member; the others filled bumpers of a larger calibre, and the jocose priest cordially joining hands with the social party, drank once more Church and King.

"Well, friend Hornbuckle, I expected you here long ere this," said Butler; "and pray what part of this merry metropolis has spared its temporalities for the spiritual pastor of Dovecote?"

"At the court end, neighbour Butler: I have partaken of the hospitalities at the King's Mews, hard by old Charing Cross."

"Then doubtless you witnessed the burning of the old protector, in effigy," said Ingoldsby.

"I did, Sir Cavalier: and sorry I was to behold the sight. I have little to thank your republicans for; but—excuse me, Sir, for I am a plain man, if I speak my sentiments too freely in the presence of gentlemen in your military garb—but far better leave these things alone."

"And why, by favour, my reverend Sir?" enquired Ingoldsby.

"Inasmuch as it is exulting over the fallen," replied the vicar; "and has a tendency to revive old grudges, which heaven forbid! according to my humble notions of christian charity: we should the rather endeavour to forget, and try to forgive: and leave the rest to *Him* whose ways are alone known to His own holy wisdom."

"And are these the general notions of the national church, think you, Sir?" enquired Ingoldsby, with earnestness.

"I hope so—I trust they are—God forbid it were otherwise," replied the priest.

"Then, exclaimed the frank and noble soldier, cordially offering his hand, "Then, Sir

thy church is truly built upon a rock, and may it stand fast, and endure for ever!"

"Amen!" cried the christian priest—and "Amen," added Tom Killegrew.

When Tom D'Urfey, turning up his eyes, very quietly shook the ashes from his pipe, unconsciously began putting the stoppers into the bottles, and laying the ladle at an exact mathematical section across the rim of the bowl, for the old vicar was on his legs, he said to himself, "Now this sober sermon is ended, doubtless the tippling congregation is about to depart," when Ingoldsby revived his drooping spirits, by exclaiming, "Well, my cavalieros, after the endless changes which have been ringing by your holy ones for these many years, it must end, I suppose, by all nestling under good old mother church at last. So much for your reformations!"

When Tom D'Urfey, entreating the worthy vicar to be again seated, and seducing the not unwilling convives to try one more bowl, saying, "Come, my loyals, light another pipe, and my glorious," slapping Tom Killegrew on the shoulder, "do you, my noble, oblige us with a

song to the point." The Killegrews were alive again—Ingoldsby gave the fire a skilful rokeing —the vicar seated himself in a comfortable elbow chair, and the merry courtier began—

## THE REFORMATION.

Tell me not of lords or laws,
Rules of reformation;
All that's done not worth two straws
To the welfare of the nation.
Men in power do rant it still,
And give no reason but their will,
For all their domination;
Or, if they do an act that's just,
'Tis not because they would, but must,
To *gratify* some party's lust,
Or merely for a fashion.

Our expence of blood and treasure
Has produced no profit;
Men are still as bad or worse,
And will be, whate'er comes of it.
We're shuffled out, and shuffled in,
The persons do retain the sin,
To make our *game* the surer;

Yet spite of all our pains and skill,
The *knaves* all in the *pack* are still,
And ever were, and ever will,
Though something now demurer.

The vicar sat smiling, nodding, and occasionally beating time with his hand on his knee, seemingly much amused with the song and the singer, whose originality of sing-song had a thousand times beguiled the sad hours of the merry monarch during his exile.

And since it cannot but be so,
Since those toys in fashion,
And of souls so base and low,
And mere bigots of the nation;
Whose designs are power and wealth,
At which by *rapine*, *fraud*, and *stealth*,
Audaciously they *vent* ye;
They lay their consciences aside,
And turn with every wind and tide,
Puff'd on by *ignorance* and *pride*,
And all to look like gentry.

Crimes are not punish'd, 'cause they're crimes,
But 'cause they're low and little;
Mean men, for mean faults, in these times,
Make satisfaction to a tittle;

While those in *office* and in *power*,
Boldly the *underlings* devour;
Our cobweb laws *can't* hold 'em;
They sell for many a thousand crowns,
Things which were never yet their own,
And this is law and custom grown,
'Cause those do *judge* that sold 'em.

Brothers still with brothers brawl,
And for trifles sue 'em;
For two *pronouns* that spoil all,
Those contentious MEUM TUUM;

Here the old vicar, who sat seemingly in a comfortable doze, was seized with a sudden paroxysm of laughter. "True—ha-ha-ha—nothing more true—but I crave your pardon—pray proceed, my merry cavalier."

The wary lawyer buys and builds,
While the poor client sells his fields,
To sacrifice to's fury;
And when he thinks to obtain *his* right,
He's baffled off, or beaten quite,
By the judges will——

"*Or some still deeper lawyers' slight*,"

added the vicar, who entirely entered into the spirit, and made the addenda in recitativo, which set the table in a roar—" but, pray proceed," said the old gentleman.

By the judges will, or some deeper lawyer's slight,
Or ignorance of the jury.

" There—there—'tis too long—there's enough for one course," said the singer.

" Nay—nay, my gallant gentleman—not so —pray, favour us with the conclusion—bell, book, and candle! 'tis the liveliest moral I have heard for many a day. Now do, pray, good Sir—"

See the *Tradesman* how he thrives,
Murmuring, full of trouble;
How he cheats, and how he thrives,
His estate t' enlarge and double;
Extort, oppress, grind, and encroach,
To be *esquire*, and keep his coach,
And to be one o' the *quorum*;
Who may with brother *worships* sit,
And judge *sans* law, or fear, or wit,
Poor petty thieves that nothing get,
And yet are brought before 'em.

"Ah!" exclaimed the vicar, shaking his head, "just so in our country town, Master Butler. 'Tis a thankless age sure enough."

Whilst his way to get all this
Is sheer *dissimulation*,
No factious lecture does he miss,
And 'scapes no *schism* that's in fashion;
But with short hair and shining shoes,

"Ha-ha-ha—the very men—drawn from the life verily—our town traders to a tittle. But, pray, Sir—'tis an excellent song—do proceed." Tom Killegrew was highly amused with the new guest, and very good-naturedly went on, notwithstanding these little interruptions.

But with short hair and shining shoes,
With pen in's ear, and note book goes,
And writes his rhoddle-me-tandum;
Thence with short meal and tedious grace,
In a loud tone and public place,
Sings canting hymns, with trot and pace,
As if the saints had scanned 'em.

But when death begins his threats,
And his conscience struggles,
To call to mind his former cheats,
At heav'n he turns his juggles ;
And out of his ill-gotten store
He gives a dribbling to the poor,
In an hospital or poor-house ;
When the suborned priest, for hire,
Frees him from everlasting fire,
And saints the cheating rogue of a squire—
Thus all professions fool us.

All he gets by pains i'the close,
Is that he died worth so much ;
Which he on a vulgar race bestows,
Who neither know nor care much ;
Then comes his favourite booby heir,
Bred base, and ignorant and bare,
And blown up like a bubble,
Who wond'ring at his sudden rise,
With pride, debauchery, and vice,
Drinks, sports, and loses all by dice,
Yea ! makes it fly like stubble.

'Tis but a madness then to make
Thriving our employment,
And lucre love, for lucre's sake,
Since 'tis possession, not enjoyment :

Let the times run on their course,
For opposition makes them worse.
We ne'er shall better find 'em;
Let others wealth and power engross,
And struggle on, while we sit close,
And laugh and take our plenteous dose
Of sack—and never mind 'em.

"Thank you—thank you, Sir, with all my heart, a most humourous, witty skit at the times," said the vicar. "Now gentlemen, I have been taking my wine rather freely; but—*hic*—where there has been neither conversation—neither has there been mirth—and although I do not altogether approve of your sign—for I fear 'tis profane—you are nevertheless—*hic*—the merriest—not to say the soberest ca—cavaliers that I have met in my peregrinations this mem—memo—-memorable day—and if you keep good hours—and if you meet to amuse each other now and then on gala-days, and be thus merry and wise—*hic*—though I have heard much of the sinfulness of the met—metro—politan taverns; I do not see that there is a pin to chuse, between these gay gentlemen here and those of our thirsty county, Master Butler,

saving, and excepting, that here they have wit to season their wine. So gen—gentlemen—my loyal friends and cavalieros—fare you well!" when Butler casting a look upon the clock, he whispered Tom Killegrew, "we have remained so late with the Devil of the temple, that we shall be locked out by the Angel, behind St. Clement's," when the worthy priest and the waggish poet, arm in arm, departed, cheerily chatting of the rare doings at the restoration.

"That is a sterling old cock—a shady old buttress of the steeple house, I'd be sworn," said Ingoldsby, as soon as the vicar and the poet had departed. "There is something about your sons of old dame church, that savours of the gentleman, and that is the sober truth—hey, my topers!—Come, now for a finishing glass—heigh ho! I am tired as a jaded hunter, or one of your congregational 'prentices at a three hours—heigh ho—city sermon."

"Wine or punch, my noble Colonel?" said D'Urfey.

"Any thing to keep one alive, my jolly royster—my bondman of the paunch—my goodly idolater of the banqueting-house. Fron-

tiniac—Muscadine—Leathick—Vin de Pery—sack—sherry-bobus—any thing, Sirs—the hogo of these cursed bonfires has choaked me—I am sulphureous as the throat of a potter's kiln. Drawer, do my hearty, bring me a clean pipe, the longest you can choose. Yes!" lighting the fragrant weed, "there is a courteous, open, liberal sort of candour about your church-men, that gives a grace to religion. Why your gospel-preacher should lack the manners of a gentleman, I am to learn; but manners are non-essentials with the saints. I have taken a mighty sort of liking to that old parish-priest—so, gentlemen, by your leave, I will toast, 'health and long life to the worthy vicar; may he live to be a bishop.'"

"What, my noble captain, leaning to the hierarchy? surplices and lawn sleeves!" exclaimed Tom Killegrew.

"Why not, my choice one? we must all drift round with the turn of the tide, and who's for rowing against the stream! So the king has dubbed Reynolds and Calamy, chaplains?"

"That is the way, my royal Charley, preferment's the readiest road to reformation. Now,

shall we hear no more dry declamation from an empty tub. Conventicles will be converted to taps, and obsolete pulpits filled with ale. Come, push the glass about my blades—more work for the cooper," cried Tom D'Urfey.

"Hey! say you so, my noble Colonel—promoted the saints!—Even the shrewd Admiral declared, before the fleet had sailed three leagues from shore—he is a prince of large penetration, and knows when to throw the lead," whispered Montague to the duke; "he is worthy the helm—He will keep a sharp look out, and get to the windward of the holy ones—you can bear me out, Tom Killegrew," said Progers. "Ye Gods! how the old Naseby pawed the waves, as though she knew she had the king upon her back, and threw the foam about, the leviathan of the mighty flood, making her eager course for the old Island. Come, my nobles, let us drink Admiral Montague and the British Fleet—huzza!"

"By the tip-top stone of the pillars of Hercules," exclaimed Tom Killegrew, "I shall never shake that *huzza* from mine ears, which was poured out of the said old *Naseby*, when

the king set his foot on board the barge, off *Helvoetsluys*. 'Truly,' as his majesty said, his face glowing at the loyal shout, 'there are no hearties *fire* a huzza like your British tars.'"

"The king's gay humour could not fail to delight the sailors, I'd be sworn," observed Sir Aston Cockayne.

"Delighted them! Sir Aston," echoed Tom Killegrew; "Sir, every man on board worshipped him. It was not mere loyalty and love, it was nothing short of idolatry; yes, he is the king for the hearties. He ate of their beef out of their trenchers, toasted their wives and sweethearts in their grog, talked knowingly of ships, and told the admiral, who took *especial* care, the '*deep old soger*,' to tell it again to the crew, that next to the *soft* hand of a fair lady, was that of the honest, *hard* hand of a sailor. What bloody traitorish rogues to separate our hearts from such a king! was the common cry of the ship, but—twisting the quid—howsomdever, they are not going to serve us this rig again! As for the Duke of Buckingham, he too was all in all with them. His grace had his joke ready on every occasion, the cocks were so elated, that half their

allowance of grog mounted to their noddles, their mirth was delectable. I'faith, Sir, he was father confessor to the whole crew. 'Ah, your honour,' said an old boatswain's mate, who was putting a pea in a new silver *call*, a present from the duke—'Ah, your honour, the king, God love him, will know how to steer 'twixt justice and *marcy*, because him as rules this blessed sea, which is carrying us twelve knots by the log, in his tender marcy, sent our sovereign, after whom our ould ship is new christened; your honour, sent him to take a pretty long spell, him and his royal brothers, dy'e see, in the school of advarsity. Meanwhile your honour's grace, no prejudice to the good ould lady queen mother, who is a papish, had she brought up the youngsters in the lap of luxury, I'm d——d if the king would have had the stomach to eat pease-pudding out of a wooden bowl. All the better, howsomdever, when he gives his account to the good old king, his father—when it shall please HIM what made us all, to let 'em once more have a blessed meeting in that kingdom where there is neither tribulation nor sorrow. And if there be a man in the fleet, now that we

have his majesty once more among us, that will not do all as becomes an honest loyal seaman, to maintain his right to our sarvices, bin that he is our lawful king, may this be my last,' when, he gave the finest—most seaman-like piping of hands, to take the mid-day watch, that ever was piped by a British boatswain. Pray, you are fond of sing-song, I think, my worthy colonel?"

"Of all things, Sir," replied Ingoldsby; "why, Sir, some one of the king's suite, or I am dreaming, related at table, there at the Tilt-yard, that these merry tars knew all the cavaliers songs, and roared them out like stentors."

"Ha-ha-ha, that is the fact," said Progers; "Sir, we had sing-song every evening, all the way to England. Yes, the prankish fellows have contrived to learn all the ballads that have been printed, and have a choice budget to work the saints. As for merry *Charles Stuart*, Sirs, the king, I would venture to swear, never laughed so joyously, nor so cheerily, as in this memorable transit. You, Crofts, can never forget the old quarter gunner's song."

"Never," replied Crofts; "I'll be shot, if I

did not laugh in my sleep, and awoke singing it the very last night; verily laughed myself into the cramp."

"Thank you for that, my Trojan," cried D'Urfey, then filling the glasses for the remaining jolly gossips—"Come, Sir, do try your hand, and favour us with this sailor's ditty."

"I would, but I am no singer," replied the cavalier. "Progers has not only a voice, but a better memory. Come, my gallant '*querry*, do you oblige us, and be my proxy."

"With all my heart," returned the gay courtier, "but as for voice, I cry your mercy, my worthy Masters," adding, "it is better suited to your deep note, Harry Killegrew, for none but a bear could match the vocal growl of the weather-beaten seaman. By the way, our comical old mess-mate had been Vice Admiral Battens' cock-swain, and a loyal old cock he is; the gamesome blade, sitting on the forecastle, was singing to his mess-mates, when one calling on him for *The Long-Backed Horse*, the admiral sent to prevent him, fearing it might give offence to his illustrious passenger, but his majesty—by the powers, what a noble prince!

'Let the brave men sing and be happy, in God's name, (by favour, my Lord Admiral,') said the king; 'the wind is fair, and by God's grace, we are on the way to a merry meeting.' Old Montague's manly heart was touched by the gracious demeanour of his sovereign, the tear of retrospection started in his eye—Damme, Sirs, the old Naseby was in the cue, single-handed, to have licked the French navy. Now then, my hearties,' cried the courtier, in the sea phrase, assuming at the same time, being one of the wits and wags of the court, the very gestures, voice, and manner of the veteran sailor.—

"THE QUARTER GUNNER'S SONG OF THE LONG BACKED HORSE.

Old England is now a brave *Barbary* made,
And every new rogue's an ambition to ride her,
King Charles was a horseman, that long used the trade,
But he rode in a snaffle, (here Jack shook his head, turned his quid and spat,)
But he rode in a snaffle, and that could not guide her.

Then the hungry Scot, (d——n'em,) comes with spur
and with switch,
And would teach her to run a Geneva career;
(Whilst) His grooms were puritans, (every son of a
b——h,)
But she soon threw them down, with their ped-ler-
ing geer.

"The ship's steward happened to be a Scot, the old gunner gave the *lop-lolly man* a significant wink, proceeding in a voice gruffer than the growl of a baited bear."

The long parliament next comes all to the block,
And they this untameable palfrey would ride,
But she would not bear all the (*sanctified*) stock,
At which, they were fain themselves *all* to divide.

Jack Presbyter first gets the steed by the head,
While, (making such a comical flourish,)
While the reverend bishops (touching his cap,) had
hold of the bridle,
Jack said through the nose, (here he twang'd it notably,)
Jack said through the nose, they their flocks did not
feed,
But sat still on *my* beast, and grew aged and idle.

And next comes the rout, with broomsticks inspired,
And pull'd down their graces, their sleeves and their train,
And sets up *Sir Jack*, (this he spoke) who, the beast quickly tired,
With a journey to Scotland, and then back again.

Jack rode in a doublet, with a yoke of prick-ears,
A cursed splay mouth, and a covenant spur,
Rides—switching and spurring with jealously fears,
Till, (here he rolled his quid again,)
Till the poor famish'd beast *was not able to stir.*

"The comical jest of the thing is lost, my nobles, for he characterized the parts so originally. In short, his singing, was a sort of half song—half speaking."

Next came independent, a devilish designer,
(I ax pardon, of some of you gemmen officers on board.)
And got himself called, *some* holier name,
Makes Jack to unhorse, for he was diviner,
And would make her travel to *ould* Amsterdam.

But *Noll*, a (*rough*) rider, got first in the saddle,
And made her show tricks, and curvate, and turn round,
(When the *ould* girl) quickly perceiv'd that he rode widdle-waddle,
(Like a sailor on horseback, my mess-mates!)
And old death tipp'd his highness clean off to the ground.

Then *Dick*, being lame, rode (*holding hard*) by the pummel,
Not having the wit, (the lubber) to get *hould* of the rein;
But the jade did so snort at the sight of a *Cromwell*,
That poor Dick, and his kins-folks, (why they) turned footmen again.

"Here the old loyal cockswain, grinning most significantly, winked at the Duke of Buckingham, whilst the king was obliged to turn his back, and walk away convulsed with laughter."

Next, Fleetwood and Vane, with their (double faced) pack,
Would every one try, put his foot in the—stirrup;
But, (ha-ha-ha, dy'e see, my noble admiral, touching his hat,)
But they pull'd the saddle clean off of her back,
And all got under her before they were up.

Now the king's going to mount her, and may she
hould still,
As a good one to go, and right proud of her rider;
May she cheerfully yield (both) to his power and skill,
Who is up to her trim, and is able to guide her."

This lively trait of an old seaman, so faithfully touched off, electrified the party. "Bravo, my gallant equerry, your Barbary well *managed*. These are the nobles to *ride the great* horse," cried D'Urfey.

Davenant, who remained the soberest of the joyous crew, sat upon thorns, whilst Progers rattled on, who was too far gone in his cups to recollect that Ingoldsby was the old protector's kinsman; but the colonel was too noble minded to take exceptions to any thing that passed at such a season of mirth. Indeed, those who knew his private thoughts, had long discovered that no one more deplored that want of true patriotism, which had characterized all the factions for several years. Few had contributed more zealously, according to his means, to end the troubles, by calling in the lawful sovereign, and no one enjoyed a hit at hypocrisy more than "*honest Dick Ingoldsby.*"

"Would that I had been on board with this jovial crew," said the colonel; "Montague, Sir, for *I* know the man, must have secretly rejoiced at the change of affairs, he was heartily sick of his masters. As for the fleet, I am of the opinion of one, whom I dare not name, that if the king had come off in a mere *cock-boat*, with the royal standard flying, the affair had been settled with a hearty huzza! but, as old Christopher Love used to say, and he was the most honest man of the saintly crew, '*God's ways are the best ways*,' and his wisdom has accomplished the work, happily without the spilling of blood. So, my nobles, as the game is finished, and we can all cordially drink health to each other: ah, you and I, my noble Davenant, to whom I am indebted for the joyous revels under this loyal roof," shaking hands with the worthy knight. "Come, Sirs, here is oblivion to the past, and though no singer, I will give you a song."

The social table was again all in a roar; and the glorious sun, which had now risen upon happy England, was throwing his rays on the outside, whilst within, at four o'clock on the

morn of the thirtieth of May, the bacchanalians were joining chorus to the song of peace.

COLONEL INGOLDSBY'S SONG.

No more, no more,
We are already pin'd,
And sore and poor,
In body and in mind;
And yet our sufferings have been
Less than our sin:
Come, long desired Peace, we thee implore,
And let our pains be less, our power more.

Lament—lament,
And let thy tears run down,
To see the rent
Between the robe and crown;
Yet both do strive to make it more
Than 'twas before:
War, like a serpent, has its head got in,
And will not end so soon as't did begin.

One body jars,
And with itself does fight,
War meets with wars,
And might resisteth might;
And both sides say they love the king,
And peace will bring,
Yet since these fatal broils begun,
Strange riddle! both have *conqur'd*, neither *won*.

One God, one *king*,
One true *religion* still,
In every thing,
One *law* should fulfil;
All these both sides do still pretend,
That they defend:
Yet to increase the king and kingdom's woes,
Which side soever wins good subjects lose.

The king doth swear,
That he doth fight for them,
And they declare,
They do the like for him.
Both say they *wish*, and *fight* for peace,
Yet wars increase:
So, between both, before our wars be gone,
Our lives and goods are lost, and we're undone.

Since 'tis our curse
To fight we know not why,
'Tis worse and worse,
The longer thus we lie;
For war itself is but a nurse
To make us worse:
Come, blessed Peace, we once again implore,
And let our pains be less, our power more.

The song was felt; the convives took a parting glass, settled for the next merry meeting,

when the gay Tom D'Urfey, opening the shutter, and the sun bursting in as they stood shaking hands, exclaimed, from the bard, " *Hic —''Tis as much impossible to scatter 'em, as to make 'em sleep on May-day morning.*'"— SHAKSPEARE.

# A CURTAIN LECTURE.

## CHAPTER VII.

*"His means most short—his creditors most strait."*—SHAKSPEARE.

OLD Mister Shirley, in his way home from the tavern, having dozed in the sedan, was roused from his exstatic reverie of kings, courts, and the immortal bays, by the chairmen's loud rat-a-tat-tat on his own knocker; or rather at the house wherein the distressed poet was tenant at will for the second floor. Alas! his immortality was of short duration: and he stood again suddenly a helpless wight, rummaging his unprofitable pockets for his empty purse, when the

good mistress Shirley, anxiously waiting his return, opened the casement, to ask—"Pray, who is there?" little expecting *sedan* company, even at that fashionable hour of the night.

"The chair is paid, your honour," said the honest chairmen, and departed—Tom D'Urfey had done that good deed—when Shirley, blessing his stars for this unexpected fortune, mustered resolution to answer, "It is me, my gentle mistress."

The good Mistress Shirley came down, and unbolting and unlocking the door, to be sure that it was no feint to get admittance to rob the house, enquired again, ere she unhooked the chain—"Who is there?"

"It is me, my duck." And having made up his mind to look sober as a judge, endeavoured to march steadily forward; when, as the deuce would have it, the favourite cat, who, as well as her kind mistress, had had little of the master's good company for the last twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth of May, had trotted down stairs to rub her back against his black silken hose, and, as plain as cat could speak, to bid the poet good morning.

The old gentleman stumbled, and had nearly fallen flat on his face. "Whip, you tiresome thing," said he, "that cat is always in one's way!" he found he must say something, and laid the fault on puss.

Mistress Shirley thought she had a right to her say, saying accordingly, "Well, Mr. Shirley, the cat has not been much in *your* way of late, methinks."

The old poet would have converted the saying into a joke—"In my way, my good mistress, why no; strange, indeed, were cats to tipple, in drinking church and king," stooping to make his peace with poor Grimalkin, by smoothing her back as she rubbed the ballusters and purred with tail erect close to her master's side, in his ascent to his chambers on the second flight; when, forgetting he had a story higher to mount, he would have opened the door of another inmate of the house, had not the sober lady answered, as she set him right, to his question—"Hey, dame! what, think you, Mistress Shirley, that I have not the wit to know my own door?"—"No!"

Master Shirley's wise head was now a very

whirligig. The trumpet's joy-inspiring blast, the gorgeous sight, the plenteous banquet, and glorious revelry, seemed but a poet's dream; whilst the poet himself felt too sadly certain that he was yet but half way up to his dormitory, a mere mortal, on his way for trial at a bar where no counsel is heard—where judge and jury are centred in that self-elected tribunal, the despotic majesty of an offended wife.

"Sad hours these, Mister Shirley!" said Mistress Shirley, as he seated himself in the front room.

"Yes; sad enough, forsooth," quoth he; "heigh-ho!"

"Ah! it is easy to sigh; but that will not satisfy the butcher and the baker, Mister Shirley."

"Alas!—*hic*—I know that, my good mistress, to my cost."

"To your cost? humph, and to mine, too."

"Yes, by all means; and to yours, too, my good mistress." The old poet was civil in his cups.

"But, I'll warrant me, you have not been

sparing in your costs, with your feasting, the last two days."

"Nay, nay, my good Alice: my feasting has cost me naught, saving and excepting thanks; and you would not have me thankless, good mistress of mine."

"Good! marry come up with good. Yes! civility is cheap enough in this wicked age; your landlady has demanded the rent, but she will not be put off with civility; she vows she will not wait another week—nay, not a day!"

"Then is *she* not civil?" replied Master Shirley.

"There is a letter brought by some attorney at law, this morning, and he has been here again and again to see you—there it is, Mister Shirley," handing it to her spouse.

"Thank thee, dame," laying it quietly upon the table; "we will read it to-morrow."

"To-morrow! that is the unhappiness of procrastination. Ah! Mister Shirley! To-morrow and to-morrow!"

"Hey, my good, my gentle Alice! Why, you are quoting our immortal bard."

"Bard! not I, indeed. It were well that bards would attend to their worldly concerns: heaven help the wife of a bard!"

"That is not kind, good Alice. It has pleased God to make me a poet."

"Yes, forsooth! and the fates to make unhappy woman to be a poet's wife. Well, I hope you will not neglect to open the letter, as I am all impatient to know the contents."

"Well, well—but why should we disturb our rest?"

"Yes, I see how it is! To-morrow and to-morrow! I am ashamed of your negligence, Mister Shirley. Tavern-going, and sotting—it is abominable! And in an old man, too, like you."

"Too true, good woman; but *that* is not my fault. That, Alice, is an evil, alas! the only one for which—mercy on our frailty—the only one for which we are not, in some sort, culpable. But I will leave this unpropitious letter until to-morrow, my gentle Alice, by your leave; for is it not written, '*Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.*'"

"Alas, and alack a-day! my days and nights,

too, are clouded with evil enough, heaven knows."

"Nay, nay, Alice, that is not becoming—*hic*—unbecoming your education—unbecoming your rank—and—*hic*—"

"Fye, fye, Mister Shirley, do not begin to preach—wait until you are sober, at least."

"Well, well, as you say, my gentle dame; we will put that off until to-morrow, too. I—I—*hic*—I acknowledge that I have been trespassing a little from the path of discretion; but these little ab—aber—rations do not occur every day—and—*hic*—consider the occasion, my good Mistress Shirley. Well, Alice, I wish you had seen the glorious sight to-day."

"Yes, Mister Shirley, civility, I tell you again, costs little, but quite as much as it is worth. I dare to say your feasting and carousing was not interrupted by the absence of your wives; you know I wished to see the sight."

"Nay, nay, Alice, that is not the fair state of the case. I wished you to go—I pressed you to go; but—nay, be honest and—*hic*—candid—did I not, Alice?"

"Not I! do you suppose, Mister Shirley,

that I have so sunk, because we are in misfortune, to exhibit myself at a tavern, with my lady hostess ?"

"Well, well, Alice—but my lady hostess, who is a worthy, a discreet, and an excellent woman, would have treated you with kindness—aye, and with respect. There were many ladies in her second floor, and the wives of opulent citizens: and they all expressed themselves sincerely thankful for the very kind attentions of the obliging hostess."

"But I am a gentlewoman, Sir; the wife of a man of letters, and—"

"Well! but Alice, I offered to take you to the Three Pigeons, where there were handsome accommodations; but, Alice, you are haughty, my gentle Alice: and were I rich as the spouses of some who were there, you should have been taken thither in your own sedan."

"What, Mister Shirley! what then, because I am reduced so low as to reside up in a second floor, am I not to carry my head as high as—"

Old Shirley smiled at the rhetorical arrangement of his gentle Alice, who, though not wanting in wit, felt highly offended, she added,

"No, Sir, I am not so self-debased as to associate with those who serve me with bobbin and tape."

Old Shirley, for the life of him, could not suppress his propensity to smile, when, with a mighty effort to smother his conscious incivility, for Alice was truly the wife of his bosom, the risible feeling burst forth into a hearty laugh.

Mistress Shirley lighted an half inch remnant of wax candle, an old store, and hastily tossing her little affairs into her work basket, took herself off in a huff to her dormitory, in the next chamber, leaving the poet to ruminate on the eventful day of the Restoration, to smooth poor puss, who being no party to the quarrel, had jumped on his knees; to take off the remaining fire ere he, too, took himself off to sleep, by gentle Alice's side; for, malgre this little domestic flurry of the good lady, they had passed from youth to age a fair example of connubial comfort.

The next morning the worthy couple were later than usual at the breakfast table. Mrs. Shirley saw, or thought she saw, a new care on every wrinkle of the poet's brow; and sighed,

as she poured the coffee, observing, as she placed the aromatic beverage before him, it was recommended by the physicians as a specific for an aching head.

Shirley thanked his gentle Alice, and with a philosophic smile, met the rebuke. "Ah!" said he, "my head is not the better for these gay doings, that is certain."

"Would," added the good lady, "that it would comfort an aching heart."

This dialogue was interrupted by the servant maid of the house, who waited upon the inmates of the second floor, who, on entering, said, "the gentleman who left the letter, Sir, yesterday, has called."

"Desire the gentleman to walk up," returned Shirley, with his usual calmness. Poor Mistress Shirley was obviously disturbed.

"The gentleman would not disturb you, as I told him you were at breakfast, Sir; but said he would take a turn in the Temple garden, and return in a quarter of an hour."

"A thousand fears rushed over Mistress Shirley's mind: but her agony increased, on perceiving that he whom she honoured next to

heaven, with all his philosophy, had turned pale. The excitement of the previous day had shaken the poet's nerves.

"Alas!" exclaimed Mistress Shirley, clasping her hands, "what is to be done? Heaven have mercy on us!"

Shirley's manhood was roused; he felt only for the partner in his trouble—Helpless woman! "Heaven will have mercy on those who put their trust in him; who is all sufficient, Alice;" and taking the letter from the drawer, he broke the seal.

His wife, calmed by the piety of the good man, watched in quiet as he read; and perceiving that the seal was black, which had escaped her observation before, and seeing that his lip trembled, and that a tear was only suppressed by a sigh, she exclaimed, "Some one is dead!"

"Even so, Alice," reading on, passing his hand over his brow, to assure himself that he was awake.

"Heaven! what, Edward Shirley, what is it disturbs you? Hide nothing; I am equal to any misfortune—be calm."

"Old Master Walter Waller is dead!" Shirley could utter no more.

"Then is a remorseless sinner, a hard hearted extortioner gone to his account. Mercy on his soul!"

"Amen!" ejaculated the poet.

"Now, then, O, sad day! you will have to settle all—all!"

"Yes, blessed be God! I shall now be *enabled* to pay all—aye, every body, my gentle Alice."

Tap, tap, at the door. "Your most obedient, Master Shirley."

"At your service, Sir," replied the poet; "please to be seated," handing the stranger a chair.

"Nay, my good Madam, do not leave the room. The business which brought me hither, I guess, concerns not only good Master Shirley, but also thyself. For, as the old fashioned maxim is, at my house, at least, that man and his wife are one, moreover as the woman is the better half," (the old gentleman was jocose) "then, Madam, this visit appertaineth to one and to the other. I pray, therefore, my good Madam, thou wilt please to be seated," when

rising and handing Mistress Shirley a chair, he opened his mission.

"Surely, good Master Shirley, I have met thee before."

"You have the advantage of me, Sir."

"Be it so, Sir," (the old gentleman being a wag) "then I will not avail myself on't, but to do thee friendly service. I wrote thee that letter to advise thee, that Master Walter Waller has been suddenly called from this mortal state to another and a better world, it is to be hoped, for he died penitent, and departed in peace. To be sure, Sir, but thou hast a wiser head than me, 'tis dangerous to push the making up of one's accounts to the last hour; yet, as the Holy Scripture says, '*All things are possible with God.*'"

"Even so," replied Mister and Mistress Shirley, in the same breath.

"Even so!" echoed the stranger.

"Well, Sir, yesterday, whilst I, as one of the court of assistants, sitting in our stand, near Paul's, to view the happy sight of the king, coming to possess himself of his earthly grandeur; I was suddenly called—to a far different spec-

tacle; a rich sinner, trembling at being called into the presence of his Maker, to account for his ill-gotten wealth—an awful contrast, Sir, and I take it a notable subject for a serious poem, which, and it be your pleasure to turn in your thoughts, I will venture to spend some ten or fifteen pounds upon—pay thee for the copy, and absolve thee from all risque."

"That is very handsome, friend—but pray, whom have I the pleasure to address?"

"True, Sir, a very necessary question; but if you read, Sir, you will find at the bottom of my letter, Jabus Gayer, which said Jabus is brother to the Alderman John of that name, and who, moreover a citizen and stationer, dwelleth at the *Ben Jonson's Head*, in the *Row*."

"Master Gayer, I know you well by reputation—good Sir—and—"

Mistress Shirley was upon the tip-toe of expectation. "And pray, Sir, by favour, when did the old gentleman depart?" It was no longer *sinner;* enough had been *dropped* to set the worthy old lady to work at erecting castles in the air.

"Last eve, Madam." This brought the old

stationer back to the tract—" he sent for me, he was stricken with death."

" Mercy on us !" ejaculated Mistress Shirley, " how awful !"

" The Lord of his holy mercy spare my sinful soul," cried the unhappy man, as I came to his bed side, " the hand of death is upon me—thou art an upright man, Jabus Gayer—O Jabus Gayer, stand awhile 'twixt me and eternity—help me to save my soul—be quick, my time approaches—snatch me from everlasting wrath."

" Be calm—hast made thy will, friend Waller ?"

" No—no—no—call me not friend. O ! I have been friend to none. What shall I do to be saved ! Heavenly father—hark—Is that the last trump !"

" No—no—'tis naught but the shouts and noise of the populace; this is the day of the Restoration of the king; be calm, my old friend." Heaven forgive me for the fraud ! he was as he said, alas ! the wretched man—a friend to none.

" And did he think of my husband's bond ?" eagerly enquired Mistress Shirley.

" All in good time, my worthy Madam—yes he did—and has made all earthly reparation—alas! poor soul!

" Then may he find mercy!" exclaimed the good lady, and then she wept.

" I drew up his will," continued Jabus Gayer, " and saw it properly attested, for I question if we could have procured a notary had it saved his soul. I have, therefore, come to discharge my obligation, received from the lips of a dying man, which, as nearly as may be, I will give in his own words. He begged you, good Master Shirley, and you Madam, to forgive him the injuries which he had done you—bade me cancel the bond, before witnesses, which I here give up to you,"—and here the worthy stationer's voice faultered—" and has bequeathed to you, your heirs and assigns, for ever, fifteen hundred pounds :—and I pray God to bless you both ;" when shaking hands with each, without the least parade, he opened the door, and walked down stairs, leaving the ancient couple to their own meditations.

The good Mistress Shirley sobbed as though she had lost a relative, and hoped he would be received into the kingdom of heaven.

Old Master Shirley blessed God, and raising his eyes in piety, exclaimed, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof!"

Postcript to Chapter VIII. The considerate Jabus Gayer, not ignorant of the poet's pecuniary difficulties, sent twenty-five golden Jacobus's packed in a little parcel, with a note, begging "*his acknowledgment thereof.*" When Mistress Shirley, with another old lady neighbour, proceeded in sedans to the Three Pigeons, and elsewhere, shopping for mourning, and as the old lady had kindly engaged to pass the evening with Madam Shirley, on their return, and as old Mister Shirley appeared to be a *cup too low*, both old ladies kindly joined in recommending the worthy poet's passing an hour at the tavern, as a little cheerful society might recover his spirits,—and do him good.

# CHAPTER IX.

## REVELS AT WHITEHALL.

### THE KING AT HOME.

"WELCOME, welcome, our liege lord, our ruler, our lawful sovereign, our own king! Happy, thrice happy, holy, blessed day, that has given us our king once more!" These and a confused mixture of similar ejaculations, ushered his majesty to the royal palace of Whitehall.

His majesty had been so long on horseback, was so giddy with looking from side to side upon the vast multitude, for so many miles, and so

oppressed with heat and dust, that it was with difficulty he alighted from his horse, in the outer court next Scotland-yard. He entered by the back gate of the kitchen court, as, it was said, by a previous arrangement of the lord chamberlain, that he might not pass the front windows of the banqueting-house, from one of which his royal father had walked to the fatal scaffold.

The giant yeomen, ycleped beef-eaters, unbidden fell upon their knees, until they were ordered to stand up and mind their duty, as the king's prancing charger threw about his white plumes at the blast of the household band of trumpeters, and the roll of the kettle drums; and his majesty was no sooner on his feet than a crowd of gentlemen were prostrate, their loyal heads knocking against each other, for the honour of first kissing of hands. There was great want of decorum in this excess of loyalty, at which the king, for all his gracious manner, was obviously annoyed, which caused loyal old *Will Tombs*, the sergeant of the scullery, who with the clerks, yeomen, grooms, and pages, were looking on over the wicket, to observe, recognizing, as he did, certain notorious round-

heads amongst these overweening prostrate courtiers, that his majesty looked like the carvings over Cardinal Wolsey's kitchen fire-place, where the image of *Acteon* is being devoured by his own hungry hounds.

On his majesty's entry into the outer guard chamber, the first object which caught his enquiring eye, was a suit of armour made for his royal father; he knew it at the first glance, and started at the sight, as though he had seen his spectre; but, recovering himself, passed onwards to the next apartment, where a double row of young ladies of rank, elegantly attired, strewed flowers before him all the way to the old presence chamber; when each, on retiring, dropped on the knee to kiss his hand, whilst his majesty, smiling benignantly, as he raised each, gallantly saluted the lovely maidens on each soft cheek.

"Dear angels!" exclaimed his majesty, as soon as he entered the gallery, "how much more lovely their sweet visages than your foreign faces, disguised with unnatural rouge. Such grace, such modesty, the very type of the madonnas of that divine Raffaello." Then turning round to the gay duke, his majesty observed,

"We beheld no such charming maids on the other side of the water, my dear Buckingham."

The same subject was revived as his majesty sat at supper with his royal brothers, when Prince Henry put it to the Duke of York, whether he thought the maidens in the east, namely, the city beauties who strewed flowers before his majesty in Cheapside, or those we have last seen, of the west, would claim the palm for beauty?

To which his majesty answered, "It were difficult to judge, brother Gloucester; it might well puzzle *Paris* himself to decide. I remember our honoured father observing, when Sir Anthony Vandyke came down to Hampton Court to paint the queen, that her majesty demanded of him a similar question; and that that great limner was of opinion, that he could name some twenty or more first-rate beauties, the daughters of merchants and other commercialists, that should vie with an equal number of the most distinguished beauties of the court; and that the queen agreed with Sir Anthony, adding, 'That she was of opinion, that there were more handsome women in the king's dominions, than in all the kingdoms of Europe.'"

"One would desire to know whether Master Vandyke was of that opinion though, your Majesty," said the Duke of Gloucester, with gaiety; "for he must have been a great connoisseur in these matters."

"I can satisfy you on that point, my dear Harry," replied the king; "for I well recollect that Sir Anthony answered, with a smile, 'The ladies of my country, royal madam, would not forgive me; but I think England is, indubitably, the region of beauty, for it abounds in every class.' I have thought of this conversation a thousand times."

"But, with deference, are not your limners notorious for flattery, your Majesty?" said the Duke of York.

"Why, perhaps they are, my dear James; but it were injustice to the memory of that great man not to exempt him: his well earned reputation remains, not obnoxious to the censure. My Lord Southampton, who knew Vandyke intimately, says that he was too proud of his art to prostrate his talent at the shrine of wealth, and that, consequently, he could not be induced to flatter. Moreover, my dear York, let us at the

same time, do justice to France: he did not flatter our lady mother. Even in my recollection of the queen, her countenance, to say nothing of beauty, had a nobleness, a certain feminine grace and expression, which his art, great as it was, did never reach."

"To that, may it please you, Sire, I can add an authority," said the Duke of Buckingham, who, with the Duke of Ormond, was seated at a table to the left of the king, from which they were supplied by dishes from his majesty's board.

"But his Grace of Buckingham can sometimes flatter as adroitly as your greatest limners," said Prince Henry, who was ever more free with the king than his royal brother the Duke of York; "and with such an ally, who but must succumb to majesty? You will pardon me, your Grace; so to tempt you from your allegiance, our royal master graciously permitting, I will take wine with your Grace." One of the gentlemen in waiting, put wine into the glasses, and the gay young prince proposed—"The British beauties, east and west!" when his majesty, (by whom the Duke of Gloucester was beloved with most brotherly affection) cried, "Hold, my dear

Harry! brother York, we must be a party to this toast. Come, my dear Ormond, too,'' graciously taking his own bottle and filling his Grace's glass; "Now, my gallant Gloucester!" and it was duly honoured; and from thence *it* became general—Prince Henry's toast, "*The beauties east and west*," though some of the dowagers of the old *regime*, thought it would have been quite as courtly, had the ladies of the court (the beauties of the west) had the precedence, which made the gay Buckingham observe some years after, "The old duchesses should have recollected that the sun of their day was curtseying towards the horizon."

"Then I must dispense with the benefit of your evidence, Buckingham? Your Grace is suborned," continued his majesty.

"But, the king, who is omnipotent, who can do no wrong, can abrogate the interdict, and it be his royal pleasure," replied the duke.

"Truly so:" returned his majesty, "but the king has passed his royal word to rule in justice." Thus freely, and thus condescendingly did his majesty commence his reign.

"Well, sir, we will grant a hearing," re-

sumed his majesty; "what saith this deponent?"

"First sittings—*banco regis*," said Prince Henry; "majesty in *propria persona*. George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, take the book," holding a small silver salver.

"Ask the witness if he believes therein," said the king. The question being put accordingly, his Grace, with becoming gravity, replied, "My liege lord, I do."

"Then," said the king, "let the witness proceed upon his evidence."

"I must beg the indulgence of the court," said the Duke; "having a frail memory, and being moreover a man dull of apprehension, easily abashed, of retired habits, and, withal, slow of speech."

The gravity of the judge gave way; and a laugh proceeded from the judgment seat, which, spreading to the court, lasted until Prince Henry very gravely proclaimed silence. The witness, recollecting himself, then proceeded—"The said authority, touching the said Sir Anthony Vandyke, Knight, is derived from the report of the late Earl of Pembroke, who did depose,

that knowing the said limner, and believing him to be a man whose word was almost sacred as a *king's*," accompanying the same with a profound obeisance, " did repeat in the presence of your witness, a conversation with the said limner, as followeth :—

" ' It is reported, Sir Anthony,' said my lord of Pembroke, ' that all limners are flatterers, touching their art.'

" ' So is the too general opinion, my Lord,' quoth the knight.

" ' Of which opinion I should then infer, you are not. Say, friend Vandyke, is it not even so ?'

" ' Your lordship's inference is just.

" ' I pray you as how ?' enquired my lord of Pembroke.

" ' Inasmuch as I do not perceive that the painter can *flatter* nature, until he can *equal* nature by his imitative art ? and he is yet to be born, who can reach the excellence of his living model.'

" ' But, with submission, Sir, cannot, does not the professor of your elegant art, too often (I grant you at the instance of the vanity of the

patron) substitute grace for aukwardness, just proportion for deformity, and beauty for ugliness?'

"'Pardon me, my Lord, if I answer by parity. Does not the rhetorician put propriety of diction in the mouths of all his characters? Were he not, I am of opinion that he would do violence to the ear. So, with allowance, were the limner to draw, granting me the figure of speech, his characters out of rhetorical proportion, he would alike offend the eye. Poet and painter, my Lord, are allowed a certain professional licence, according to the accepted customs of taste.'

"'I do not entirely dissent from your reasoning, my good friend Sir Anthony; you have dismissed the two first propositions ingeniously; but the third I should think not defensible. Surely it is nothing short of palpable flattery to place upon the canvass a beautiful visage from a prototype of ugliness?'

"'It were weak to defend such a practice, my Lord; but, with deference, does it exist? Beauty, in its too general sense, I conceive is

mistaken, as applied to the painter's art; 'tis not in the proportion of the eye, the nose, the mouth, but lies deeper.'

"'Tis in expression, you would say, Sir Anthony?'

"'Even so, my Lord; and he that aims not at that, pays no compliment to nature by substituting any conceits of his own.'

"'*Ergo* then,' said his lordship, 'a good painter *will* not, a bad painter *cannot* flatter.'

"'That, my lord, methinks is the fair conclusion."

"'I am a convert to your opinion, friend Vandyke,' said my lord.

"And so am I," said the king, who had for some moments fixed his eye upon a portrait of his royal father, which, from the accidental removal of a candelabrum, had suddenly become illuminated, when to suppress his emotion, placing his hands on his forehead, and leaning with both elbows on the table, his majesty burst into tears.

The royal brothers, no less affected, by mutual sympathy embraced the king, by each laying his arm round his majesty's neck, when

his Grace of Buckingham, with prompt address, waved his hands for the attendants to withdraw, his Grace of Ormond and himself, silently retiring to the end of the apartment, deeply affected at the scene. His Majesty recovering himself and looking round, and finding none present but the noble dukes, he bade them approach, and taking each by the hand, said, "I thank you—it is kind. I would have none but you witnesses of my weakness."

Buckingham bent on his knee, so did his Grace of Ormond, when the king embraced each, and bidding them rise with a profound sigh, his majesty said, "Buckingham, I was overcome—you have been the faithful companion of my misfortunes, and have drunk of my cup." The duke now wept. "Nay," said his majesty, rising and pacing the room, "it is now all over, my faithful Buckingham," and turning to the Duke of Ormond, "you too, my Ormond, have a like claim upon my affection," when seating himself, "Now," said he, "my cavaliers, be seated at my board," when Buckingham taking the right side, below the Duke of York, and Ormond the opposite

side, next the Duke of Gloucester, the gentlemen in waiting were recalled, and the king, taking his glass, and the illustrious guests doing the same—his majesty, standing, and with an expression, indescribable by poet, painter, or by sculptor's art, gave, "To all my good people—may heaven bless them!" and drank his toast to the last drop, adding with a benignant smile, and in a gentle voice, and waving his glass—"huzza."

At this moment, twelve at midnight, the cannon in the park commenced firing a royal salute, and the guard turning out, shouted a loud huzza—the reverberation shook the glasses, and the king, whose nerves had been sufficiently tried, started at the sudden report; but, smiling at the huzza, his majesty observed, "Vastly well, my brave sogers, but not so masterly as the gallant boys of the old Naseby." Such was the gaiety of the king. Indeed, his majesty seemed, on many subsequent occasions, to derive a peculiar satisfaction in speaking of the ship which brought him to England, under her republican designation, the *old Naseby*.

The king sat musing, and occasionally smiled.

"Three half-pence for your thoughts, and may it please your majesty," said Buckingham, smiling also.

"Hey!" exclaimed the king, roused from his reverie. "Why that is fifty per cent. above the usual price, friend Buckingham."

"Truly so, your majesty; but with all humility, the exchange is in our favour, Sire. The revenue of three kingdoms and opinions, are not to be sold as cheap as over the water."

"Very good," replied the king; "but Buckingham, if he behaves himself, shall continue to have them at the old market price. Why, my good Sir, I was just then at *Breda*—I would give your price—the other half-penny, to know what our old friends there say of us all."

"One thing I would be sworn, Sire, that their high mightinesses, the Dutch duns, sleep more comfortably on your majesty's securities, than on those of your humble dog and slaves. Killegrew advises me to send over and buy them up."

"The rogue!" exclaimed the king, "he is full of expedients;" then smiling, and turning to the Duke of York, "'tis no bad advice though. Tom Killegrew would be a notable agent in such a business. No bad policy I'faith, Buckingham. What do you think, brother?"

"Rather more politic than moral, your majesty," replied his royal highness.

"Nay, my dear York, 'tis not a question of morality, but of expediency—that Master Killegrew is a sage counsellor. And at what discount think you, my Buckingham?"

"Why, your majesty, bearing in mind the character and interests of my country, and a most *grateful* recollection of past favours, I should think somewhere about fifty or sixty per cent. lopped off."

"Humph! very conscientious, certainly."

"Killegrew says, by management, your majesty, he would engage for a deduction of seventy-five."

"Incorrigible!" cried the king.

"And if they demand more, your majesty, Killegrew says, you have the stick in your own

hand, my noble duke, and let them fight for it."

"But in honour—what would be fair and equitable, think you, Buckingham?" said the king smiling; "come, Sir, I put it to your conscience."

"In honour, to reverse it, your majesty, to commute for seventy-five, I do think, as a gentlemen, it would be doing the thing genteely."

"Well, Sir!" replied the king, "I shall not be made umpire in the business; but, he would advise them fairly, methinks, who would say, close with your terms. Not but they might possibly be content to take less," adding with a smile, "our worthy Mynheers, no doubt, would willingly that we were *now* deeper scored in their ledgers. 'Tis a strange world. Money—money—the all-potent metal. By the way, it is whispered you are in the secret of your alchymists—is it true, Villiers?"

"Why, your majesty, it were a breach of allegiance to answer contrary to the truth—and yet an egregious folly to acknowledge the fact."

"Be it so—I am no confessor, Sir; but if it

be so, I congratulate you, Buckingham. Set up a laboratory, receive your duns poring over the furnace of calcination; talk of alembics, lineal of albification and rubifying, disensories, sublimatories, stillatories, the seven celestial bodies, and other such jargon—then take them by the sleeve, and whisper, when I have attained the *Elixir*, Mynheers, I will pay you all."

"Surely your majesty is *cognos* in the art," said the Duke of Gloucester, "your majesty must have been initiated."

"Even so, my dear Harry—the king is more knowing than was thought, hey, Gloucester!—ha-ha-ha. It never escaped me—but came a sage philosopher to Brussels, and sought a private interview with the king of England. Faith, the old seer—the very prototype of that clever genius, Mynheer *Teniers's* chymist, it should seem, and with a thousand humble shrugs and comical gesticulations, proposes to teach me the art of making gold. The old philosopher showed me a little phial of the wonderful water of the four elements—the long looked for *Titanus Magnatia*. Poor old man,

for all his secret, he borrowed the last eight or ten jacobuses, I possessed in ready money, only to assay the purity of the metal, and I saw him no more."

"The wily miscreant," exclaimed the young prince.

"Not at all, my dear Harry—he verily fused the coin to mere dross, for he sent me the residium, as a proof of his art, assuring the secret agent in the affair between us, with great artlessness, that he possessed every ingredient for completing his discovery—excepting only *gold*."

"Always so, your majesty," said Buckingham. "He that hath nothing, from him shall be taken that he hath—the weakest goeth to the wall—your majesty escaped for less than your humble servant and subject."

"Nay, then it is so—hey, Buckingham!"

"Surely so, your majesty. I was deeply in for the mystery, up to my ears in it—black as a link boy for a month or two, verily dreaming of the golden phantom. We lacked only the *quantum sufficit* of the substance, and

there we sat, the old ferret nosed conjuror, I'd be sworn first cousin to your majesty's preceptor."

"Nay—nay—I had nothing to do with experimenting, not even within the outer circle of the enchanted ring, though indeed in conversation with the smutty philosopher, I gathered some information touching a few questions of natural bodies, that no man had yet resolved me before. He was certainly a learned man, though doubtless a visionary."

"So was my *preceptor* too, your majesty," continued the gay duke; "and I was as industrious in blowing the coals, and peeping into the crucibles—subliming, amalgaming, englutting—and as fluent with the terms as my native tongue—with nothing in my head but mollification, induration, matters combust and coagular—and nothing in my purse, alas! but emptiness."

"'Tis an empty pursuit—a strange *ignis fatuus*, indeed," said his majesty; "and yet, how many men of large capacity, and clear intellect, have given in to the phantasy!"

"I have frequently marvelled that so wise

and discreet a personage as Sir Kenelm Digby, could have lent himself to the pursuit," observed his Grace of Ormond.

"He is generally so reputed," replied his majesty; "and certainly is a most accomplished gentleman; but, Sir Kenelm is nevertheless a visionary. He and the great Descartes were settling a partnership scheme for prolonging life to the age of the patriarchs. The French philosopher, however, quitted the firm on a voyage to the unknown land—to that country, from whence none have yet been known to return, and our learned knight is now, I suppose, sole proprietor of the secret. But our friend, Sir Kenelm, is nevertheless an extraordinary man—an excellent man—and may he live to the age of Methusaleh."

"Your majesty, doubtless, will remember the meeting Sir Kenelm at Brughes," said Buckingham.

"Full well, Sir," replied the king, "'tis one of the things a man shall remember you a thousand years. But, Buckingham, your usual tact was wanting there—you threw away a fine occasion—we should have won the secret."

"I grant your majesty that; I certainly overdid the affair—was sadly out-generaled. I certainly did run my head against the wall on that occasion, your majesty."

"Nay, Sir," replied the king, "with submission, you really built a wall, as it should seem, expressly to run your head against."

"But then, your majesty, you certainly are gifted with that enviable self-possession, without which—"

"A man should never engage in a serious frolic, Buckingham, hey? Gravity is the life and soul of a philosophical fraud. You entirely spoiled that affair—I verily wished you at the devil."

"But, with profound deference, Sire, had we succeeded, might we not have both been consigned to the regions of his satanic majesty?"

"Never: not at all, Sir, gravity will overcome the devil. By the way," added the gay sovereign, looking around, "I hope this great rambling palace has been duly exorcised, for I fear that arch enemy has held his revels here. You are a believer in apparitions, Buckingham."

" Please you, Sire, not so."

" Nay, Sir, you make no secret of your dread of sleeping alone. ' The fear of the Lord is the beginning of faith,' says the adage. Now, is it not a fair inference, that he who fears in sprites, believes in their existence; reason says nay, but fear says yea."

" When I have been in the practice of succeeding nights of revel, I do own, your Majesty, that I have an indescribable sort of dread of being alone, not only by night, but even by day; but that, I should think, nay, I venture to say, that I know, that arises from the vapours; or, as the doctors have it, a state of hypochondria, and then a man, as 'tis well said, is beside himself."

" Doubtless," replied the king; " surely, then, I may thank nature for the gift of stamina, though, perchance, it were well to suffer more. Health in spite of debauchery, urgeth men to run riot, maketh profligacy bold and audacious, and shutteth out reflection from the mind. Buckingham, we must throw off our evil habits, for I have now a great game to play," then

adding, with a serious air, " Great God ! that that holy martyr" (looking upon the portrait of his royal father) " should have been, like our Redeemer, a man of sorrows, and acquainted—" here his majesty made a pause, and with an effort only, concluded the sentence, " with grief!" adding, after another pause, " whilst it has pleased the same power to spare me, his unworthy servant, to preserve me through years of peril, and to turn the hearts of my people to hail me thus their king. It was but last night I dreamed that it was all—all a dream, and that—"

A loud crash, and a confused noise of the rending of the old tapesty, suddenly interrupted the pathetic reflections of his majesty, when Buckingham threw himself between the king and the spot from which the noise issued, with his hand upon his sword. Ormond was at his side, with equal promptitude, when the king, with his wonted presence of mind, at once comprehending the matter, observed, " 'Tis nothing, my friends ! a picture is fallen," adding, " happily no one was near ; how fortunate that the people were gone !" meaning the attendants, who had retired to the pages' apartment. The king

and his royal brothers left the table, and on going to the spot, there stared them in the face, as it were, a striking whole length portrait of the lord protector.

" How! whose affair is this?" said the Duke of Ormond; " So peremptory were my directions!"

" 'Tis passing strange!" exclaimed his highness the Duke of York.

" Heaven forbid! 'tis not ominous, I hope!" added Buckingham.

" Ominous! not at all," said the king, with his usual gracious smile; " 'tis a curious coincidence though, I' faith, very curious, though—an affair that would not have called for that observation at any other time. What a ponderous frame! 'tis a mercy that no one was standing near, for his head had not been worth a groat." When, folding his arms, and looking stedfastly on the painted image of the usurper, his majesty observed, with a gay air, " Well, a good general should profit by every accident; and the better part for me to play, will be to remove you, old rebel, to my private closet, as an anchorite places a skull upon his rude altar as a *memento mori*.

It were well to remember," adding this with a smile, "that even kings are mortal; but," placing his finger upon his lips, "better say naught of this; we must repair the damage, and keep the affair to ourselves. If it be a trick, the authors will be defeated, for," added the sagacious sovereign; "rely upon it, if it be a contrivance, it was not intended to be played off so soon."

It appeared the next morning, on inspection, that the canvass on which the protector was painted, had been fastened without the frame, within a space taken out of the panel, over which the tapestry had been placed, by whom or for what purpose, was never discovered; and that the large nails, which from above, had suspended the massive carved oak frame that held a picture by Rubens, being drawn, the nails, catching in the tapestry, had rent it sufficiently to expose the hidden portrait.

The king having signified his pleasure to the Duke of Ormond as to the reparation of the accident, the party again sat round the royal board; when his majesty, who delighted in

talking of past events, and whose memory was stored with endless anecdote, resumed the conversation, beginning with, "I am prepared to meet with coincidences and strange events: pray, my dear Ormond, did you ever hear of this arch traitor's dream?"

"No, your Majesty: Sir Kenelm was about to relate it to me, when my gay friend, Buckingham, sealed the philosopher's lips."

"Aye, Sir," replied the king: "I can never pardon you for that, Villiers—we should have been let into the profound mysteries of raising the dead."

"It is said, your Majesty, that Cromwell dreaded to be alone," observed Prince Henry.

"Yes, Hal, and dreaded to be abroad, too, or his daring courage was defamed; the ambitious traitor might be likened to the regicide Macbeth. I wonder if he had nerve enough to read that wondrous play; but, no," rejoined his majesty, "these puritans read not such impious writings, though they have, in their evil career, furnished forth abundant matter wherefrom succeeding play-wrights may take models

of iniquity. Yes! and draw from true history new acts of supassing terror. What a tragedy is that just past for future times!"

"Truly so, my honoured Sire," replied Buckingham, who would have diverted the king from so painful a subject; "but with this especial difference, your majesty, that contrary to dramatic rule, it hath pleased the benignant star* that presided at your royal birth, to wind up this real drama in peace, in loyalty, in universal joy and gladness; and I humbly prognosticate that your loving subjects will pray, that the last act may continue and endure far longer than the first."

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* At the birth of this prince, a bright star appeared in the heavens at noon-day, which was visible for hours, and seen by thousands; on which a die was cast, to commemorate so extraordinary an event. The appearance of this phenomenon is recorded on one of the allegorical painted ceilings at Windsor Castle, and is related at length in Sandford's Genealogical History of the Kings of England; and accompanied by an engraving of the medal.

"Well said, good seer: may you be a true prophet, Buckingham!" returned the king; "I am not given to superstition: yet, am I free to own, that that phenomenon has sometimes wrought upon my imagination. It was thought by many, and even by our enlightened father, (turning to his royal brothers) as it affected the heir apparent—portentous. Indeed, it is a circumstance, that, if not well attested, putting the question of my birth aside, I should not have credited; but the king, and his Grace your father, Buckingham, and a thousand others, men whose testimony it were not becoming to doubt, witnessed its appearance."

"It was strange, Sire," said Ormond, "and with the old Romans, would have been considered portentous indeed!—a theme for the speculations of the augurs."

"Or for those cunning seers who pretend to have been in the secrets of fate touching the fortunes of the usurper. But the sun of the glory of that house is set; and yet, how soon are we seated here, in what was but so late the miscreant's mock regal palace. 'Tis strange! Why, sirs, I have been told this very man did

dream—nay, that it was past a dream—did see, being fast awake, a mighty form—a mysterious figure—and that this gigantic apparition did open the curtains of his bed, and tell him that he should become the greatest person of the three kingdoms."

"And when, and where, your majesty, did this occur?" enquired Prince Henry, seemingly appalled at the recital.

"Whilst yet a froward boy at the grammar school at Huntingdon. But why so pale, my dear Harry—night watching suits you not, my Prince Harry."

"Your relation makes my blood run cold," replied the prince.

"Yes! the renegado used to relate this story in the plenitude of his glory. Doubtless it was the devil himself, who appeared to the traitor."

"The spectre did not say that he should be king, then, your majesty?" observed the Duke of York.

"No," replied the king; "the prediction was true to the letter, as it should seem; and so possessed with the notion was the juvenile traitor, that neither the admonitions of his father, nor

the chastisements of Doctor Beard, the master of the school, could curb that early spirit of audacity which marked his career in manhood: he persisted in relating the extraordinary apparition."

"Until he believed in the reality of this chimera—this creation of his own heated brain," said Buckingham; "surely, your majesty, with becoming deference, and do you, who are superior to all superstitious notions, really lend your belief to this specious tale—this imposition of the wily hypocrite—the notorious impostor?"

"Why, Buckingham, I do not doubt but the devil urges some eminently wicked men to their destiny. What other agency can account for their daring?"

"Far be it from me, your majesty, to dispute the malignancy of this devil's will—but I do his power; and if the red nosed royster, old Noll himself, was now to walk in with the brimstone about him, and all the devils of hell to back his testimony, I would not believe it."

"Then," returned his majesty, with a smile, "then Buckingham, were you incredulous."

"I might be scared, and every hair of my

head might stand erect; but in my sober senses, I should yet swear, and it please your gracious majesty, that it were but the vapours of a distempered head."

"Well, be it so," added the king; "that the rogue believed it himself, I no more doubt than that I am king of England."

"But he *was* a *rogue*, an audacious, a presumptuous *rogue*, your Majesty," rejoined the duke; "for he not only held converse with the devil, but, libertine as I may be, not irreverently do I couple his sacred name with this unholy saint—He imposed on others, and on himself, perchance—the rascal—the belief that he held councils with the Almighty himself; but it is a fearful subject, and, with deference, I could humbly wish your Majesty would dismiss all thoughts of the traitor from your mind. For, speaking as a faithful subject, next to the devil himself, do I, in common with all honest Englishmen, execrate the bully brewer of Huntingdon."

This well meant tirade of the gay Buckingham had the desired effect, by diverting the conversation into another channel. No one

knew the sovereign so well as the favourite Villiers, who, though he, whilst abroad, too frequently led his royal master into error, to his honour be it said, he always made the amende with a becoming grace. No one, indeed, so often fell out with the king, nor no one sooner sought occasion to resume his royal favour.

The king and the duke were nearly of the same age, Villiers having the advantage of his majesty only by three years; not on that side, however, which the fair sex pride themselves upon, for the duke, as he used to say of himself, saw the *light* in this *dark* state, four-and-twenty thousand hours before his majesty.

The king, holding his glass before the flame of a candle, observed, "This wine is of a good vintage, and has been well kept. Buckingham, do you recollect the night we kept it up at the Hague, when young Opsdam reeled into the canal."

"Yea, your majesty, I may well remember the Hague, for there I caught my quartan ague." Prince Henry laughed—"That is a miserable pun, your Grace."

"'Twas not intended, your Royal Highness:

good or bad, it was purely fortuitous. Not so the tale, for—but I must not disclose aught against majesty *now*, or I may, perchance, make my last graceful bow on the old Tower green."

"Buckingham, on my word, the affair was purely accidental."

"Then, your majesty, I am satisfied: though, with deference, you never condescended to say as much before."

"No," said the king, "whilst in their power, I dared them to allege as much; now that I am master of my own kingdom, I declare on the word of a king, that I was twenty feet from the brink of the dyke."

"Then your Majesty doubtless knows who tipped Mynheer in?"

"Perhaps I may, Buckingham; but that is a secret that I have preserved inviolable, as it might hurt another, and he a noble good fellow. But, had it been known, though I would pledge myself that it was a mere frolic, he would have been condemned and ruined."

"Pray, may we ask your majesty, what occurred on this memorable revel?"

"Buckingham has my consent—tell it George;

but you must have it with allowance, my dear Gloucester: not, Buckingham, but you may proudly face the affair."

"Why, Sire," returned the Duke, "I do think that that ducking raised the exchange in our favour some five-and-twenty per cent."

"I verily grant you that," said the king, who now regaining his wonted spirits, and delighting to talk, unconsciously took up the story; "yes, it was a mad frolic, I'faith. We had been dining at the old Greffiers, who had entertained us magnificently—when returning to our hotel late at night, with young Opsdam, the brother of the admiral of the party, who was woefully drunk, some one observed of the young Dutchman, and possibly it might have been myself, for he was a gawky young Mynheer, of lofty stature, six feet two at least, that his huge breeches would hold a tun of water. So all the party being mad with the Greffiers' wine, one thoughtless wag says, let's try, and it being very dark, tipped my young looby Mynheer head over heels into the dyke. Ud's tevil! ten ton of evil fates! what a glorious splash—the worst of it was, that we had been

playing the deuce there before. ‘ *The king did that*,’ cried some malignant rogue then passing by—which induced that Buckingham, as he would have you believe, to save the reputation of the king of England, he swimming, as you know, like any pearl-diver, to spring into the water, and he fishes the drowning Dutchman out. The Mynheer, though to do him justice, for all his cheeks were sweet as apples, had fought bravely in the fleet—but such a spoiled child, ye Gods! Then was the cry, *O! dem tevil Inglise!* Old lady Schimelpinick, his grandame, a fine woman though, on my troth, cries, O my darling child—and half a dozen maids, large, fat and fair—the pretty vrows, as Rubens's wives, undress my gallant six foot boy—draw off his half hundred breeches, and wring—ye household gods! as great a flood of stagnant, green stinker pool, as they call it, out of his lower garments, as would float you a lazy treschuit—and tuck my Master Opsdam into a warm bed."

" Yes, your majesty, and whilst I could name one, who looked on, with sober face and winning sympathy, leaving half-drowned Buckingham,

to save appearances, dripping a drunken water-god, shivering like a houseless beggar in a thaw."

"Well, my faithful Villiers, that was right noble. Yes, brother Gloucester, and hear it also York, but for Buckingham, we should have all perchance been ordered to the right about."

"Yes, my honoured princes," added the lively duke, "and loyalty procured for your humble servant, half drowned dog and slave, no other reward for his allegiance than a ten week's quartan ague."

"Well, Sir—but you were too haughty to say so much before," replied the king. "So now, Sir, wear this for my sake," when drawing a brilliant ring from his finger, he placed it on that of the duke's, saying, "my dear Villiers, excepting to my brothers, to no other man upon earth would I present that token. It is one that was worn by our royal father."

The duke regarded the gem in silence, until his own intelligent orbs, scarcely less sparkling, were directed full upon the royal countenance, when pressing the ring to his lips, which he wore on his left hand, and raising his right, he

exclaimed, "this hand shall defend that—and I will relinquish the sacred gift, only with my heart's blood!"

The duke, might well utter this without hyperbole, for his gallant brother, the pride of British youth, fell nobly fighting for the royal cause, refusing quarter at the hands of the rebels, near Kingston, and placing his back against an oak, defended himself with his sword, until he was cut to pieces. Thus fell that glorious youth, the only brother of the faithful Buckingham.

"Yes," repeated the king, "but for Buckingham's intrepidity, our cause might have been entirely ruined at the Hague. So, behold you, brothers, on what a foolish frolic may hang the fate of kings! Yes, Villiers, but for that ducking of yours, in that night's foolish affair, all might have ended a tragedy indeed."

"May I now proceed, Sire?" said the duke.

"Do, by all means, Buckingham."

"I never heard of this night's revelry before," said prince Henry.

"Nor I," added the duke of York; "though I now recollect something about that time had

affected our royal mother—as her majesty said —'*that* Buckingham, for all his mischief, has herein acted most nobly.' You will pardon me for this freedom, my dear Villiers."

"Pardon, you, my honoured duke—Sir, I thank you from my heart. Your royal highness has laid me under an everlasting obligation —for I can now proclaim on the authority of a prince, that her most gracious majesty, the queen mother of England, has said a civil thing of that wicked Villiers—that profligate Buckingham."

The gay duke knew full well the queen-mother's opinion of his manifold virtues, for her majesty once said to princess Henrietta, at the Louvre, when Tom Killegrew waited on her majesty, on a mission from her son the king. "That thoughtless son of mine, the king, your brother, my dear Henrietta, will never act as becomes a prince so long as he is so wrapt in that graceless nobleman's company. Their quarrels are like the falling out of lovers, unhappy until they are reconciled again."

Buckingham certainly had no small share in ministering to the dissipated habits of his royal

master. He was a nobleman of captivating manners—eminently accomplished—of most elegant demeanour—and withal, of noble and graceful person. Too soon unshackled from the sacred restraints of a noble father, whose premature death, by the hands of an assassin, exposed the young duke to the temptations inseparable from an immense fortune, he plunged at once, with the fervor of youth, into the vortex of fashion, until the fate of the honoured friend of his infancy—the son of that royal house to which his noble family owed all—urged him, the generous Villiers, to give up all, and follow his loved Charles into exile—a sacrifice so virtuous and so noble—as a precursor of his future fame, that even after times might well weep at the miserable end of Buckingham.

"I would give an hundred jacobuses, that I might repose to-morrow," said the king, stretching himself from his feet to the very fingers ends, as he formed a diagonal, in the spacious crimson velvet chair on which he sat. "We must be temperate, for a while at least, my gay brothers—for we have much to do. To-mor-

row, to meet the peers at ten. Well; ones peers!—alas! thou peerless king—where were thy noble peers—one more glass and then—would I could—(heaving a profound sigh)—would I could drink oblivion to the past—and in drinking it—(here his majesty sipped)—say, herein ends the heart-ache. Wine gladdeneth the heart, touching your every day sorrows, my *truly* noble peers," smiling benignantly, as he turned to Buckingham and Ormond—" but mine is not an every day sorrow."

" That your spirits are depressed, my honoured Sire," said Buckingham, " who that should have been but a looker on, for the last three days, could marvel? A night's rest on your own pillow, by God's holy grace, will compose you. Now might I presume to play the physician, I would pray your majesty to retire;" when the king rising, and offering his hand, the two noble dukes knelt and kissed it, when he bade them good night, adding, " this night my brothers will see me to my room; therefore do you, I pray, sit and enjoy yourselves at pleasure."

The two noblemen attended his majesty to

the door of the pages' room, and returning sat them down, when his Grace of Buckingham observed, "My dear Ormond, I give you entire credit for your foresight—if his majesty had entered by the banquetting house, and looked up at that fatal window, I know not, but like St. Paul, he might have been stricken blind from his horse."

The duke of Ormond smiled—"Pardon me, Buckingham," said his Grace.

"You are amused by my comparison. God knows, I made it not irreverently, Ormond; for never was I less disposed to levity than at this eventful moment."

"The king, as I expected, is sadly depressed—I feared that so sudden, so unexpected a change, would shake him to the centre. His head is possessed with a crowd of notions, pressing all to that point, which, somehow, is associated with the very walls of this palace—the scene of death. I wish his majesty would be persuaded to let blood."

Buckingham now smiled in turn—"Nay, talk not of that—surely there has been enough."

Ormond smiled too, but it was a sarcastic

smile. "My dear Buckingham," said he—"I venture to tell it you with fervent zeal for your honour, your reputation, and may I add, your future happiness—that for all your fine parts, which every one must envy," (Buckingham bowed)—"nay, my lord duke, I am too proud to flatter—you know me too well, to do you or myself that injustice—but indeed, my noble-hearted friend—"

"I know all you would say, my dear Ormond," interrupted his Grace; "but, perhaps, it is my fated curse. You have the faculty, and a great gift it is, of wearing your understanding with discretion; but as for me—by all that is holy, if I were sent to the block, with all my sins on my head, I verily do think, like that man, to whom in comparison, I might well blush to name myself—yea, like Sir Thomas More, I should lose my head with a joke on my lips. Yet, by that power—I say it from my soul—by that holy power, who has brought about this auspicious event—I feel all for my king, that can be felt—aye, Sir, even by the most loyal—the most righteous subject, in the land."

"He would do you injustice, my dear Buckingham, who would doubt your zeal—even to the most boundless extent. If I have spoken too freely—forgive me; had a third person been present, surely then would I not have taken so great a liberty. No, Buckingham, you have sacrificed all for our prince."

At this moment, re-entered the duke of York and his royal brother, when Buckingham and Ormond rising, the two princes seated themselves, when both simultaneously thanked Buckingham for his kindness, and complimented him on the address, with which he so skilfully diverted the king from his melancholy, when the duke of York, taking wine, and passing the bottle, said in a low voice, as though he were afraid of being overheard—"That bears a very mysterious appearance—the sudden falling of the picture, and the no less sudden exposure of the painting of the arch enemy of our royal house. I am not given to superstition—but it is nevertheless a strange—a most strange event. I know your candour, Buckingham—pray, then—does it not strike you in the same light? Certainly, 'tis passing strange."

" Why, your Grace—'tis strange, I do allow. Yet had any other picture appeared behind the rent hangings, we should not have heeded the circumstance, otherwise than as a lucky escape for those who but so recently stood beneath. Or, even if this same painted image of the scoundrel, had thrust forth his ruby proboscis at any more remote season, should we have marvelled. If two only brothers, or a father and son are slain in the same battle—we say, to use your royal highness's phrase, pardon me, Sir, ' 'Tis passing strange'—but in truth—is it not, in sober truth, just as likely that these two shall fall, as any other two not allied at all?"

" My dear Buckingham—your reasoning is just—'tis logical, and true—I thank you, Buckingham," and rising, the two princes cordially shook hands with the two noble dukes, and bade them " good night."

" Well, Ormond," said Buckingham, " and it is high time for all sober subjects to retire —and I know your habits are early—so, I am at your humble service."

" Nay, Buckingham, I will sit you as long,

and enjoy your society with as much satisfaction, as our royal master himself—allow me to be his representative—but, I pray you, accept in good part, the seeming cold temper of my remarks."

"On my word as a gentleman, Ormond, I do—I know you *too*—too well, to misinterpret your meaning—I have no more stability than a vessel without ballast—I am a crazy ship without a rudder—I am tossed to and fro on this mortal sea—but, I must, I will repair my bark—reform, by my star—set about a new reckoning—take me a compass, and regulate myself, by the chart of my noble Ormond—so let us, if you please, take a parting glass," when shaking hands, and drinking the wine, they bowed each other out—wishing mutually, good night.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE ROYAL DEJEUNÉ.

*"I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon, when least it was expected."* SHAKSPEARE.

"IT is kind, my Buckingham—you are here betimes," said his majesty, as the duke entered the royal closet, where the breakfast table was placed in a spacious bow-window, which commanded a view up and down the *Thames*. "Here is our native water again, Villiers! How featly the sun beam trips it o'er the tide. Talk of the *Seine*, my proud Monsieurs!—well, let them boast—if cousin Louis is happy, so am I You shall take your dejeuné with me, Villiers. Why, where is brother York, and prince Harry —surely the royal sluggards will not waste so

heavenly a morning in bed. Pray, open the casements wide—let me inhale largely of this healthy air. How sweet—how balmy—Why, surely, hath the heavens been thus tranquil, through this long season of war—or is the climate changed—say, Sir—how is this?" addressing himself to one of the pages.

"Sire, it would appear, that it is of late," replied the old servant, "come round again—such as it was when your majesty used to bathe, off the Brocas, above Eton, and his Grace too."

"Ah! so it seems, indeed—why that is many years since. Buckingham, you were a capital swimmer even then. I know not how it was—but I did not buffet the stream, as I somehow feel that I could now."

"Your majesty's person was held too sacred."

"You are right, Sir," replied the king. "I do remember the injunctions of the king. 'Be careful,' he would say, 'that the prince does not get amongst the weeds, and there used to be rush cutters at work there, at Dead-man's hole. Blessed king—I wonder if heaven should

give me a son, if I should be as tender of the royal urchin."

Buckingham smiled—the king knew his thoughts—and added, as he took a lump of sugar, in the tongs, to give to a favourite parrot —"but a *legitimate* one, hey! my pretty poll."

"*Buckingham's a rogue*," said the parrot. The old page stared—startled at the voice, which, as is not uncommon with these mock birds, seemed to issue from some other throat.

"Poll, you must not tell tales," said Charles the Debonnaire—"nor, you," added his majesty, turning to the old page—"for this foreign thing is a wicked gossip."

The page could scarcely keep his countenance.

"Noll—Noll—red nose Noll," cried the bird, as she climbed by the beak and foot alternately, up her cage.

Old Mister Cordwell kept his hand before his mouth—coughed, and hemmed—he would have given a year's salary that a door had opened under his feet.

"Wheugh—whittle-whittle-whittle—wheugh" —whistling the boatswain's call, adding in a

gruff roar—"tumble up—tumble up, my loves —tumble up—tumble up—d—n your bloods, tumble up, my loves—tumble up."

The page was choaking—when fortunately the king, who had not heard this new specimen of poll's oratory, laughed loud and heartily, which afforded the page a little relief—as he retired behind a screen, and giggled to himself. The bird had come over in one of the frigates, and had picked up some choice examples of the sailor's mother tongue.

Now entered the royal brothers, whom the king embraced, when the duke of Buckingham rising, the princes shook his Grace by the hand, who smiling, with that graceful ease and freedom, which he so well assumed in the royal presence—"Welcome, your royal highnesses, to Whitehall."

"Even so," added the gracious sovereign; "Well, my dear York, have you reposed well—and you, my Harry?"

"Never more tranquilly, your majesty. I hope you feel yourself refreshed by rest," returned the princes; "I rejoice to see your majesty looking so well."

"Thank you, York: in my life I never remember sleeping more delightfully—I verily think my eyes were closed the instant I laid my head upon the pillow—I feel myself a giant refreshed. Well sayeth the poet, indeed, 'Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care.' Look you out, Harry, you love the arts, here is a scene for some one of your skilled in topographical design. How finely doth old St. Paul's lofty spire glitter there above the city smoke! I' faith, even the smoke seems somehow less dense and murky than heretofore—look, Buckingham, 'tis more like the blue morning mist, all is more ethereal."

"But how defined, how sharp, how clear are all those lights and shadows on the masonry of Westminster Abbey—how much more pure the atmosphere west than east. Surely I should not have dreamed of this," observed the Duke of Gloucester; "Have you noticed the contrast, your majesty?"

"This, with submission, is not entirely the effect of city smoke, your Royal Highness,' said Buckingham. "It is held a maxim by your painters who have studied landscape in the open

air, as the Poussins, and that other great imitator of nature, Claude Gelee, that in looking towards the morning sun, objects assume an ethereal character, particularly on a bright morn like this, when that luminary is verging towards the south."

"You are correct, Villiers—so I have heard our father say, who knew these things, and would reason upon art with professors. You saw that accomplished artist when at Rome, have I not heard you say, Buckingham?"

"Yes, Sire: it was from him that I picked up the little philosophy of these matters which I have been sporting before your Majesty. The great artist was very courteous, and enquired of the state of art in England; and when I informed him that I believed the fine arts met no favour there, and that I was long expatriate, the amiable man took me by the hand, and very feelingly demanded pardon for touching upon the subject. When, regarding me with great attention, for I travelled incognito, as your majesty may remember you advised me—"

"I do: and now recollect distinctly what

passed, Buckingham—I could repeat your conversation—write it verbatim."

"I do envy your majesty's memory," said the Duke; "'tis marvellously retentive; and but that" (bowing most respectfully) "your majesty is prompt to forgive, it would be fearful to offend: for," smiling and turning to the royal brothers, "by all that is sacred, his majesty never *can* forget."

The king smiled, and pouring out his coffee, said, "But, my noble friend, that is no reason why you should not proceed; for you, Harry, are an amateur of these matters, and may derive a lesson from our cognoscente duke. Nay, proceed, Villiers, I should like to hear; moreover, doubtless you know much more than you have yet related to me."

Buckingham resumed,—"'The painter, it was in his own study, just on the outskirts of Rome, eyed me with great earnestness, ndeed, with a most scrutinizing curiosity, and said—'I once had the honour to know an illustrious countryman of yours, Sir, and he was so like—*Santa Maria!* Sare, you must be the son of mi Lor

Buckingham!' and without waiting for a reply, embraced me with such emotion, that one would have sworn he had pounced upon a prodigal son.

"No sooner had Master Claude recovered from this fine touch of the *epic*, than he very politely begged me to pardon the freedom: adding, in broken English, 'Sare, by gar, if it is not the son of sat illustrious patron of se art, it cannot but be vat you are *le diable* himself!"

"These Frenchmen, how suddenly they are excited," observed the Duke of Gloucester; "their ardour is so uncontrollable, that to a sober Englishman, who has not travelled, as my lord Southampton very justly observes, they must appear either mummers, like your actors, or madmen. I believe I did not mention to your majesty, that odd rencontre of mine, at Breda, the day before our departure for the Hague; when the old Count de Vergenneaux, meeting me on the towing-path, flew upon me so suddenly, and embraced me so ardently, as to thrust both our hats over the bank into the water, and we were within a hair-breadth of following headlong after them. I do think he

showered upon me, not forgetting your majesty, and all our house, five hundred blessings within a few seconds, and actually wept with joy; and then, recovering from his phrenzy, as your grace says, beset me with another five hundred apologetical bowings and shruggings; and raising his hands and eyes, walked off, totally unconscious that his head was bare, until a skipper, coolly taking his pipe from his mouth, bawled in his ear, half Dutch, half French, had you not as well wait for your hat, Mynheer?

"That count is nevertheless a gallant old Frenchman, brother Gloucester; a generous—sincere man—a gentleman at heart. I regret that I did not see him, to bid him farewell. But perchance he may visit England, and then acknowledgment will come with a better grace. Poor Count Vergenneaux, like many another I could name, is not in fortune's favour. God preserve me from ingratitude!"

"Amen! Sire," added Buckingham, "'tis '*worse than the sin of witchcraft*,' and that doubtless, is a superlative sin, your majesty, though it has puzzled wiser pates than mine to find exactly as how—"

"Come—come, do you not be profane," said the king. "It is enough for us to be *told* that it is so;" continuing, with a smile, "besides, know you not Buckingham, that my royal grand-sire hath written a book?"* Thus sportively did the king, and this noble wag, understanding each other as they did, beguile the moments at the breakfast table.

"May it please your majesty," said one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber in waiting, now entering, "there is a person in the pages' room, who has brought a present, which he says he can only deliver into your majesty's own hands, and sends his humble duty to your majesty, and says, your majesty would condescend to admit him to your royal presence. He is so importunate, that I ——

"What—how—importunate! what sort of person, Mister Vernon? Is he a foreigner—a gentleman—or what? Ask his name, and his business."

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* King James I. wrote his Demonology, on the sin of witchcraft.

" Please your majesty, he would not tell his name. He is a plain, humble, farmer looking man, and seems confident your majesty will see him."

" This is whimsical—you are fond of adventures, my good Buckingham—what think you, brothers?—well Vernon, shew him in."

" His grace the Duke of Ormond waits your royal pleasure, in the anti-chamber, your majesty," said the page in waiting.

" Usher his grace in," replied the king, when the duke entering, made his obeisance, and his majesty receiving him with a smile, said, " My dear Ormond, why what a changed climate is this, Sir! we are living under an Italian sky. What a scene is here!" leading his grace up to the bow window. " What a magnificent river, to flow with so wide and powerful a tide so far from the sea!"

" It is a noble river, Sire," replied the duke, and turning to prince Henry, " Your royal highness I should think, can have no recollection of the scene."

" A very indistinct remembrance, indeed," replied the duke. " The old Abbey there, however, I clearly recollect. I also remember

that windmill on the horizon there opposite, on the height. Is not that Nunhead hill?"

"It is so called on the map, your royal highness," said the duke. "Surely, Sir, you could not have been more than four years old."

"Why, my dear duke, I was looking all the way from the city for another object, and recognized my tall old acquaintance, in the May-pole, as we passed through the Strand. That I recollect seeing from a window in Somerset house, when the queen took us thither, I suppose, on a May-day; for I have a faint notion before me, of its being decked with gaudy garlands, and grotesque figures dancing around it. I do verily believe I must then have been a mere baby in arms. Doubtless, as these are in themselves remarkable objects—I have from time to time kept alive the expiring embers of recollection, by my everlasting thoughts of dear old England. You brother York, must remember much more. If it were likely that we should not be known, I should mightily enjoy a walk through the streets, that I might learn somewhat of the geography of my native city."

"Aye, my dear Henry," said the king, "'tis

strange, that we three brothers, all arrived at man's estate, should be standing here, strangers in our own place ;" when the gentleman usher entering, he informed his majesty that the *person* was in the next apartment. " Well, Sir, show him in."

Vernon retired, and immediately returned, followed by a plain, humble, farmer-looking man, as he had described, with a broad brimed, high crowned, buff coloured hat in one hand, and a stout crab stick in the other ; he had on a jerkin with large flaps, a leathern girdle and buck-skin breeches, with grey worsted hose, gartered above the knees, and stout country shoes, with soles, made for wear and tear, and well covered with dust: his face was furrowed, seemingly more with care than old age ; but his visage was open, honest, independent, and altogether prepossessing. Vernon brought him in front of the bow window, where he stood at a respectful distance from the group, looking with his hand shadowing his brow, as the blaze of light, from the window upon the south, prevented his distinguishing the features of any one of the illustrious party ; when Buckingham, by a sign from the king,

stepped forth, so that the stranger could see his face, who at a glance, shook his head; the duke of Ormond also came from the window, and afforded the countryman a like opportunity —no—the gaze at him was alike unsatisfactory, then the duke of York, and after the duke of Gloucester. The stranger appeared uncertain on his examination of the young prince, when the king himself came forth, and walking round this strange visitor, afforded him, by turning his front to the light, a full view of his visage, when the old man, going down on both knees, by the aid of his crab stick, which he held bolt upright with a firm grasp, his joints appearing stiff, he looked up and said, "I know thy face, I do, and blessed be God, thou wilt not despise thy servant, though I be poor."

"And who art thou, my good man?" said the king.

"Ah, royal Sire, I be mainly altered; well mayest thou say that; I be not the man I war once, when I led thee majesty across the mill-dam there, hard by Whiteladies. Please thee majesty, I be Richard Penderil."

The king retired again to the window, and

turning his face to the river, hid his emotion, when his royal brothers approaching, with a faltering voice his majesty said, " Bid him rise," and turning round, was much moved on beholding his royal brothers condescendingly aiding the old man to get again upon his feet.

The king then coming forward, with a most benigant smile, took his old friend Richard by the hand, and addressing his brothers, and the noble dukes, said, " In that honest man, you behold my preserver. No, Richard Penderil, thou art right, God forbid I should despise the poorest man in my kingdom. But, my honest worthy soul, I am rejoiced at seeing you, and I will, by God's blessing, make the remainder of your days easy and happy. Well, Penderil, and how has it fared with you—and is your mother yet alive, and my old friend Will?—I have never forgotten you. But, Penderil, as you know, I have been far away, out of the reach of those whom I would have served, and have had little—nay nothing to bestow."

" Pray, royal king, there be no occasion,—thee hast been good and gracious to us poor humble folks, and we have heartily acknow-

ledged it, when we dared. And we ha' known full well belike, how many people of quality have come to nothing as it war for their loyalty and duty. And what little our poor services ha' been, was well made up by what your majesty was pleased to send us, and it comed always safe to hand I wot; I kept account, and serviceable it war, God knows, for we lived to see crooked times, more than afore, for them rebels kept a pretty sharp eye over us for one while, sure enow, your majesty."

"I fear they did, honest Richard. All who served the king, did it at their peril, friend Richard; but now you behold, I am king indeed, hey, Master Penderil. Come, sit thee down, I perceive you are fatigued; and how did you get to town,—have you come direct from Worcester?"

"Yes—sure I have, your majesty, I walked every step o' the way, and would twenty times as far again, by God's mercy, to see thy face. But ah, royal Sir, I cannot get over the ground as I used. It has been a long journey, and the last thirty miles, somehow, your majesty, seemed

longer and longer the nearer I got to my journey's end."

"Poor soul!" exclaimed the king, looking benevolently upon the old man, and listening with the greatest patience to his artless tale; as indeed did all the illustrious auditors.

"But you have not yet told me of your mother, and brother Will, friend Richard."

"Brother Will, and please your majesty, be well; mother be dead, and I buried her with the last golden coin, what was left of that charitable —but——," here Penderil seemed at fault. "I hope your majesty's goodness will forgive me, I had like to ha' let it out, when our neighbour the miller said, 'Richard, keep that to thyself.' Not, your majesty, but I humbly hope there be men who have hearts on both sides."

The king's curiosity was excited, yet did he forbear to take advantage of the honest yeoman, by urging a further disclosure. "Yes, friend Richard, God forbid that all men should be alike bad, whatever side they have taken up."

"And, God be thanked, I hear that he be taken into your majesty's most gracious favour."

"Who?" said the king, forgetting himself for the moment, rather demanding, than asking the answer.

"Lord Fairfax," replied the upright old man, "and if I have done my benefactor an injury, honoured king, let your royal displeasure light upon me," when the grateful old man threw himself upon his knees.

"Rise, my honest, worthy man; Lord Fairfax will not suffer in my opinion. What then, is it not fair to ask?" turning to the dukes.

"Indubitably, Sire," replied Ormond.

"I would humbly urge your majesty to demand of him."

"Well then, Penderil, what do you owe to the Lord Fairfax?"

"A cottage, your majesty, a cow, a pikel, and four acres of meadow, and a gift in money every half year; but, as heaven shall be my witness, I never told it to man, woman, or child. I was oppressed, Sir, I, and my mother, and my brother Will; and my Lord Fairfax sent to me private, and was pleased to say, 'Penderil, you are trust-worthy, and so are your brothers, I believe you to be honest hard working folks, and

I be ashamed to tell the rest before your majesty's royal presence?"

"What, then, think you Lord Fairfax served you, for my sake?"

"Aye, that he did, your majesty—under God's direction, as certainly as I be Richard Penderil."

"That brave man would have saved the king, our father—but alas! it was not so decreed—noble Fairfax!"

"Well, my trusty Richard, and is the old oak yet standing at Boscobel?"

"It be, your majesty—but, like your poor feeble servant, it be nearly bald o' the top. What with one and what with another, please thee royal king, they ha' almost stripped it naked—many out of loyalty belike—and some out o' mischief for 't, I know. That 'nointed rogue, Crowder the miller, a traitor at heart, fetched away a cartload on't, and sold it in Lunnun here, to your cavalier gentry—but brother Will made en remember it—aye, that he did, I assure your majesty. But God forgive en, he come to an untimely end—bin that he was struck dead by the hopper of his own mill."

"What did my old friend Will then?" said his majesty, who seemingly for the moment had forgotten all recent affairs—wrapt in the memory of the perils of Boscobel. "Honest James is yet living, I hope."

"He be—we be all five brothers living, by God's mercy, your majesty. All strong and hale, but myself—brother Will walked part o' the way with me, but was obliged to go back to his work."

"And how happens it, friend Richard, that you are the only one not strong and hearty?"

"God love your majesty—I be hearty at heart. But 'tis a long walk from Worcester, for one who ha' been confined since last October. I fell from a tree, and thought my poor back was broke—I kept the house a matter o' five months—It wor that dribbled the pension away, your majesty—I do not feel quite right here, now, your majesty," putting his hand behind his loins. "I be not the man I war before."

"God help thee, honest Richard, in so long a journey, and on foot too—well may thy poor loins suffer—but we have skilful doctors in London—you shall be attended by our own sur-

geon, Penderil—and we will, God permitting, set you on your legs again. Mister Vernon, I desire that this worthy man may be entertained here—see that comfortable lodgings be provided—and without delay. Penderil, I will see you in the afternoon in your new quarters."

Penderil got up from his chair, made his bow, and with looks as frank and open as conscious integrity ever stamped on the countenance of an English yeoman—blessed his majesty, and bowing to the princes, and the noble dukes, added, "Honoured Sirs, I wish ye good morrow;" when the king, with a benignant smile, watched him, until the door of the apartment closed—then turning to the princes, and his noble friends, —"What think you, my dear Sirs?—there is a rough diamond!—that is a sterling piece of humanity—not at all abashed. Honest soul—trudging along the road, with no companion but his crab stick—and, perhaps, with scarce a doit in his pouch. Had I known this, that one—yes I will say it—one, humble as he, whom, how can I but love—was toiling onward, pennyless, and foot-sore, to hail his king—it would have wrung my heart. Five of them!

all trusty, faithful, and poor! Heaven! what a lesson to humble courtiers—aye, and those to whom they pay their court—to kings themselves!"

"'Too true, royal Sire," said Buckingham.

"It is, Villiers," returned the king. "But happily, my noble friends, the reflection fits neither you nor Ormond—nor, by God's mercy shall it, the king of England."

"Charles loves the pretty girls. Poll's the king's trumpeter—too—too—too—too," cried the parrot.

"Rather mal-apropos, Poll," said the king, laughing. "Just so, you devil bird—so it is, brother York, I never make a resolution to do well, but some mischief laughs me out of it—is it not even so, Buckingham?"

"Please your majesty, the Reverend Mister Case is in the waiting room."

"I will see him," said the king. "Do you know the person of this reverend gentleman?" inquired the king, of his royal brothers. "No, Sire." "Then you will see a very venerable looking minister, and, I believe, a good Christian." The king turned to play with his favourite par-

rot, and the duke of Buckingham looked towards Ormond, and smiled; when his majesty turning quickly round, said, "Buckingham, some there are, who insist that monkeys can speak. O! you reprobate, Villiers—I see—I shall cut with you—you are incorrigible."

"Sire, who but must smile, to hear a sermonising mock bird. On my word of honour, your majesty, I would give—my *bond* at least—for ten thousand nobles, to be master of my countenance equally with your majesty. 'Tis, royal Sire, an inviolable self-possession, and worth half the mint to a sovereign."

"And it please your majesty, the Reverend Mister Case." The old gentleman bowed very low as he approached, and the king with the most graceful condescension left the window, and approached two or three paces, when the pious minister, dropping on his knee, respectfully presented a paper, which his majesty received, and advanced his hand, which the old gentleman kissed, and the king raised him up.

"You are very punctual, reverend Sir," said the king.

"It is but my duty, Sire. I humbly venture

to trust, that your majesty will not altogether disapprove of the statements therein contained."

"I mean to read them with attention, reverend Sir," returned the king; when Mister Case bowed, and with an air that was very courtly, was bowing himself backwards towards the door; but the king, giving the paper to a gentleman in waiting, with that engaging voice and manner, which at once won the heart of every subject who approached his royal presence, said, "I have been delighting my eyes with the magnificent scene from this *bay window*, Mister Case."

The old gentleman, very sagaciously conceiving it an invitation to discourse, respectfully came forward a few steps—when the king added, directing his hand towards the view, and standing side-ways by the lattice, the royal dukes making way—"See, Sir," at the same time turning to each—"you know these—the Duke of York, and Prince Henry, to be my royal brothers, Sir." Mister Case bowed to each, and approached the window, and looking right and left, turning to the king, said—"It is indeed,

royal Sir, a magnificent scene—and viewed under a sky, serene and pacific, as though the heavens were propitious to this particular season;" looking up, and ejaculating with a countenance to be likened to one of Guido's saints, "The heavens declare thy glory, Lord!" whilst the tears ran fast down his cheeks.

King Charles felt that he had not an enemy in the world. His heart forgave all. He stood beside the pious minister, the happiest sovereign in the universe.

"Charles is over the water—poor king Charles!" cried the parrot. Never mock bird spoke so plain, or so plaintive before.

The venerable minister was sensibly moved, when the king, whose address was not the least of his many clever attributes, moving to the cage, said—"no, silly bird—you prate and prate," and turning with a smile, and placing his arm within the minister's—pressing it against his royal side, added, "we are on our own side the water at last, by God's mercy, and the loyalty of our good subjects—by your leave pretty poll."

Mister Case felt as in a celestial delirium—was in a state for translation; and as he observed to his reverend friend Mr. Calamy, when he returned from this visit to Whitehall—"O! the different manners of this noble prince, and those who, alas! so late tenanted this palace of his fathers."

"This is a very extraordinary bird—a very learned bird, my reverend Sir," said the king. "She is a great linguist—can speak you French, Italian, high German, Dutch, and, oh naughty bird, has given us a specimen this morning of our vernacular tongue. It is verily laughable—but, in the short voyage hither, the creature has picked up some of the sayings of the thoughtless sailors. But, my pretty bird, you must not say naughty words, or we shall be *indicted*, pretty Poll. You must not swear, Poll."

"Alas, Sire!" said the minister, "how many do these things with no more reflection than that poor senseless bird. But, fearful thought, their thoughtlessness will be but a weak plea to stay their condemnation."

"It *is* a fearful thought, Sir," replied the king. "It is strange, moreover, that an animal like this, should have that greatest gift of man —that noble attribute, speech—and yet to so fruitless a purpose, as it should seem at least."

"Yea, your majesty—and vain were our inquiry why the ape, another mocker of man, should have hands—another attribute of the human being—and humbly to use your majesty's thought—yet to so fruitless a purpose, as it should seem."

"Curious! but the moment before your coming hither, Mister Case, it was observed, that some have held that the monkey tribe could speak, but that they will not. 'Tis strange that certain philosophers will maintain such indefensible notions."

"But with profound deference, Sire. Do not too many human beings, parrot-like, exercise the tongue without thought, and the hands without reason—revile by habit, without *malice*, and do mischief without *evil intention?* Philosophers disturb themselves but too oft in inquiring of that they can never know—and are too

indifferent to perfect that which it is the very end of their being to understand. Alas! poor human nature—with all the pomp and pride of learning, how few of every age but play the parrot and the ape!"

"Hoy, there! the devil to pay, and no pitch hot," cried Poll.

Mister Case smiled, and his majesty laughed —so did the whole group. "Behold, royal Sire—in this have we not an answer to these idle speculatists, who argue for the intellect of the brute—how perfect the imitation of the voice of man; but with this singular faculty, royal Sire, is the parrot a whit the wiser than the goose? No, ye philosophers, the end of wisdom is to know but this, that the All-wise hath made man in the image of himself—but, alas! froward heir to immortality, thou temptest thy Father to reject thee by a wanton abuse of thy wisdom —to prove that the brute beast is alike heir to eternity;" when the sage old gentleman, very much to the surprise of the royal brothers, shook his head, and added with a smile, "it were a misfortune indeed for man, that monkies

found a tongue—for then the ape of his actions would do a world more mischief!"

"That reverend old gentleman is much better informed than I could have supposed, your majesty," observed the duke of York, as soon as he had made his bow and retired.

"Yes, brother York," added Prince Henry; "I did not expect to hear such close reasoning and pithy observation from one of your congregational men. I would trust, by the very visage, that he is a good man. How can we reconcile such clearness of perception in conversation, with the rhodomontade that is said to issue from the same mouths when in the conventicle!"

"Ah! my dear brothers," said the king, "when you have lived as *long* as I have, and seen as *much* (laughing) you will find, alas! that the best of men will speak wisely, and act foolishly—we must marvel at nothing. All mankind are the creatures of circumstance. So, pretty Poll," chirping to his favourite parrot, and looking at his watch—"it is time to prepare for the house—where majesty surrounded

by his peers must sit in state"—(and smiling, added in a whisper)—" and look as wise as Minerva's owl. Well, I must meet you, my worshipful peers—and may heaven lend wisdom to your councils."

## CHAPTER X.

### A RAMBLE THROUGH THE PALACE.

"*The palace, full of tongues, of eyes, of ears.*"—SHAKSPEARE.

"I humbly presume it did not escape your majesty's observation, the many old robes that have survived the wreck of state," said Buckingham.

"No," returned the king. "It is plain then Buckingham, that you had your eyes about you too."

"Please you Sire, I had figured to my imagination, that our noble peers right and left would have been likened to an old building repaired with a facing of new brick, with here and there a fragment of its ancient dinginess; but to my surprise, the old bricks predominate.

Surely the moths have been sparing of the patrician red robe."

"Why, Sir," replied the king, "the ancient nobility were used to pride themselves on the colour of their state; and you might almost, as 'tis said, have known the antiquity of the house by the murky colour of the outward garb of the noble individual, its representative. There were yet some new robes, glaring red, which imagination might suppose might well blush for the reputation of those whose consequence they wrapped; but that is past!—what a mighty concourse again this day; why surely, if it were not *sinful*, as of old, one might make a *census* of all my loving subjects of my three kingdoms, *now* in the British metropolis. I'faith, the good people of England appear to live out of doors. Is it the fine weather, or the fine sights, that make them thus idle?"

"Loyalty, sheer love and loyalty, your majesty may depend on't," replied Buckingham. "A glorious opportunity for a poll-tax, royal Sire."

The king smilingly answered, "Do not put evil thoughts into my head, Master Buckingham,

all in good time;" and sending for Vernon, desired him, when Lord Fairfax came, to conduct his lordship to the privy chamber, and to come and let him know; when his majesty, the two royal dukes, and Buckingham, the king taking his grace by the arm, said, "now let us see the state of our old palace."

The Duke of Ormond and the Earl of Southampton met his majesty in the lesser gallery, and being invited to join the party, the king desired doctor Christopher Wren to attend, who was in waiting.

His majesty received the learned doctor with great complacency, who kneeling, kissed the king's hand, and with emotion most respectfully congratulated his majesty on his safe and speedy voyage. Doctor Wren was much esteemed by his sovereign, whom he had the honour to visit in his exile.

"Great alterations, doctor, since I last walked through these apartments; how glorious were then these walls, every chamber a treasury of art, a tabernacle of human genius; the pride of our sacred father, the admiration, yea, the envy of foreign nations. Base—ignoble! for princes

too! thus to scramble for the spoils, and barter with rebel regicides for the treasures of wrecked majesty! Doctor Wren, I can utter these things in your hearing, for your father, Sir, was one amongst the few—alas! the very few, who raised his voice against these unworthy doings. I remember, Sir, when I was a boy, standing in this very banquetting room, and his majesty, my honoured father, standing there, Sir." Here the king looking towards the second window south from the entrance, turned pale, and taking off his hat, with an air of devotion, and after a solemn pause, said, "Brothers, that is the fatal window!" Every one present felt alike in their sympathy for his majesty and the royal brothers; when the king walking to the further end of the apartment, and looking up to the magnificent ceiling, painted by Rubens, he observed, with a smile, turning to the party, "this has escaped; I suppose it was out of the reach of the *Vandals!*" Then resuming his conversation with Doctor Wren, "I remember well, Sir, standing with the king under this glorious *plafond;* I could not be more than ten years old; when the dean, your father, and my Lord

Arundel, then earl marshal, brought a most curious book, entitled *Liber Niger*, with some limnings of the order of the garter, and the king desiring Sir Anthony Vandyke to prepare a scheme for painting the procession of the knights in their robes, all to be portraits, from the commencement of the order of the garter; such splendid notions had the king. What a subject for a picture, Sir, such a string of illustrious knights would have been glorious to behold; but neither was *that* to be. Pray, Doctor Wren, I wish you to assist me in recovering such of the portraits of my family as may be; that of his majesty on the white charger I should be glad to possess, as Mister Lely informed me that it did not go out of the country. That portrait the queen mother considers a very faithful resemblance. You cannot remember the picture, Gloucester, I should think — you were too young."

"Pardon me, your majesty; that too is one of the objects of my reminiscence; I will describe it. The king is resting his truncheon on his knees thus," placing himself in the very attitude. "The horse is foreshortened, and com-

ing forth from under an arch: Aye! and now I recollect there is some person on foot, bearing the king's helmet, looking up thus; and there is a shield in the right, or rather, speaking as the heralds more properly do, in the left or sinister corner. I have this visage of our sacred father now quite present. Surely his majesty is painted in that identical suit of armour which I saw yesterday eve in the outer guard room, it must be the same."

"It is, your royal highness," said Lord Southampton. "Vandyke preferred it for its simple beauty, it was made by an armourer at Shrewsbury; but I recollect her majesty, your royal mother, expressing a desire to have his majesty represented in a gorgeous suit, richly chased and inlaid, which was the work of *Benvenuto Cellini*. His majesty, however, with that fine taste which was manifested in all things, replied, 'no, madam, in this we must submit to the better judgment of the professor; I perceive that he has already painted the picture in his mind, and we must not disturb his arrangements; besides, your majesty,' adding with that condescending smile which can never be forgotten,"

(here his lordship uttered an involuntary sigh,) "and turning to the great limner; 'if our cousin Vandyke should fail of success, the fault is purely his, then has he no escape.'"

"The queen has often told me, that my father had a great affection for Sir Anthony. I endeavoured to search out by her majesty's particular desire, that miniature which his majesty gave to him, a portrait of himself, set with brilliants, when I was last at Antwerp; but in vain—I would give a thousand Jacobuses, nay, twice that sum, to possess myself of it; the queen says, of all that were drawn it is the most faithful; some day perchance it will come to light."

"No one reverenced his royal patron more than that distinguished painter; I speak as well of mine own knowledge as of general report, your majesty," said Lord Southampton; "he certainly was a man of sagacity and penetration: his late majesty, of venerable memory, indeed, entertained so favourable an opinion of his judgment, that he often condescended to consult him upon matters of foreign policy; and I venture to believe that his majesty confided some

private negociations to his agency, on the faith of his honour and integrity. Vandyke, like his illustrious preceptor Rubens, was a most accomplished gentleman."

"Sir Kenelmn Digby, your majesty," said his Grace of Ormond, "assured me that Vandyke, a short time before his decease, in a conversation with Sir Kenelmn, spoke of public affairs as if he really had been gifted with a prophetic view of the troubles that so long desolated the kingdom; saying, as he parted with his beloved friend, Vandyke, for the last time, that he with tears exclaimed—'Sir, the genius and superior intellect of this amiable prince hath budded, blossomed, and ripened a century before its time. Yes, Sir Kenelmn, a peerless plant, already blighted by the pestilential breath of dread fanaticism—and holy heaven prevent its being torn up by the unrelenting hand of republican faction.'"

"Say you so, Sir Anthony!" exclaimed the king; "such a genius deserved such a patron. Then my thoughts of our honoured sire are not too partial. Yes, I have thought, and still do think, that had this holy king been born in a

more enlightened age, his accomplished mind, and from all that I have been able to gather—aye, from discerning, honest men—the benevolence of his very nature, to say nothing of his incomparable virtues, would have endeared him to a people who could have known how to appreciate a being so much above the common mould; a man, in comparison with whom, those princes and rulers I have seen or known of by report—I speak of his compeers—are but as—But enough of this—he might be wrong; kings, yea, even the wisest, best, are not infallible! He would have set all right had heaven so willed. Alas! they cast away a pearl inestimable!"

"This great Vandyke," resumed the king, methinks was taken off before his time—a young man, compared with the usual longevity of those like him, whose pursuits are philosophical and scientific. How many could one name, whose lives, spent in the tranquil bower of study, have been spun out by the fates to almost patriarchal length; though, I recollect, poor Vandyke was a martyr to the gout. No: neither the diadem nor genius, can bribe the tyrant to withhold his

hand; all alike—the great, the good, the rich, the poor, the wicked, foolish, and the wise—alike cut down and swept into the pitiless grave!"

"Yes, your majesty," said Lord Southampton; "he was a great sufferer from that inscrutable disease; yet such was his ardour for his art, that when he could not stand before his larger works—when, indeed, his feet wrapped in flannel, he reclined upon the couch, he would, propped with cushions, make small limnings of his friends, which, slight memoranda as they were, he occasionally touched upon at after times, and he had an elegant little chamber hung with these, which he named his gallery of British worthies; and I remember me of a conversation which his late most gracious majesty had with this good man, and which my honoured sovereign was pleased to relate to me himself. One day, his majesty visiting Sir Anthony, at his residence in the Blackfriars, where, at his leisure, the good king delighted to go to see his limner at his studies, his majesty offered to purchase these said rough drafts off the walls, saying, 'I will build a cabinet for them at Whitehall.' When the painter, with due expressions

of respect for the honour intended, said—'May it please you, Sire, I should be most proud that your majesty would condescend to choose any or all, would you honour me by accepting them gratuitously, as an humble offering to my royal and most munificent patron; but, Sire,' (smiling) 'I cannot give up my friends for gold.' With which answer, and moreover the manner in which it was said, his majesty was greatly pleased, who, turning to my Lord Pembroke, he being present, observed—'It were well that all mankind thought as nobly as our faithful friend and servant, Master Vandyke.' It was not long after this interview, your majesty, that our late most gracious sovereign presented the miniature of his own royal person to this great artist."

"I recollect my Lord Northumberland telling me of a conversation between his late majesty and Sir Anthony, at which he was present," resumed the king, who delighted in anecdote, and most condescendingly related a thousand agreeable circumstances to those about his royal person, with a manner and ease peculiarly his own; "I recollect it well—the late king was

speaking to Vandyke upon the subject of poetry, having taken a morning ride on horseback, over London bridge, to the old church of St. Saviour's, to see the monument of Gower, whose effigy lies recumbent on the tomb, the countenance of which is said to have been carved from a *gess* cast from his visage after death. From this tomb Master Hollar was then making a drawing, by desire of his majesty, who brought it to Vandyke's study. 'Think you that this bears evidence of being so modelled?' demanded the king. 'Judging from this copy of Master Hollar's, your majesty, I should think it not unlikely,' returned Sir Anthony: 'for I have found, comparing different carvings of the same persons, amongst ancient monumental sculpture, be they in marble, in metal, or in wood, that they are generally so compatible with each other, that I should venture to think, with Master Camden, that the native artists worked from some accredited archetype, and most probably from a cast of the face.' 'I am of that opinion, too,' replied the king my father; 'and I have no doubt that the bust of Master William Shakspeare, on his tomb at St. Mary's, Strat-

ford, is a carving from a like prototype, though it is not like any picture of that great genius which I have yet seen.' When Sir Anthony, who was well read in our literature, said to his majesty, 'Had I, Sire, lived in Shakspeare's day, I should have endeavoured to catch a ray of his inspiration, and made my art in his divine person, to share in his immortality; for doubtless,' added the ingenuous foreigner, 'he is the greatest poet that the world has ever known.'" When, having related this anecdote, his majesty added—"Shakspeare, too, was he not born an age before his proper age?" Then casting a look around the noble hall in which he stood, his majesty continued, extending his hand, "Here, again, is all that ever was perfected of that vast design which was projected by another luminary—that Master Inigo Jones—who wanted only another *Pericles* to bid him create another Athens." Thus did King Charles love to speak of the genius of his native country.

The king now passed onwards to an ancient apartment, still designated Wolsey's study, the lofty gothic windows of which commanded a view over the wall up to the vista of St. James's

Park, where, to the right, appeared the tower and turrets of the old palace, from which the late sovereign had walked on that chill morning, the fatal twenty-ninth of January, hence to perish on the scaffold.

"There is the old spot—the scene of our boyhood; there is the summit of the north gate. Gloucester, do you remember the cupola there?"

"Perfectly," replied the prince; "how pleasing are the impressions of our infantine associations. As I live, I am at this moment thrown back to the very moments of my childhood. The nursery must have been immediately over this apartment, for I recollect our poor dear sister* amusing me by pointing out the golden ball—there it is now blazing in the sun—there, beneath the vane—and her desiring me to look at that pretty orange; and I verily remember, once—doubtless I was a froward

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* This sister, princess Elizabeth, who died a prisoner at Carisbrook Castle, Isle of Wight.

brat—crying, because old Maxwell, the page, would not fetch me this said orange. Heaven! well may it puzzle philosophy to unravel the mystery of memory: things perished, or entirely lost in the mighty void of oblivion, thus called into life again, as it were, assuming substance and reality; verily, I could trace out the palace garden on this floor with a piece of chalk—every walk, aye, every parterre, and I see before me that holy father of ours, regulating his watch by the sun dial, that stood upon a pedestal of Greek workmanship; no—it was a Roman altar with masks at each corner, and one that grinned, which the gardeners used to call Patch, or Puckle, the queen's fool—yes, it were all but as yesterday!"

"Humph!" ejaculated the king, in a way not to be heard, or as he would not be noticed, a frown stealing over that brow which was almost ever serene. This momentary feeling was excited by casting a look upon a very superb organ which had belonged to Oliver Cromwell, the protector. "The man had some taste, however," said the king, pulling out one of the

stops; "I am told this is a fine instrument," said his majesty; "come, brother Gloucester, you sit down and oblige us."

"If your majesty will pardon me for the present."

"My dear Henry—I know—forgive me."

"It is very weak—I will, your majesty," said the amiable prince.

"No, my dear brother: by and bye we shall master these feelings – do you oblige me, Villiers."

Buckingham smiled, seated himself, and began pulling out the stops; when, turning round to the Duke of Ormond, "will your grace condescend to play bag-piper?"

He now seized the first occasion to raise the spirits of his sovereign, when Doctor Wren offering his services, the Duke of Ormond interposed, saying, "Nay, Sir, by permission, I am appointed bellows blower of the palace—his most gracious majesty has other places to bestow upon men of your superior genius." When Buckingham, leaving his seat, and begging Ormond to stop, with an assumed caution peeped behind the instrument, saying—"Now you may commence your office with safety, my noble Sir;

but I thought, perchance, some household devil of old Noll's might have been still lurking there," which set all the party laughing, saving and excepting my Lord Southampton, who, however, could not forbear to smile.

The gay Duke, who had a fine taste for music, was a performer on the organ, and a capital amateur player on the violin, placing his fingers on the keys, turned to his majesty, saying—"An anthem, Sire, or an hymn?" beginning one of the conventicle airs, accompanying it with a snuffling voice; when Southampton, beginning to fidget, the king said, "No, no, Buckingham," when he changed the style, and playing a few beautiful chords, his majesty and all the party pronounced it an incomparably fine instrument. Buckingham then dashed off into that offensive cavalier air, "*Round-headed Cuckolds come Dig*," when the roaring of the organ only outroared the laughter of the illustrious group; until the king, who always bore his wits about him, cried stop; but the madcap duke either did not, or would not hear his sovereign: Ormond, however, suddenly stopped the bellows, which of course put an end to the

frolic, and possibly saved the reputation of the king: for it was considered political, for a certain time at least, to preserve every appearance of decorum, as there were known spies set on, to communicate to the remnant of the fanatics, all the private proceedings of the royal brothers, and the household of the palace.

"There is something very imposing in the *tout ensemble* of this chamber," said the king; "doubtless this roof, which strikes me to be well designed, was put up in the days of Wolsey. It is of the same character with the hall of Christ Church—Cardinal College, as it was aptly designated in that proud prelate's days—Wolsey, however, with all his faults, was a man of taste. I remember our good father used to admire this roof—Doctor Wren, you know Sir Kenelm Digby, I presume?"

"I have that honour, your majesty."

"Well, Sir, his opinions upon works of art, I never yet knew the man who would dispute; Sir Kenelm has told me—honestly, I believe on my conscience, that the king my father, Sir, had so vast a scope of human knowledge, that had

he been reduced to labour for his means, he could have lived by practising any one of all the leading arts. He was a fine musician—could make perspective drafts—was skilled in architecture—could model the just proportions of the human figure, and exhibited no mean execution in the painter's art. In the noble science of geometry, he would dispute ably with professors; but this were vain in me, were it not, that he is no more! And whether he were my father or your father, Sir, or one of the meanest of my subjects, such a man should have, to a tittle, all that appertaineth to his posthumous fame. The living, are they not the guardians of the reputation of the dead? Thus much of him, good king. Yes! that which he approved, Doctor Wren, is flattering to me, when, by chance, I find any one object of my admiration happens to run in the channel of his superior thought; that, Sir, is ever a standard whereby to assay the value of my taste. Sir, I have some fine pictures coming over sea: think you this chamber had better remain as it is, with the tapestry hangings, or would certain of these

pictures improve the effect? They are figure compositions—somewhere about half the size of life."

"Permit me to ask your majesty if our late sovereign had paintings in this chamber?"

"Yes: the walls of every room were gorgeous with painted designs; but I recollect that herein were nought but portraits of eminent persons of the times past—Holbein's handy-works. Now, Sir, herein, again, we behold the king's unerring judgment in affairs of taste: a maxim with his majesty was fitness; he held it, Doctor Wren, as indispensable—as an axiom incontrovertible—'Where there is not fitness,' his majesty would say, 'the eye, even of the illiterate, will not be satisfied, though they cannot tell you why.' There, Sir, I well remember, hung Sir Thomas More," pointing to the space on the hangings; "there Erasmus, and there Dr. Linacre; and in that recess, a merry picture, at which *Heraclitus* himself might fain have laughed. It was a curious piece, to be sure, by Holbein also, of *Will Somers*, the renowned jester at the court of King Henry the Eighth."

"Surely, your majesty, I remember that

too: the merry fellow," said Prince Henry, "was represented behind a lattice, grinning and tapping with his knuckle on the glass, as though he were inviting the passing stranger to look round, that he might make them grimaces for their pains. Yes, I remember dear Elizabeth standing upon a cabinet behind a casement in the closet of the narrow gallery above, and tapping the glass and playing off this picture, putting her little finger of each hand thus—and elongating her sweet mouth—and Lady Northumberland chiding her, and threatening to tell the queen. Would I could see that picture now—it would recall numberless fond recollections of things so remote, that makes one feel to have lived in infancy a thousand years ago."

"Dear, sweet Bessy!" ejaculated the king; "she was playful as a kid. Alas! poor princess! No friend near to close thine eyes! She who had done no evil—pure and spotless here on earth, as the sister angels with whom, doubtless, she is now in Paradise!"

Thus did King Charles apostrophize those from whom the evil destinies that had so long prevailed over the affairs of the royal house of Stuart, had

separated him, at that period of life, too, when the affections are ardent and the sensibilities are strong: whilst now the royal children were fatherless, and the royal brothers and sisters, all single, had no new ties to weaken that fraternal fondness which, upon all good hearts, waxeth stronger by the increase of mutual misfortune.

The king was fondly devoted to his family, and, at his first coming over, almost every object in the palaces of his forefathers reminded him of some dire visitation, during the eventful period of the civil war.

His majesty now passed from one apartment to another, suggesting alterations and improvements, when he arrived at the great gallery, where a number of workmen were employed in putting up a suite of hangings, which had been made at the looms of Sir Francis Crane, at Mortlake, and which had been preserved from the general spoils, when the palaces had been dismantled of their state grandeur by order of the parliament.

"I had heard this tapestry had been purchased by the Spanish ambassador, and sent to Madrid with that glorious *Venus del Pardo*, by Titiano,

and other incomparable works by the great Venetian. You remember that marvellous picture, my dear Buckingham?"

"I do, royal Sire," returned his grace, with a profound sigh; "and associate with the remembrance, the noble duke my father. Your majesty may not know, perhaps, that that master-piece of Venetian art was a present from the late Duke of Buckingham to his royal master. Perdition seize!—"

"Nay, my dear Villiers, curse not."

"I humbly demand pardon, Sire: it is profitless, and disrespectful in your presence."

"Nay, my Buckingham," returned the king, with that generous consideration which made him in the instant recollect how the late duke was sometimes apt to speak with unlicensed freedom in his presence: "Nay, my Buckingham," taking him by the hand, "there is one in whose presence I am nought!"

Buckingham felt the delicacy of the rebuke, and bowed, when the king added, "We have both suffered—our misfortunes are in some sort parallel. You lost a noble sire, and I; but my holy father's last injunction, which he wrote

from his prison there," (directing his hand towards St. James's) "was, 'call not on heaven, my Charles, to curse my enemies, nor thy enemies, as you hope for divine mercy and protection.' Though, alas! in the bitterness of my sorrow, when I discovered that the heartless ruffians had refused to receive my mother's petition, I then violated the pious king's injunction." When having said thus much, with that sincere piety with which his majesty occasionally admonished certain amongst his thoughtless companions, he added, with a smile, "We have too, too often, my dear duke, imprecated idly and wantonly; but I remember not, but on this dread occasion, ever to have cursed mine enemies."

His majesty now suddenly stepped forward, and calling to one of the men on the temporary scaffold, at some considerable height, "My good man, have a care, or you will fall!" which caution was most providential, for almost in the instant the purchase of one of the supports drew the nails of a prop, and the man, who was aged, saved himself by catching hold of a carved shield that projected from the cornice; even the

other men on the scaffold were in jeopardy, until the king, with no less presence of mind than skill, snatched from the floor a stout silken rope, and with the dexterity of an old seaman, twisting a running noose, flung it with excellent aim to those who were nearest the pole, directing one of the workmen, with admirable address and caution, to sling it on the pole: the which being effected, he bade him throw the line over another shield, and pull it tight, by which means the scaffold was secured until each descended the ladder in safety. The men were overcome with astonishment and gratitude at this act of his majesty, and threw themselves at his feet, blessing him for his goodness; when his majesty said, "Rise my honest men, and remember, I charge you, never to trust to a nail whilst you can procure a rope." When, turning to Doctor Wren, he added, "The good king was used to say, 'Never set your foot on a carpenter's scaffold—it is your bricklayers who erect these things with address.'"

Just now, one of the pages crossed from one door to the other, at the upper end of the gallery, who proceeding towards the king, his majesty

said, " hold, I will speak with you there," when walking to the end of the apartment—Doctor Wren, addressing himself to the Duke of Ormond, said, " but for that presence of mind of his majesty, my lord duke, there would have been a fatal accident. I confess to my discredit, although I had been looking in the same direction with his majesty, the danger escaped my observation," adding, " what a kind, noble prince !"

" You say truly, Doctor Wren," replied the duke ; " Sir, the nation is not aware of what it has lost, in the absence of the sovereign. Great as most truly were the capacities of that royal Sire, of whose memory our king is so justly proud, yet, Sir, I say it to you, a man of science, that the mind of our king is as generally informed, and no less capacious ; neither in goodness of heart is his majesty inferior, and in gracious condescension, Sir, this king of ours is peerless : Sir, even in his lowest estate, his majesty was idolized by the commonality in Holland, who, Sir, were used to say, England deserved not such a prince."

His majesty returning to the two dukes, and

Lord Southampton, the royal brothers having retired to one of the windows, the king fixing his attention to the workman, who was about to remount the ladder—"Pray what may be your age, friend?" He had an intelligent countenance, and his hair was silver grey.

"I am seventy-seven, and it please your majesty, this very day."

"So!" replied the king, "then had it been a fatal natal day had you fallen from that height; how far do you reckon it, Doctor Wren? I should—let me see—'tis eighteen feet as near as may be; neither six inches more or less."

"That, and please you, Sir, is the altitude, within two inches; I measured it, your majesty, for the carpenters." The king had a most extraordinary faculty for estimating distance. "Altitude!" repeated his majesty, struck with the word, and contemplating the visage of the grey-headed respondent. "My friend, at your time of life, is it not perilous for you to climb so high? What is your calling, my good man?"

"I was a tapestry weaver, and i tplease your majesty in better days. I am now anything,

at present employed as labourer to your majesty's upholder."

"Yesterday was *my* birthday, my honest friend," said the king. "It was nobly celebrated," turning to the dukes, with his usual playful smile, "and to-day thou shalt celebrate thine. I know your face, you worked at the king's manufactory, at Mortlake, for Sir Francis Crane. What, and you too have been a sufferer. Ah! the skilful in the arts of peace, were driven to the wall indeed. My Lord Southampton, I should have not forgotten, that the king my father used to say, in speaking of arts he understood, the weaving of tapestry only excepted, that was too complex; in that his majesty confessed that he was unknowing. Why my friend," again addressing the aged artisan, "surely your skilful workman at the loom would earn you from five to six marks a week?"

"Yea, your gracious majesty, I had made even more than that, whilst working on this very tapestry for that holiest, best of kings. These your majesty were golden days; but alas!"—Here the ingenious artisan absorbed a tear with

the back of his aged hand—"I remember your majesty, then the young prince of Wales, coming to Mortlake with their majesties, in the royal barge; and your majesty's royal mother, the gracious lady, giving us a purse, and begging us an afternoon's holiday, and our feasting at her royal expence."

"Yes, I'faith, and that calls to my recollection, that you all of you got pretty deep into your cups; and that his majesty, who," (looking round at Buckingham) "could not endure your topers, was displeased at your feasting, in the true old English style, ha-ha, ending in fighting. Yes, I remember it well. And so the world has frowned upon you—good old man. Well, I desire you do not mount the scaffold again, and take this—what is your name, Sir?" "Plantagenet, your majesty." "Hey!" said the king, adding three more Jacobuses to the little purse which he held, making the gift five. "There then, that is more worthy, cousin Plantagenet," when the tapestry weaver, impressed with the gracious bounty of the king, looked at the purse, and then at the royal donor, and bowing, was retiring in silence, until the king

recalling him, said, "I will find you some more worthy employment, Master Plantagenet, if I discover that you are the good man that is written on your brow.

"Yes, that was a thriving concern at Mortlake," continued the king. "Sirs, the setting the threads, to work the pattern in the loom, the weaving of tapestry altogether, is perhaps one of the most ingenious of all human arts. Pity that so fine an institution should have become a wreck, with all else that was thus designed to raise the mental superiority of our people to vie with those of the Augustan age. Plantagenet!—hold! one of you good men, go and bring him again to me. By the way, how admirably have the colours stood in the hangings at the house of lords; the silver thread, however, I perceived was tarnished; the prevention of which had been a main desideratum with Master Crane, and all his predecessors, until his majesty proposed steeping the wire in some solvent, which, whether it were efficacious or not;"—here the old artisan returned. "O! I would enquire, whether you are of the family of

your name at Shrewsbury, Master Plantagenet?"

"I am and please your majesty; it was my elder brother who wrought that suit of armour for his late majesty, which is now in the guard-room of this palace, and I remember it was said, with humble submission to your majesty, to have been one of the most masterly works that ever came from the hammer."

"And is your brother living? I think your family had been armourers from time immemorial. I remember Master Plantagenet coming to fit on the rivets at Windsor, and his majesty, with his usual condescension to all ingenious men, taking your brother to that incomparable wrought-iron monument, the ingenious workmanship of the smith at Antwerp, *Quintin Matsys*; that, my Lord Southampton, at the right of the altar, in St. George's Chapel, and his saying to the king—he would have walked a thousand miles to behold such a wondrous piece of art. Well, and is your brother alive?"

"No, royal Sir, I am the last of the Plantagenets." His majesty smiled. "Well then,"

added the king, "this is a propitious moment perchance; and we will do something for that ancient house."

"Ah, most honoured Sire," said the old tapestry weaver, "were it not too bold in me to speak in your royal presence, that honest man never held up his head after that day which I dare not name."

"The twenty-ninth of the first sad month of forty-eight," said the king, deeply interested in the old man's tale.

"Alas! even so, royal Sire—but long ere that, with his own *sledge* he beat his forge to pieces, buried his anvils, and threw away his tools, saying, accursed be the hand that maketh aught to arm rebellion against the Lord's anointed. He had sent the little he had saved of his hard earnings to the mint at York, for the royal service; for he laboured not so much for profit as fame, and, for he was always a man of retired notions, he went moping about, 'till at last—I verily believe, please your majesty—and he was not the only one of many I could name—he died of a broken heart."

The king cast a most benignant look upon

the last of the Plantagenets, and walked away, saying, "Ah! my Buckingham! had the hearts, and not the hands of his people, decided the question, I had not stood here a fatherless prince! That man, I'd be sworn, by every trait of his physiognomy, is deserving a better fate."

The king relapsed into one of his recent habits of melancholy, which, though the natural buoyancy of his spirits suffered not to be lasting; yet cast an expression of gloom on that countenance, which under all deprivations was usually gay; when returning to Wolsey's study, with the illustrious party, on going to the window, the parrot squalled, "*D ——n the dogs, here they come again*;" which unexpected salutation roused the king and all the party at once into a merry vein.

"Yes! Poll," said his majesty, "and now I must prepare to *meet them*, though there are some noble souls yet left, worthy to inherit the soil; yes! doubtless! of many grades, aye!—as well as the Plan—tag—ge—nets!"

The king thus playfully bent the exclamation of the bird to the business upon which he was now upon the point of commencing; namely,

the granting audience to his loving people; who, from all parts of the empire, came crowding to the palace to kiss hands: His majesty refusing none.

"But pray, who taught you to abuse *my dogs*, pretty Poll?* I do think this is you, Villiers."

"Nay, your majesty, and be it your pleasure, ask the informer. I would wager my George and garter, that it is some pretty spoken *lady-birds*. Sweet Lucy Waters, or—perchance, Madam Anglo Dutch, or ——

"Fye! Master Villiers! be discreet," said his majesty, with a smile. "We must not whisper these things at Whitehall;" when looking at his watch, his majesty exclaimed, "Heigh-ho! I wish this ceremony were ended, I would

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* The king was used to allow his favourite dogs to lie about in his apartments, and even to bring forth their puppies in the rooms wherein he sat, to the annoyance of the cleanly habits of his attendants, who, out of their royal master's hearing used to utter exclamations which the king knew full well were those which the parrot repeated.

give my bonnet full of gold, now this bright heavenly day, to ramble about and see what is to be seen. So Charing-cross is no more! *Vernon* tells me they burnt the old protector in effigy last night, there, opposite the Mews gate; I hope none of my servants had any share in the frolic; better let these foolish things alone. Pray, my Lord Southampton, have you heard what is become of Master Richard Cromwell, or his brother; both expatriate I suppose? Poor Gentlemen, I hope they *are* afar off, for these doings must have been unpalatable, yea, very distressing, for ruffian that he was, still the name of father! *ah—there's the rub*, as that prince of play-wrights has it. To be sure, as Poll says, *Master Dick is a fool*, as for the other, they tell me, that he is a man of some parts. Ye Gods! to think that this family should have thus ruled it here!"

The king soon after this retired to the audience chamber, and commenced the ceremony of receiving his subjects, being seated in a crimson chair, raised only one step from the floor, on which was placed a wide crimson velvet cushion, for the better convenience of kneeling—which

cushion, however, and another—and another—were completely thread-bare during the several weeks which his majesty, for some hours almost daily, thus gave audience for the gratification of his people. This wear and tear caused Killegrew to propose to the Duke of Buckingham, in the royal presence too, the wag, with great gravity, "whether it would not be well to speculate in a monopoly of velvet?" adding, "with deference, your Grace, had the cushions been wrought in alabaster, these *loyal* devotees, in their worship of the holy Saint Charles, would have worn it like the shrine of Thomas à Becket."

His majesty the first day, remained almost suffocated in the midst of this croud of devotees, until six o'clock, at which hour it had been signified by a placard at the palace gate, his majesty would retire—yet such was the general vanity, particularly amongst the country gentry, to return to their old grandams and others, ancients of their houses, neighbours, and friends, who from age or decrepitude could not journey it to London, to tell them of their being amongst the first who had been thus honoured—or such

the inconsiderateness of others, who for the sake of a sight, forgot that kings have any mortal right to have the feelings of mortals—that thousands remained about the entrance to the palace, as though, to speak in modern phrase, "the doors were to be re-opened at half-price."

This first day's ceremony being ended, and the last, who was a fat, unwieldy knight, and his portly lady, from Shropshire, having bowed and curtseyed themselves out, and the door of the apartment being closed, his majesty wiped his brow and smiled; when Buckingham, with that incomparable gaiety which had so often supported his sovereign in his sad moments of reflection, made a most profound bow towards the door, saying, "*we* are duly thankful for all mercies—ergo, thank ye for coming—and thank ye for going, my beloved;" which made the king smile, and observe to the Duke of Ormond, "it is even as the queen mother says, *that Buckingham is incurable!*"

His majesty then taking from his pocket a small case, with ass-skin leaves, made some private memoranda, seemingly absorbed in deep reflection; during which space, he wrote in

short hand, with his plummet, with great rapidity, the royal brothers and the nobles preserving the most profound silence. It was supposed that his majesty, who had a remarkable faculty for remembering persons, was noting down some reminiscences, which, whatever were his thoughts, he never disclosed—no, not even to their royal highnesses. Many persons, however, paid their devoirs to the king that memorable day, and shed tears at the foot of the throne, who had not had the grace even to sigh at the sad tragedy of the father of him whom they now seemed to approach with expressions of devotion almost profane. The king closed *his account*, clasped the covers, and returned it to his pocket, turning to his illustrious attendants, and with a most gracious smile, passing his hand over his brow, said—"pardon me, for thus keeping you standing, and taking each of his royal brothers by the arm, proceeded again to Wolsey's study, where going to the window, and throwing the casements wide open, he exclaimed, "O! how refreshing is this breeze, cooled by that salubrious old flood."

"Charley loves the pretty girls," cried the

parrot—" ha-ha-ha," and then gave the boatswain's whistle.

" Well, Poll, and some pretty samples we have had," said the king. " Yes, Poll, some pretty pouting lips have pressed that hand within the last week," taking the fond bird by the crest, when Poll caught his majesty's forefinger in her claw, and playfully drew it towards her mouth—" hold, you minx," said the king, placing his left hand between, " if you do damage there, you must suffer, Poll, for that is the king's show hand, you silly thing. I'faith, I never thought of that," resumed his majesty, smiling, " what a misfortune it were for a sovereign prince to have a plebeian paw, such as ——, but he, that man is a bear, aye, Poll, in more than his skin." This apostrophe, doubtless, spoke the king's feelings of some slight, whilst in his exile. A silver basin and ewer were brought, and a page poured water over his majesty's hands, which was pellucid as the mountain rill. " Is this from Wolsey's conduit ?" enquired his majesty. " It is, Sire," answered the page. " Is it not strange !" returned the king, " but I think I may aver, that I have

dreamed of allaying my thirst at this said conduit, an hundred times; and whilst in that lingering fever, which you remember I caught at the Brill, my dear Buckingham—I would have given twice its weight in gold for a single draught. I suppose 'tis so with other mortals. *O! dulce domum!*"

"I have a recollection of his majesty, your royal father, Sire, and of my father, and Sir Kenelmn Digby, assaying the properties of this spring, in comparison with that of Bayswater," said Buckingham, "but forget the result."

"I can tell you, Sir," replied the king, who was fond of chemical analysis, himself no mean disciple of the existing school of that branch of natural philosophy. "Bayswater had the preference, being nearer to that neutral purity, necessary for most purposes of science;" entering minutely into a description of its component parts, when the conversation was diverted by the gentleman usher, saying, "my Lord Fairfax humbly requests your majesty's acceptance of a box of dried fruits from Moggadore, arrived this afternoon." The box was

opened, when the king taking a slice of dried nectarine, said, " how grateful to the palate—what a delicious zest—all factitious heat fails of this. There is a flavour given by that glorious luminary, with which all human art may not compete. Bring a knife, fork, and plate—you shall taste, my friends. Vernon, tell them I desire to have these on my table with the desert. Sirs, if this bright sun continues, why not try these things in England? Surely those fields afar, or my sight deceives me," looking upon the heights over St. George's-fields, " are one mass of golden butter cups. Once I remember sweet *Bessey*, gathering a basket of these, and weaving of them a garland, placed them on thy flaxen pole, brother Henry, saying, ' thus I crown you king,' and Lady Northumberland, with a long face—the virtuous woman—chiding, saying —' nay, *Lady Lizzy*, that must be for the Prince of Wales,' when you my dear Harry, looking fierce as the *Tudor* of old, drew your tiny wooden sword, and strutting up to her ladyship, said, ' let who dare dispute my crown.' I never thought, brother, that your hair would

have darkened thus. Mine, the queen says, was a black little pole, when I was yet in the nursery."

"Another black prince, your majesty," said the Duke of Gloucester, smiling.

"Even so, Hal—by the way, Mister Lely told me at Breda, that the widow of Hoskins, has in her possession, a very curious limning of Edward, the black prince—a bust the size of life, which he purchased of the rogue committee, and that it is painted in oil, and bears evidence of coeval art. Yet it is recorded, that *Vaneyck* was the discoverer of that process for using the pigments. What, if some ingenious ancient of our soil, should after all be the inventor of this method of limning! I'faith, it were well worthy the inquiry. I must remember to put this to Master Elias Ahmole, as that gentleman is indefatigable in these researches. Why not an Englishman? there is old Roger Bacon, so many ages since, if we are to trust to his catalogue, knew all that hath been discovered in the wide range of human knowledge, before and since. Let us proud Islanders set about it, and dispute

this point with Master John of Brughes—this *Mynheer* Vaneyck."

"Your majesty, I have a recollection that his late majesty went into that enquiry, and that the keeper of the records in the Tower of London, did at the instance of the honoured king, discover amongst that treasury of ancient archives, some precepts issued from the board of green cloth, as long since as the time of King Henry the Third, wherein oil and varnish are particularly specified as delivered to his *majesty's maker of pictures;* by which document it was satisfactorily proved, that this process was not unknown in England full two centuries prior to the period of John of Brughes. I further remember, Sire, that his late majesty expressed himself much gratified by the discovery."

"Thank you, my lord," said the king. "Ah, Sir—you can bear testimony to our beloved father's patriotic pride touching these matters. Had he lived, and his people had felt as he felt, what a proud epoch had been that of his reign. The mental light of England no sooner dawned, than it was extinguished. By God's grace, we

will see if the sun of taste shall rise again o'er this long afflicted land ; but, did it ever occur to you, my Lord Southampton, for you were at man's estate, and coeval with these times—Did it never occur to you, that with the fall of my father, my lord, the arts all over Europe seemed all but eclipsed? For, I say it with sorrow, who have we now can compete with those coeval with him? I could dwell upon this theme!" but, looking upon his watch, a familiar custom with his majesty—" but, we cannot live upon these fond phantasies—and, my good Sirs, 'tis time to think of the banquet," when taking another survey of the surrounding scene, from the open casement, his majesty added, " it is a pity not to be abroad to recreate in this soft season of the day—would I were within sight of thy fair towers, old Windsor!"

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE PAGES' TABLE.

*"Take notice, Lords, he has a loyal breast, for you have seen him open't."* SHAKSPEARE.

"WHO the devil in hell, ever heard of such a thing?" exclaimed Mr. Griffiths; "very truly, as his majesty said, had any one of us been standing underneath this picture, his head had not been worth a groat."

"It might have lighted on yours with little damage methinks,' said Mr. Rogers, "for you know that the king desired the affair might be kept secret."

"Pho! pho!" replied Griffiths—"Secret! why yes, if we were going to proclaim it at the

Royal Exchange, or placard it there on the sign-post of the golden cross."

"Yes! but why bray it out before that old Worcester man? Think you not he will bruit it about in his neighbourhood."

"He—he! what, Master Penderil! the gentleman who would maintain that, is not worthy to eat the king's bread. Surely, neither would your wise *caput* have been grievously damaged, had you been in the way."

"Come—come, a truce to this bantering," cried Mr. Cordwell, the elder of the pages—"you are both in the wrong, but, to make such an observation of Master Penderil—that upright, trust-worthy, noble yeoman."

"Really, I am ashamed—such a suspicion were unworthy any where—for heaven's sake, gentlemen, let such a thought never be held under the royal roof—Sir, it were the highest injury upon our royal master."

"Well—well. I draw in my horns," said Griffiths. "I spoke thoughtlessly—I hope, however, Mister Rogers, with deference, that I have as profound a respect for our sovereign and royal master as my neighbours. I have

not flinched from his majesty's fortunes, nor never murmured at the arrears of board wages, more than some, who are now so mouthful of tenderness for his majesty's reputation; but, as for the good old farmer, God preserve him! and I think him a plain, honest-hearted soul. He reminds me in the face of my poor father."

"Humph!" replied Rogers, smiling to the other pages—"But, with all due respect for you, my noble colleague—Do not expect to father that upon our credulity.—Excuse me, Mister Griffiths, you say you love men who speak their mind."

"I do, Sir," returned the other—"I admire your candour, but I cannot exactly compliment your politeness." At this moment Master Penderil entered with another of the pages; when every one very kindly inquired how he felt himself, and made him sit at the top of the board, at the right hand of the carver, Mr. Cordwell. Penderil begged to be allowed to sit lower—the company appeared to him so much superior to his rank; but one said, out of pretence, to quiet his modest objections—"that, Mister Penderil, is the place assigned you by

his majesty." Penderil's good sense seated him without further debate.

"Shall I help you to fish, Master Penderil?" said the presiding page.

"I thank thee, Sir—after these gentlemen, an' it please you."

"Why no," replied the page, very good humouredly—"you will excuse me—it is held to be polite, whoever is served first at table, to take it without ceremony—you must pardon me for this."

"Bless thee, do not talk of pardon—I think it be a main good law, bin that it must save a world o' trouble: moreover 'cording to my poor notion, 'tis right it were so, for certain he who sits a top at the *boord* should be allowed to judge whom it be his pleasure to prefer as 'twere. Pardon! bless thee, I thank thee heartily, Sir, for thy kind notice. At the same time, you courtly gentlemen will make all due allowance for a plain yeoman, who ha' seen but little of manners in his time."

"Why as for that, Master Penderil," said Mr. Oger, the serjeant of the poultry, with a smile, "cry your mercy there; you have sat

down to the board, with one who is master of three kingdoms—whilst we must bow and bend to those, who even stand in his royal presence."

"That be a mistake o' thine, Sir—I beg thee pardon, Sir, poor folk as we war, and as we be —we were not wanting in manners so far as that. There be not one o' the family, neither my mother, who lately be gone to her long home, nor one of us five brothers, would ha' stood in his royal presence, no more nor if he had had the crown on his royal head—aye, and his purse full of gold. It war a moving sight to see majesty in our poor place, sure enough."

The pages, and all at the table, looked upon each other, as much as to say, all that could be said, by that conscious inferiority, which in comparison with the virtues of this family, they perhaps individually felt.

"I say, friend Simon Oger," said Mr. Nicholas Johnson, the serjeant baker, "neither you nor I should have any great objection to stand in Master Penderil's shoes. Come, Sir, shall I have the pleasure to take a glass of his majesty's wine with you?"

"Why, I thank thee, Sir," replied Penderil,

smiling, "I be not used—but I wot, it were not civil to refuse *your* courtesy neither. Yes, Sir, with all my heart," when seeing that his challenger did so, Master Richard, wiping his lips with a napkin, waited, and bowed in turn, adding, "Sir, to you—and gentlemen all—my hearty service t' ye;" when putting down his glass, he added, "that is fine flavoured, pleasant liquor, Sirs; had I had the good luck to ha' met such a thing, it would ha' helped one along the road. That be expensive outlandish wine, I'd be bound."

"I don't know," smacking his lips—"it is somewhat corky," said Mr. Robert Angel, of the caterers department, who pledged by another gentleman, the clerk of the kitchen, held up his glass, and added, "yes—and it would be better for age;" then turning to one of the servants in waiting—"go, and bring a bottle of the *bin*, numbered twenty-one."

The honest yeoman, astonished at the superior faculty of these gentlemen, said to himself, I must be careful how I offer an opinion again; for he was a man of good native understanding—and not wanting in observation.

He could not refrain from this thought however—that it were a blessing not to be dainty.

"'That was devilish good French wine we got on board the royal Charles," said Mr. *Randu*, another page—"why these sea captains of your great ships live as well as his majesty himself. What a commanding, fine, sterling old fellow is this Montague."

"Yes," added Rogers, "and how the admiral stared, when he found his majesty was so complete a master of naval affairs. D—d, but he talked so scientifically of the structure of a ship, if I do not think the noble admiral would rather have shirked the subject. What think you, Chiffins?"

"Think—pray do not mention it—Think! by Jupiter! I was so confoundedly sea-sick, I wished myself at the bottom of the ocean. Were you ever at sea, Master Penderil?"

"Not I, Sir, I assure thee. I know nothing, or next to it. We have lived on our poor bit of a farm, i' the midst of a wood, and though I and brothers have fallen many a score of as sound oak as ever were sent to the royal docks, yet I never saw a ship larger nor they as comes

up to the Severn there below Gloucester,—marchant brigs I think they call them."

"Lord! that is strange, only hear that, gentlemen. Why abroad, if you were to tell them, that a fine brave looking Briton, like you, had not seen a ship, they would be ready to give one the lie to one's teeth."

"I ask thee pardon there, Sir—neither I nor one o' the name, that ever war born in the house i' the wood o' Boscobel, would take that quietly I assure thee. I should like to see the man, Frenchman or Dutchman, tell one of us brothers so to *our* teeth."

"God love you," said Mr. Bull, "you mistake—you mistake me, Master Penderil," Chiffins smiled. "You mistake—Mister Chiffins means, that abroad, they think us all—aye, every Englishman must of necessity be a sailor—be born a sailor; and suppose that there is not a spot in our little Island, from which you do not view the sea. I speak, my good friend, of the vulgar opinions of the commonality."

"I see, Sir—and thank thee for the trouble. Yes, I'd be bound, they be *common* enough, that are so free to give another the lie—but I

thought your outlandish folks were all too polite for that. You, Sir, I presume, ha' seen the French monarch."

"I have, Master Penderil, many times."

"So I thought, Sir—they say, *he* be very polite too."

"Highly accomplished—one of the finest gentlemen in the world."

"Well, gentlemen, according to my poor notions—*honesty* belike would gi' a better grace to politeness. It war not very polite though, setting honesty aside, I thinks, for one great prince to do towards another great prince, what this polite French king did to our sovereign—the more so, as 'tis said all kings be *cousins*. No—not to send his *embassingers*, to buy up of a set of regicides and rebels, the household property of our palaces. I wonder they all be not ashamed to look the king of England i' the face."

"Ah, Master Penderil—you speak as you think, quite unsophisticate—as an honest man."

"As to *sophisticate*, Sir—I do not understand any foreign words; but as to honesty, I cannot see why kings and princes should not act up-

rightly like other folks—aye, as well as subjects; for in the eyes of God 'tis the same. Whether the *great* muster king '*covets his neighbour's goods*,' or simple Richard Penderil. If thieves and burglars break into my neighbour's premises—and steal his property—he, that buys of the thief, whether he be king, or whether he be clown, knows it to be wrong:—a rogue is a rogue—and that is the long and the short on't, according to my notions. Pity there are no laws to make one king act uprightly towards another."

"I like your reasoning, master Penderil," said Mr. Bull—"but, where would you have the court—or where find your judges?"

"The court, sir,—should be here," replied the yeoman, placing his hand on his heart. "The *judge*, sir, hears and sees, though he be not seen; and they as have lent themselves to this scandalous roguery must answer for't, all in *his* good time."

"Well, master Penderil, should you like to see a ship of war? Why, Sir, the state cabin of the Royal Charles is more spacious than this apartment—longer, I would wager, by six feet—

and wider too. What think you of that, master Penderil?"

"Think, sir, that man be a mighty being, to make such like wondrous works of his hand. I remember, Sirs, when his majesty war at our humble place i' the wood, how his majesty and Colonel Carless would sit over-night and talk of these curious affairs. I ha' got carefully kept at home, some little scraps, no bigger than the palm o' your hand, all marked out with the king's plummet on paper, curious plans, and drafts, and the like on't, of ships, which his majesty said he would have improved—sometime belike—and then his majesty sighed and said,—heaven knows when! I have neither ships, nor money, nor friends! The king of a desert,—and then, for I never shall forget it though I wor to live to twice the age of man, his majesty smiled as he repeated again and again—the king of a desert, and a desert king!"

"Gracious heaven! what our honoured master must have suffered at that period," said old Mr. Cordwell. "Who could have dreamt of this wonderous, happy change of affairs six months

ago, aye, even half that time—If any man had said as much to me, I should have thought *him* no prophet, but a downright ass."

"I'll be pistoll'd if I would not have staked any man fifty golden jacobuses to a silver groat, we had never set our feet under this royal roof," said Randu.

"The devil you would! Ah—when, and please your worship?" cried Rogers.

"Why six—four—even but two months since."

"I'll bet you five to one, the long odds; excuse me, Sir; you would have done no such thing. Come here, our worthy friend master Penderil shall hold stakes."

"You are most ineffably polite," returned Randu, bowing. "And why not?"

"A figo for the king of Spain!" exclaimed Rogers. "Why, Sir, for the best, the most cogent of all reasons. I'll be crucified, if all the household could have mustered as much."

"Ha, ha, ha." This repartee set all the table laughing. "You are right there, my dear sir; ha, ha, ha. Sir, I succumb—I bow—I knock under," rapping with his knuckles under the

table. "Sirs, I would have mortgaged the reversion of all my expectations for an old song."

"So the lord general sups here to-night?" said Bull. "Who's on duty up stairs? I think his grace of Buckingham will look a little blue upon the matter."

"Why no," replied Chiffins. "He is too fine a gentleman for that: besides, respect for his majesty. You are on duty, I think—They will keep it up rare and late—I'll venture to say *you* may go to bed by the light of the sun, master Randu."

"No, no, his majesty will not commit himself; now mark my words. If he does, I'll be carbonadoed. The king will '*know his men*,' first. Though I am told *Moncke* is no flincher at the bottle. His wife and he will sit together and get you as drunk as lords."

"You are facetious, Master Randu," said Chiffins. "What a revolution in affairs! Who the devil would have supposed that *Nan Clarges* would have lived to be a duchess! I wonder if it is true—But Mister Killegrew swears by all that's holy, that she is the daughter of one of the

famed women barbers that lived in the alley there by the Strand May-pole."

"Oh! you mean Drury-lane. You have heard the song, no doubt: Mister Killegrew used to sing it to the king. It runs—

"Did you ever hear the like;
"Or did you ever hear the fame,
"Of the five women barbers,
"That lived in Drury-lane?"

"That I suppose to be all a fudge,—though I know 'tis commonly believed: a scandal set agoing by the cavaliers—She was low enough, no doubt. She is a *strapper*, however, whether her mother was a *barberess* or not: and the lord general is belied, if she does not *comb* his head for him," said Rogers.

"My stars! how she mobbed General Fleetwood they say," added Bull.

"Yes," continued Chiffins, "she is as good a politician as the lord general himself. How graciously his majesty received my lord. Well! he is a noble hero, after all; and it behoves us to speak well of him; for, but for his management we had not been here perhaps. We must not neglect to toast the hero bye and bye."

"Shall I help you to capon, Master Penderil? or would you prefer a slice of roast beef? That is a choice sir-loin, seemingly. Ah, my worthy sir, after all there is nothing like this good old English dish; the very sight of it makes one feel at home," said the elder page.

"I suppose, gentlemen, you did not often meet with such a thing abroad—In France belike; but Holland, I suppose, be a good grazing country."

"No, not in France, as you say, Master Penderil; for there the bullocks are as lean as a Michaelmas ram, lanky as grey-hounds: but in Holland, there is tolerable beef here and there; but no more to be compared to *this*, Sir, pointing to the smoking sirloin, than I to the king my royal master," replied Randu.

"Ah, Sir, we ha' many blessings in this country, if we war sufficiently thankful. Providence be very bountiful; though we ha' made sad work of it; and if things had gone on as heretofore much longer, it were a chance if a bullock had been left in the country. My poor mother have said many times, she feared God would bring about a famine for the wickedness o' this

land; for the cruel waste o' christian blood. But blessed be his holy name, it be clean done with, and all over, now our lawful sovereign ha' got his own right again. It ha' grieved us brothers to the heart, many o' times, to see such large droves o' fine cattle, all going to the camp, to be slaughtered for the idle red coats—Sirs, it war a mercy that so many soldiers on 'em at one time, did not eat up the whole country. O! the cruel waste o' war!"

"You speak like a sensible mán, Master Penderil," said old Mr. Cordwell; "I thank God we were out of it; but we who had the honour to be about his majesty were not without our privations. God knows! we were often put upon short commons—and then upon board wages—and—"

"Then to *sleeping* upon *boards* sometimes, Master Penderil," added Randu; "for the devil a doit had our master sometimes for himself—no, not even for weeks together. But, however, gentlemen," (looking round) "what were our sufferings, in comparison with our gracious master's. Nothing cut his majesty so at heart, as to see us, his humble followers, scorned

by the pages at the courts abroad; for his princely spirit would relieve distress wherever he found it, even with the last coin he had in his royal purse—what then must such a noble prince have had to stomach, amongst such a ——; but as you well observed, Master Penderil, kings are all *cousins*, and it becomes not us to talk too freely of crowned heads."

"Come, gentlemen," said the presiding page, "fill!"—when all standing up, he gave, "our beloved king, and most gracious master. Ah, Master Penderil, these things will get abroad sometime, perchance—but as times have been—who of his subjects would have dreamt, that the sovereign of three kingdoms, would go to his medicine chest, and mix up a dose of physic, with his own royal hand, with as much science and skill too as one of your London apothecaries, and go away to some poor family, and see it administered—and then, when they were getting convalescent, leave a little purse, to supply them with *kitchen physic*, as his majesty would be pleased to say, and the only fee which he exacted was—what do you think, Master Penderil?"

Penderil answered with a most intelligent look, the tear in his eye, by placing his finger on his lip—thereby implying—*Silence.* "War it not so, gentlemen?—aye, his royal parents, no doubt, did teach him that holy maxim—'*He who giveth in secret, shall be openly rewarded.*' Aye! when I ha' the pleasure o' being a little better acquainted with ye gentlemen—I will, an' it be your will, tell you some little *counts* of his majesty, in the way of charity—which, if all his majesty's subjects knew as well as we, he'd be beloved, belike, as much as he wor in all our poor neighbourhood about Boscobel. We shall never forget his majesty's anxiety for *Nanny Witchcott*, the poor widowed thing, and her little ones, the family o' the charcoal burners, hard by Whiteladies—it would wring a tear from a heart of flint."

"But you surprise us, Master Penderil," said Randu, joined by others in the remark—"you surprise us, for we have heard that the king never shewed himself, nor went abroad even by night, for fear of being surprised."

"Lord love ye, gentlemen—exactly so—there be the great merit o' the action, 'cording

to my poor notion of charity; bin, that it war not known, until by God's special favour and holy mercy, his majesty war far enough out of the reach of his enemies—and when he could have no thanks from nobody, except indeed, the prayers of the poor, which, certainly moved heaven to preserve him for its wise purposes."

"What think you now?" said Griffiths to his colleague, Rogers, in a whisper, "is this the man, my dear Sir, to be doubted?"

"I knock under, Sir," replied Rogers, in a whisper, gently rapping beneath the board.

"You do not eat, Master Penderil," said Mr. Cordwell, "let me give you some of this."

"I thank thee kindly, Sir—I be done." Some gentlemen in the royal livery, brought me a bever of cold pullet, and as fine a little Wiltshire ham as you shall see. And, gentlemen, we yeomen be not used to eat a hearty meal more nor once a day—and a mercy to get that, as times ha' been. Ah, gentlemen! had you seen how hard the master o' this mighty palace fared it, in our poor place there o' the wood, 'twould make your honest hearts to ache belike—and what is more—and a fine lesson 'twor for us brothers,

as our good old mother said, to see that so great a king, never murmured, nor so much as looked awry, but received all with such a grace, as it wor, that made us ashamed; for we had many times complained to her, poor soul, at our wants. Brother Will, who war given to grumble at times, war so overcome by his majesty's patience, for he smiled so graciously at our poor services, that one evening he took himself off to the cow-shed, and wept like a woman. Yes, Sirs, the king's stay wi' us war a good lesson sure enow."

The pages were sensibly moved by the tale of their worthy guest, when, each pressed the honest yeoman to drink: but, he shook his head, saying, "Gentlemen, ye be all very hospitable, and *I heartily thank ye for me*, but his majesty ha' been graciously pleased to signify his royal pleasure, to look in upon me this afternoon, and I must be careful o' my poor head—another day, an' it please ye to bid me like welcome, I will be proud to take a cheerful glass or so—but bless ye, I be not used to wine;" when getting up from his chair, and bowing to all, he begged his next neighbour,

saying, " I ask thee pardon for disturbing good company; but I must beg o' thee kindly, to shew me the way to my chamber, good Sir—for this vast extensive mansion be as great a puzzle as the maze at *Oodstock* (Woodstock)."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE KING AND THE YEOMAN.

"*Their memory shall as a pattern, or a measure live.*"—SHAKSPEARE.

His majesty sat not long at dinner, saying, "I have a desire to visit the old Abbey of Westminster this evening," adding with a smile, "Buckingham, we must be discreet, the lord general is a shrewd man, and I would bear my wits about me," when desiring one of the pages to open a private door, he bade him proceed, and walking through the narrow gallery to the end of the east wing, and ascending to an upper apartment, his majesty desired him to acquaint Master Penderil, that the king would be there anon.

The page delivered the king's commands; when hi majesty added, "go and say, that I will rejoin the princes presently, and do you return."

The door of Penderil's apartment being open, he found the good man putting in the table-drawer a little book of prayer, when rising, the king said, "well trusty Richard, what have you been reading?"

Penderil, re-opening the drawer, gave the king the book, conceiving it his duty so to do; when his majesty, turning over a few pages, observed, "I had forgotten—yes, your family are Romanists. What, Richard—and can you read this small type without the aid of spectacles. Ah! so it is. Temperance—temperance—that is the summum bonum—we give not dame nature fair play. Why, I do recollect me, friend Richard—come sit thee down—how is poor back—better I hope, hey?—well rest—and temperance, hey, honest Richard—nay sit thee down, man—come I will sit too—there, now be seated. You have a pleasant look out here, Master Penderil—a fine river, hey?—but the old Severn is a noble river too—well, you feel comfortable, hey! this is very good of Mister Vernon—why Richard, I almost envy you—a delightful look out indeed. Why I remember me your good old mother read with-

out spectacles, and she was near eighty—was she not ?"

" She war honoured, Sire ; but, your majesty, she went nearly dark at last. To be sure, when man or woman be gone near an hundred years on their pilgrimage, the dust o' this mortal wilderness may well get into their eyes as it war, to remind 'em of that from which they sprung, and to which they must soon return."

The king looked upon the yeomen with benignity—pleased with the trope, admiring its originality, which induced his majesty to observe at the supper table to the lord general, in speaking of this poor family—" Sir, the English—I speak of the sober, industrious class —are the most given to reflection, perhaps, of any people of the same humble condition upon earth. Righteously governed, they are a tower of strength." How the lord general felt the remark, were best known to his reflections.

" Well, Richard," to resume his majesty's conversation, " that is a great age, and how did she bear her other faculties—your neighbourhood was remarkable for longevity, that is,

(supposing Penderil might not know the meaning of the word,) for people who lived to a great age."

"Even so, an please your majesty. But not during the troubles, so much as heretofore; many that we at home could name, as bid to live as long as them afore-times, wor laid low; some of grief for sons, and some for grand-sons, aye, and please thee royal-king, great grand-sons too, who fell in their prime in these unholy doings, never held up their heads again, only to look up and pray to heaven, to take them away from this wicked race."

"Alas! many on both sides, hey! honest Richard?"

"Just so indeed, an please your majesty. Some thoughtless young men, who war seduced from home, of parentage too, who thought rightly, and who did not approve of going against their rightful king, yet, being of their own flesh and blood, could not help to pray God to spare them. It war sad to hear—there war old Master Shipley, o' the Grange Farm, pitied by all the country round; he had five sons i' the

war, three o' the royal cause, and two with the rebel army. It be heart-aching work, and please your royal majesty, for honest folks like they, to have brother armed against brother in their own stock."

"Heart-aching work indeed, worthy Richard; and what became of these young men?"

"Please thee, Sire, four died in the field o' battle, one as 'tis said at Marston Moor, by the hand o' the other, for they war both troopers; but the father and mother never heard on't, as 'twar agreed never to mention particulars, though he that gave the blow, finding too late, what a dreadful deed it wor he had done, threw himself upon his wounded brother, and they war both trampled to death in the fight as he war bearing him away in his arms."

"Merciful father!" exclaimed the king.

"Yes, royal king," rejoined the honest yeoman; "he be more merciful than they be whom he ha created to his glory, or things would not have ended yet awhile belike!"

"You knew this family then, Penderil?"

"Your majesty, that I did, honoured Sire. I

knew them all young lads, from the height of this table, and five finer young men war not to be found, no not the like on 'em, o' the same father and mother, your majesty, in all Worcester; and what makes the matter the more sad, they were all united at home, like the pictured *cut* in the fable book, verily the *type* o' the *bundle o sticks*. They war indeed their father's pride, as well they might bin, that afore the wars, either would ha' willingly gi'n his life's blood to save the other. As for Robin and James, they war as dear to one another as brother Will and your poor humble servant, bin always from our cradle, your majesty—they came into this world o' trouble together, poor lads, and so they departed."

"They were twins then," said his majesty.

"Even so, royal Sire, and were buried together with their swords in the same grave; for the commander of the regiment, after the battle, as I be told, and please your majesty, said, 'Lay their bloody weapons by them, lest they should arm brother against brother again.' The troopers o' both sides, as they told us i' the wood, wept o'er the grave o' the young Shipleys."

"Penderil, your tale is sad indeed—and of the parents of these young men?"

"They be gone dead, an please you, royal Sire, long since: and the farm be razed to the ground, so that it seems belike a story of olden days—as though it wor printed in the history book of the wars of York and Lancaster."

The king smiled, and assented, by saying—"It seemeth so, honest Richard; some of these events appear to have happened ages ago. O, Penderil—if such a thing be in being—I would have the woodman's bill—that which you furnished me with when I were a *labourer* in Boscobel," (smiling) "did you preserve it, Richard?"

"I have not got it, royal Sire," replied Richard; "an please your majesty that war brother Will's."

"He has it then, perchance—hey, Richard?"

"No, an please your majesty, it be not!"

"No!" replied the king, rather hastily; "Well, (wishing to spare Richard) I thought honest Will *would* have preserved that as a memorial," when, perceiving that the yeoman

was embarrassed, the kind monarch added—"Pho! 'tis of no account."

"Please thee Majesty," (here Penderil rose from the chair) "brother Will would not have parted with it for its weight in gold. He war offered a round sum for it o'er and o'er—I would not say so much for myself, royal Sire—but Will be all heart, and he thought your majesty would think him capable, 'twould be the death on him. Please your majesty, aye! he refused when he had not a groat to bless himself, withal."

"Noble Will! No, sit thee down again, Dick, I would not do thy brother that injustice. You are all hearty—heart of oak; but how then—unless, honest Richard, you had rather not."

"My honoured, my kind, royal master, it be my duty to hide nothing; my Lord Fairfax ha' got the bill. He came to Boscobel, and went into every hole and corner where your royal majesty had set your foot," (the king smiled) Penderil guessed the king's thoughts; "Alas, Sir, pardon thy poor servant, it be thy royal fault if I be too free—what else war it but holes and corners? but it war all we had to offer to

shelter your sacred person!" Here poor Richard was overcome, and the king walked to the window, moved at the manly simplicity of his trusty Penderil.

"Well, but of my Lord Fairfax?"

"I dread lest I should tire thee majesty, for I be but a weak old man in comparison of—"

"I wish you to tell me all—use no reserve, Penderil, other than your own discretion."

"Bless thee, royal Sire!" cried Penderil, and proceeded: "My lord would see my mother, and asked to buy a lock of your majesty's hair—she said nay; next, them old patched shoes, which so galled your royal feet—it grieves me to think on't, your majesty, but we had none others—then he 'tacked brother Will about the bill-hook, but Will war stout."

"That he were, the good fellow, I'll be sworn!" exclaimed the king, his royal countenance expressive of the satisfaction he felt in this honest recital.

"Then, please your majesty, my lord drawed forth a biggish purse—but my lord war never the nearer; 'till brother James comes in from the wood, and he knew my lord; and please

thee majesty, he called mother aside, and said, —will ye please to forgive me if I tell all, gracious king?"

"Yes, on my word!" replied his majesty.

"Then, please your majesty, James whispered, 'That be Lord Fairfax, what—would ha—'"

Here Penderil's voice failed him; he would have said, 'What would ha' saved your majesty's royal father,' but his feelings and his good sense forbad.

"Then Lord Fairfax possesses this said bill-hook, Master Penderil?"

"Your majesty, he ha' got it, sure enough! Will said he would not sell it, but it war humbly at his lordship's service, for love like; when my lord bound us to say naught of his coming to our poor place, and he ha' been a benefactor off and on from that blessed time."

"And how happens it that honest Will did not travel to London, too?"

"I be almost ashamed, your majesty, to say for why; but Will have had many losses and crosses o' late—and be so poor, he could not make an appearance, like—for he be not so well

off for clothes as your servant be; and we did not hear the blessed news o' your majesty's intended arrival till lately. It took me five days, and best part o' the first night, to get to town: Will walked with me to Oodstock, and parted with a heavy heart. He said he could die happy, please God he could once more see thy royal face."

"Indeed! write to your honest brother, Richard—say we will see him—I will provide for his journey—do not delay." His majesty left the trusty yeoman, who, after a fervent prayer for the prosperity of his gracious sovereign, having every accommodation in his apartment, sat down to frame an epistle, wherein he related all that had happened betwixt Worcester and London, and his gracious reception at court.

"Now then," said his majesty, returning to his royal brothers; "the barge is waiting, and let us embark: I have had a *téte-a-téte* with that honest yeoman. I shall take it to myself, my brothers, if you look in upon the worthy man sometime on the morrow forenoon—you will be pleased with his manner. I would that

you had been with me just now; but perhaps he would not have been so frank: I have gathered something touching Master Fairfax, that shall remain here," laying his hand on his breast. "Buckingham, I have been planning a match for you."*

"Your majesty is most gracious—a money match, and it please you?"

"Yes, a golden yoke, whereby you may recover all that has been lost, with compound interest."

"That were a golden yoke indeed; but, with deference, Sire," (smiling and bowing) "the matrimonial fence must be lofty indeed, that would confine your majesty or your most unworthy *protegeé*."

"If I take you, Villiers, the party is of an ancient house?"

"Doubtless, Sire, we are ever sensible of the superior taste of his majesty's election; but on this subject alone, a man would humbly desire to see with his own eyes."

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* The Duke of Buckingham had already, married the daughter of Lord Fairfax.

"Just so," replied the king: "we would also; but we wed by sample, my dear Buckingham, and not by wooing."

"Therein, most gracious Sire, I envy not majesty—you will pardon my freedom."

"Well may you not, Sir," replied the king; "'tis strange that custom should have precluded kings alone from that gallant office of winning the fair prize by the romantic service of love; that the whole history of previous intercourse should be confined to a false miniature picture, a state billet doux, and the flattering report of specious agents, whose very occupation is to deceive—So much for the chivalric license of those who wear the diadem."

# NOTES TO VOL. II.

It is said of King Charles the Second, that he bestowed his favours upon those who had done him injury, and neglected those who had suffered most for the royal cause.

Lord Clarendon's sons, whose apology for the king is questionable on this point, nevertheless say, "It fell out, indeed, that every man's expectations that had laboured in the *vine-yard*, which had received wounds in their persons in the day of *battle*, or suffered in their *fortunes* or *liberties*, for the preservation of a good *conscience* during the *usurpation* of tyranny and anarchy, was not, and, alas! could not be recompensed immediately according to their merit, or the hopes they had entertained."

That the king could not reward all, may be readily believed—if he were liable to censure for ingratitude to certain families; the king having pledged himself to forget and forgive, began, by his own example, to put this declaration in practice, by preferring the Earl of Manches-

ter to a high appointment in the government near his own person; and, as the same authority saith, "It was certainly of advantage to the king, in the beginning of his settlement here, as well as a mark of *justice* in his *nature*, to let his *subjects* know and feel that every one of them might capacitate himself, by his future behaviour, for any *dignity* or *preferment*." Many subjects who had been wanting in allegiance, compunctious for the past, became zealous for the rights of the exiled king, and exposed themselves to great risk for their private exertions in his favour, long before the restoration. All the favour obtained at the royal hands by these, might naturally excite the envy of those who had served the royal cause from the beginning. Thus the memory of the injuries sustained by the loyal have been perpetuated, whilst many acts of this king's clemency have remained unrecorded.

THE PENDERILLS.—In the case of this humble family, it can be proved that King Charles was not forgetting of past services.

It appears that the *Penderills*, *Pendrills*, or *Penderells*, whose attachment and services to King Charles II. are recorded in many histories of these times, were not neglected by the sovereign; and we further learn, through the careful researches of a gentleman who has lately added an interesting volume of Biographical Illustrations to the existing histories of Worcestershire, that certain branches of the Penderill family do still receive pensions from the crown. The part of this work which relates to the Penderils, we offer in the author's own words. It should be

stated, that Mr. Green, in his history of this county, says, as quoted by the author in question:—

"A descendant of the Pendrils, of the name of John, is now (1796) now living in Worcester; his pretensions to the inheritance of the royal grant have been approved by many who have enquired into and have examined them. The preservers of kings, in other nations, are proscribed characters—it is a pity, however, that in any kingdom those who have deserved so well should be forgotten, or that their seed should be neglected. Query, who last enjoyed the pension?

"I have taken some pains to enquire if this charge of neglect, as asserted by Mr. Green was correct; and, at length, I am enabled to lay the following extracts before my readers, the first of which is from the Worcester Journal:—'On Friday, Dec. 26th, 1784, was married at the collegiate church, Wolverhampton, Geo. Richards, Esq. late of Poland-street, London, to the relict of the late Mr. Shaw, and a descendant of the family of the Pendrils, who preserved the life of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester, from which she now enjoys a handsome premium from his majesty. Add to this, I was at length so fortunate as to obtain the following answer to a letter I was directed to send to Birmingham, &c."

"St. Martin's-place, Birmingham, Nov. 12, 1817.

"SIR,

"In answer to your letter, I hereby inform you, that I do

receive an annuity of about £24 half yearly: and there is also a Mr. Hill, in this town, who also receives an annuity on the same account, which is something more than mine; it was originally granted to five brothers, Pendrils; to two of them was granted £100 each, per annum, and to the other three, one hundred marks each, per annum; it is paid out of certain lands lying in the several counties of Stafford, Salop, Worcester, Hereford, &c. which probably at that time might belong to Government.

"I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

"JOHN PENDRILL.

"I believe I am the only descendant in the male line."

(Vide Biographical Illustrations of Worcestershire, by John Chalmers, Esq. author of the Histories of Malvern and Worcester.)

The contributor of this letter is now carrying on the business of a carpenter and joiner, at Birmingham, and his son is a printer.

A little volume, entitled *Boscobel*, published in the reign of Charles II. contains a faithful narrative of the sufferings of the king subsequent to the memorable battle of Worcester. The king owed his preservation to Richard Pendril and his brothers, who rented a little farm at or near Whiteladies, on the borders of Staffordshire, and were frequently employed as labourers, in cutting down

timber, and watching it to prevent its being stolen. They subsisted chiefly upon the profits of some cow grass. It was here that the king in the dress of one of these brothers, having previously had his hair cut off, and washing his hands and face with a solution of walnut-shells, to disguise his person, was furnished with a wood-man's bill hook, and affected to work in the wood with these trusty brothers. Richard Penderil died in 1671, and lies buried in the church of St. Giles in the Fields, London, where a monument is erected to his memory.

Amongst others who had the honour of assisting in the escape of Charles II., was Colonel Phillips, who conducted Mrs. Lane, with whom the king rode double, in his journey towards the coast, after the battle of Worcester. The king, who thus mounted, passed for her servant, by broad day, near Salisbury, met dismounted, and walking on the road, Colonel Desborough, and three or four officers, whom he knew, who noticed the travelling group, yet did not recognize his majesty. The road too, was filled with soldiers.

Of the clemency of this sovereign, *Mr. Noble*, in his memoirs of the Protectorate House of Comwell, says, "It must be observed, that the parliament that invited the king to return to the throne of his ancestors, was very sanguinary, and would have spared but few, that had particularly distinguished themselves during the usurpation, had the king acquiesced: but much to his majesty's honour, he seemed averse to the few that died on account of his father's murther, and *Mr Jones* was the only sacrifice that was made, who was allied to the Cromwell family, (at least nearly so)

and which by his constantly opposing that interest, could scarcely be said to be one; the act of indemnity was certainly both merciful and prudent."

The same author, who certainly is no defamer of the house of Cromwell, thus candidly offers his opinion of the conduct of the regicides.

"It is obvious that Charles the First's death was murder, because our laws exculpate majesty from punishment, and even declares it cannot do wrong; but, substracted from this consideration, the parliament did not, nor could condemn that prince; for a parliament must consist of the sovereign, the peers, and the house of commons; the two first branches then did not act, and the latter were not then in a capacity, supposing that they had the power; for they had expelled many of the members, which reduced them to a small number, and only forty-six were present when the king's trial was voted, and but twenty-six gave their assent. To these remarks may be added, though unnecessary, that the house of commons never was a court of judicature."

"Colonel Ingoldsby, created a Knight of the Bath by King Charles II., 1660, resided at Waldridge, in the Parish of Dunton, near Aylesbury, which he purchased 1651, and served in the parliaments called by King Charles II., in his thirteenth, the two called in his thirty-first, and that in the thirty-second years, for the Borough of Aylesbury. His death happened in the beginning of September, 1685. He married the daughter of Chancellor Whitelock. His son and heir was Richard Ingoldsby, Esq. who enjoyed

the estate of Waldridge, and left it to Thomas his eldest son, who was Sheriff of Buckingham, 7 George I. His son and heir Richard, who was also sheriff of the same county, and a member of parliament for Aylesbury, died in the latter end of the year, 1678."

"MILTON.—The world of letters will ever rejoice that the great poet Milton escaped, through the clemency of the ruling powers. Half the zeal which he evinced in the cause of the republicans, would have involved almost any other man in a state prosecution. Mr. Harris observes, what Milton's merit with the courtiers was, Burnet says not; though if I am not mistaken, it was his having saved Sir William Davenant's life formerly."

"There is no one but knows," says the same authority, "that he (Milton) wrote most sharply against king Charles, and set forth his actions in a terribly black light. To take no notice of his writings against Salmasius, and More; what could be more cruel against Charles, than his Iconoclastes! How bitter are his observations, how cutting is his remarks on his conduct! how horribly provoking, to point out Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, as the book from whence the "prayer in the time of captivity," delivered to Dr. Juxon, immediately before his death, was chiefly taken. One should have thought this an indignity never to have been forgotten nor forgiven, especially as it was offered by one who was secretary to Cromwell, and who had served the best part of his life in the service of the anti-royalists. But yet Milton was preserved to life and fortune."

After the battle of Worcester, the following proclamation was issued for the discovery of the royal fugitive. "Whereas, Charles Stuart, son to the late tyrant, with divers of the English and Scots nation, have lately in a traiterous and hostile manner, with an army, invaded this nation, which, by the blessing of God, upon the forces of this commonwealth, have been defeated, and many of the chief actors therein slain and taken prisoners; but the said Charles Stuart hath escaped: For the speedy apprehending of such a malicious and dangerous traitor to the peace of this common-wealth, the parliament doth strictly charge and command all officers as well civil as military, and all other good people of this nation, that they make diligent search and enquiry for the said Charles Stuart, and his abettors and adherents in this invasion, and use their best endeavours for the discovery and arresting the bodies of them and every of them; and being apprehended, to bring, or cause to be brought, forthwith, and without delay, in safe custody, before the parliament or council of state, to be proceeded with and ordered as justice shall require. And if any person shall, knowingly, conceal the said Charles Stuart, or any of his abettors or adherents, or shall not reveal the places of their abode or being, if it be not in their power so to do, the parliament doth declare, that they will hold them as partakers and abettors of their traiterous wicked practises and designs. And the parliament doth further publish and declare, that whosoever shall apprehend the person of the said Charles Stuart, and shall bring, or cause him to be brought, to the parliament or council of state,

shall have given or bestowed on him or them, as a reward for such service, the sum of one thousand pound. And all officers, civil and military, are required to be aiding unto such person or persons therein."

King Charles II., his arrival at Paris, and forlorn condition. "The king of England," says the Cardinal de Retz, "who had newly lost the battle of Worcester, arrived at Paris the very same day on which Don Gabriel de Toledo departed from it. My Lord Taffe served him as *lord chamberlain, valet de chambre, clerk of the kitchen, and cup bearer.* His equipage was answerable to his court, and he had not changed his shirt since he left England. My Lord Jermyn gave him one of his at his arrival. The queen his mother had not money enough to give him wherewithall to buy any for the next day. The Duke of Orleans went to visit him, as soon as he arrived, but it was not in my power to oblige him to offer the king his nephew a single penny, because, said he, a little is not worthy of him, and much would afterwards engage me in too great expence." And a little afterwards he adds, "it was not in my power to oblige him to aid the king of England with a thousand pistoles. I was ashamed of it, both upon his and my own account. I borrowed 1500, and I carried them to Lord Taffe, for the king his master."

Deplorable indeed must have been the king's state of dependance, as we learn from a subsequent account in the pages of our own historian, lord Clarendon. "The insupportable necessities of the king were now grown so notorious," says his Lordship, "that the French court was

compelled to take notice of them; and thereupon, with somedry compliments for the smallness of the assignation in respect of the ill condition of their affairs, which indeed were not in any good posture, they settled an assignation of six thousand livres by the month upon the king, payable out of such a gable, which being to begin six months after the king came thither, found too great a debt contracted to be easily satisfied out of such a monthly receipt even though it had been punctually complied with, which it never was.

"The queen, at his majesty's first arrival, had declared that she was not able to bear the expense of the king's dyet, but that he must pay one half of the expense of her table, where both their majesties eat, with the duke of York, and the princess Henrietta, (which two were at the queen's charge); and the very first night's supper which the king eat with the queen, began the account, and a moiety thereof was charged to the king; so that the first money that was received by the king upon this grant was entirely stopped by Sir Harry Wood, the queen's treasurer, for the discharge of his majesty's part of the queen's table (which expense was first satisfied, as often as money could be procured) and the rest for the payment of other debts contracted at his first coming, for cloathes and other necessaries; for there being great care that nothing should be left to be distributed amongst his servants; the marquis of Ormonde himself being compelled to put himself in pension, with other gentlemen, at a pistole a-week for his dyet, and to walk the streets on foot, which was no honourable custom

in Paris; whilst the lord Jermyn kept an excellent table for those who courted him, and had a coach of his own, and all other accommodations incident to the most full fortune. And if the king had the most urgent occasion for the use of only twenty pistoles, as sometimes he had, he could not find credit to borrow it, which he had often experiment of."

Lord Ormond, in a letter to the marquis of Clarincarde, dated *Louvre*, March 1652, tells him, " that the plain truth why he could not send sir George Hamilton, with a dispatch to him is, that the king could never set aside from the literal necessities of his own subsistence what might bear his charges, nor yet can; which is a sad reason why a cheaper means of conveyance is at last found out.

" On the dissolution of the parliament of the commonwealth of England by their own servant, the general of their own armies (Oliver Cromwell), and his assumption of the supreme power, great court was made to him by the principal powers in Europe. France and Spain were rivals for his favour. The first, however, had the preference; but it was, among other things, on condition of sending the king, and his brother the duke of York, out of that kingdom. This was submitted to by the cardinal Mazarine, though he knew well enough it would subject him to much reproach from his adversaries. The king, therefore, was obliged to prepare for his journey; and after receiving two and forty thousand livres from the cardinal for his expenses, and the promise of the continuation of his pension, went into Germany; this was in July 1654. The reception

the king had before met with in France doubtless prepared him for every neglect and hardship from hence.

"Dum ea Londini gerunter, non indormiebat suæ causæ Carolus secundus neque grassantibus per Angliam, parricidis sibi defuit, &c. &c." writes Bates; thus translated by Harris. "Whilst these things are transacting in London, Charles II. was not asleep, nor did he neglect his affairs, though the parricides prevailed in England; but moves every stone, and leaves nothing untried for settling affairs; asserting public liberty, and the parricide expiated, recovering the inheritance of his ancestors. He implores the protection of foreign kings and princes, who are all equally concerned, in virtue of the authority they derive from God, and their common duty to give sanctuary to the oppressed, but especially to kings, as well on account of kindred, &c.

"He sends ambassadors to the emperor, and the princes of the empire; to the Othman Sultan, to the Grand Duke of Muscovy; to the Kings of Poland, Denmark and Sweden; to the republics of Venice and Holland. Sir Edward Hyde and Lord Cottington, were despatched into Spain, in expectation of obtaining considerable aid. In France, besides an ambassador, the queen mother, the Duke of York, and the king himself, solicited his affairs. But, alas! almost every where without success; the distance of place hindering the aid of some; and either the want of money, domestic quarrels, or foreign dangers, obstructing the assistance of others. None felt or commisserated other calamities. The Othman court, barbarously, for a little money, delivered up the ambassador, Henry Hyde, an

accomplished gentlemen, into the hands of the pretended parliament: who being brought over to England, for his unblemished loyalty, without any pretence of ancient law, was beheaded before the Royal Exchange, in London."

"When the king (Charles II.) went to Jersey, in order to his journey to Ireland," says Lord Clarendon, "and at the same time that he sent the Chancellor of the Exchequer into Spain, he sent the Lord Colepepper into Mosco, to borrow money of that duke; and into Poland he sent Mr. Crofts upon the same errand. The former returned whilst the king was in Scotland; and the latter about the time his majesty made his escape from Worcester. And both of them succeeded so well in their journey, that he who received least for his majesty's service, had above ten thousand pounds, over and above the expence of their journeys. But as if the king had been out of all possible danger to want money, the Lord Jermyn had sent an express into Scotland, as soon as he knew what success the Lord Colepepper had at Mosco, and found there were no less hopes from Mr. Crofts, and procured from the King, (who could with more ease grant than deny) warrants under his hand to both those envoys, to pay the monies they had received, to several persons; whereof a considerable sum was made a present to the queen; more to the Lord Jermyn, upon pretence of debts due to him, which were not diminished by that receipt, and all disposed of according to the modesty of the askers; whereof Dr. Goff had eight hundred pounds for services he had performed, and within a few days after receipt of it, changed his religion, and became

one of the fathers of the oratory: so that, when the king returned in all that distress to Paris, he never received five hundred pistoles from the period of both these embassies; nor did any of those who were supplied by his bounty, seem sensible of the obligation, or the more disposed to do him service upon their own expense; of which the king was sensible enough, but resolved to bear that and more, rather than, by entering into any expostulation with those who were faulty, to give any trouble to the queen.

THE END.

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